শ্রীরমেশচন্দ্র দত্ত

THREE YEARS IN EUROPE

1868 TO 1871,

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF SUBSEQUENT VISITS TO EUROPE
IN 1886 AND 1893

BY

ROMESH CHUNDER DUTT, C.I.E.

OFFG. COMMISSIONER OF ORISSA
AUTHOR OF 'CIVILIZATION IN ANCIENT INDIA'
'LAYS OF ANCIENT INDIA' ETC.

FOURTH EDITION—ILLUSTRATED

CALCUTTA : S. K. LAHIRI & Co.,
1896.

PRINTED BY S. K. SHA
ELM PRESS
29, BEADON STREET, CALCUTTA.

TO

MY ELDER BROTHER

JOGESH CHUNDER DUTT

MY FELLOW-TRAVELLER IN MANY PARTS OF EUROPE AND
MY TRUEST FRIEND IN THE JOURNEY OF THIS LIFE

THE

FOLLOWING PAGES

ARE DEDICATED

AS A TOKEN OF LIFE-LONG AFFECTION.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE very great interest with which the writer of the following pages has been often heard by many of his countrymen about his travels and experiences in Europe, has induced him to publish the following pages. They are, as they profess to be, simply extracts from letters sent from Europe, and as such they cannot, the writer is but too well aware, come up to the standard of books specially written on the subject, or even of notes taken with an eye to publication. Had any such books existed, the writer would have at once retired from an unequal competition, nor would he have pushed to the notice of the public his letters written carelessly, and without the least idea of publication. As it is, however, none of our countrymen has favored the public with accounts of their travels in Europe. These letters were written mostly from England, but they also contain accounts of some of the most important places in Scotland and Ireland, in France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy. They may therefore serve as a guide-book to Indian youths intending to visit Europe, containing at the same time something

more than ordinary guide-books profess to do,—*viz.*, the views and opinions of a foreigner for the first time coming in contact with the noble institutions of the West. A thorough and careful revision of these extracts would require greater leisure than what the writer has at his disposal ; he therefore ventures to publish them with such alterations only as seemed urgently needed.

CALCUTTA,
June, 1872.

R. C. DUTT.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

IT is not without misgivings that a new edition of this little work is placed before the public. The notes of a tourist who makes a hurried tour through countries of which excellent and readable accounts are available can have little interest except for his personal friends. The sketchy and superficial notes contained in the following pages can scarcely interest the public.

Again, the first four chapters of the present work are almost a reprint,—with some alteration in arrangement, and somewhat condensed,—of a little book which I published in 1872 after my return from Europe. They were extracts from

letters which I had written from England, and which were preserved by my friends here with more care than they deserved. A young student leaving his home for the first time is easily pleased with whatever he sees in foreign lands; any hill scenery charms him, and the beauty of a lake throws him into ecstacies! Whatever I felt, I wrote in my letters to my friends, and much of what I wrote in the letters, I published on my return home. There was some justification in publishing these extracts from letters, eighteen years ago, when but few of my countrymen had travelled in Europe or had published their notes. After the lapse of 18 years I can scarcely read without a smile the accounts which I then wrote about every lake, stream or mountain which I saw; and the republication of such accounts at the present day, when so many of my countrymen have visited and ably written on Europe, is putting the good nature of an indulgent public to a rather severe test.

The last six chapters of this book relate to my later visit to Europe in 1886. Some of the places I visited on this occasion, like Norway and Sweden, Berlin and Vienna, Florence, Rome and Naples, are not generally visited by my young countrymen who go to England for education. But nevertheless I am but too well aware that my accounts

of these places are slipshod and careless, often penned in the saloon of a steamer or the smoking-room of a crowded hotel. These accounts have before now appeared in magazines and have been read, and I had my misgivings as to the expediency of republishing them in a permanent form.

"The request of friends" is pleaded as a justification for many works which had better not seen the light ;—in my case, it was the request of my publisher ! That enterprising gentleman has pressed me repeatedly to bring out my travels in Europe in a collected form. "But it is an old story now," I said, "many of my countrymen have travelled in Europe, and all know about Europe." It may be an old story," he rejoined, "but none the less interesting to us."

A writer does not need many arguments to be convinced of the value of what he has written, and I was soon persuaded to yield to the better,—or at least to the more favourable judgment of my worthy publisher. To revise or rewrite what I had written eighteen or twenty years ago was out of the question, and indeed was scarcely the trouble ; and thus the little book goes before the the public in a somewhat mixed and composite character ! Extracts from letters written by a young and enthusiastic student will appear herein, side by side with the notes of an older and sadder, if

not a wiser tourist. This arrangement, or rather want of arrangement, will have an interest for my personal friends; while the general reader too will find the arrangement convenient, as he will be able without any difficulty to select what he cares to read, and reject what he does not.

BURDWAN,
1st July, 1890. } R. C. DUTT.

PREFACE TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

AN account of the Rhineland,—*i. e.* of Cologne and Wiesbaden, of Frankfort and Heidelberg, of Alsace and Lorraine,—which I visited in 1893 has been added in this edition.

CUTTACK,
1st July, 1896. } R. C. DUTT.

CONTENTS.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

The plates have been printed at the Brahmo Mission Press.

THREE YEARS IN EUROPE.

CHAPTER I.

England, 1868 to 1871.

The Voyage.

We left you all, and the Town of Calcutta, at 8½ A. M., on the 3rd March, and steamed down the Hooghly to meet the Mail-steamer *Mooltan* at Diamond Harbour. The Hooghly widened as we went down the river, and we bade a long farewell to the huts and fields and villages of our native country,—to the palm-trees, the dates, and the green-woods which stood on both sides of the river, luxuriant and beautiful. At 1½ P. M., we came to the *Mooltan*. In the afternoon the *Mooltan* weighed anchor, and we soon came to the mouths of the Ganges. We stopped again, and did not weigh anchor till the next morning at 4 A. M., and by 10 we were on the wide wide sea. We could distinctly see the line between the reddish Hooghly and the greenish sea, and the water became deep green and then deep blue, as we came out into the open sea. And now we had nothing around us but the deep blue sea, and the deep blue sky! The sight was novel to me. Specially at night, the waves rolling eternally on all sides, the milk white foam sparkling a moment under the cloudless moon, and then

blending away in the blue waters, and a starry summer sky formed a scene of which it is hardly possible to give an adequate description.

But as we sat for hours together on the deck, watching this still nightly scene, other thoughts than those suggested by the scene oft arose in our minds. For we have left our home and our country, unknown to our friends, unknown to those who are nearest and dearest to us, staking our future, staking all, on success in an undertaking which past experience has proved to be more than difficult. The least hint about our plans would have effectually stopped our departure, our guardians would never have consented to our crossing the seas, our wisest friends would have considered it madness to venture on an impossible undertaking. Against such feelings and against the voice of experience and reason, we have set out in this difficult undertaking, —stealthily leaving our homes,—recklessly staking everything on an almost impossible success. Shall we achieve that success? Or shall we come back to our country, impoverished, socially cut off from our countrymen, and disappointed in our hopes, to face the reproaches of advisers and the regrets of our friends? These thoughts oft arose in our minds in the solemn stillness of the night,—and the prospect before us seemed to be gloomier than the gloomy sky and the gloomy sea around us, without a ray of hope to enlighten the dark prospect.

Madras.

Early in the morning of the 7th instant, we descried from the deck of our steamer the sandy shores of the Coromandel

Coast, and we reached Madras at 10-50 A. M. We landed and saw the Madras Fort, the Peoples' Park, and the Menagerie. Beyond this, there is little to see in Madras. The town is hot and dusty, and altogether disappointing to the visitor.

On the morning of the 10th March we could see the distant mountains of Ceylon. I saw mountains now for the first time, and they appeared like clouds on the horizon.

Ceylon.

We reached Point de Galle in Ceylon on the 11th at 6-50 A. M. After breakfast we left the steamer and went on shore in a small boat. The whole place seemed a continuous garden. The cocoanut, the bamboo, the mango and a hundred other trees overhanging the neat beautiful streets, and the neat and pretty huts presented a most picturesque sight. Valmiki is hardly guilty of much exaggeration when he describes Ceylon as a golden region !

In about an hour we came up to the Wakwalley—a scene so beautiful as to defy all description. Far off is seen a line of greyish mountains encircling the view. Adam's Peak can be seen among these mountains. Lower down spreads a fresh green landscape with beautiful waving trees, and just beneath you are lawns and pretty walks with small glittering rivulets or canals meandering through the fields.

From the Wakwalley we went to the cinnamon garden and thence we went to see a Cingalese temple. The priest of the temple came to us, and showed us all the images and other things worth seeing there. There was

a statue of Gautama Buddha 18 cubits high. The Cingalese are Buddhists, and have no knowledge whatever of Rama or Ravana. In the cool shade of the trees which overhung the temple we sat down on a piece of rock and drank the luscious water from a few cocoanuts with a relish which I cannot describe.

It was on the 19th that we passed through the strait between Socotra and Africa. Early in the morning of the 21st we saw the hills and rocks of Aden. After breakfast we went to see the place, a miserable town in the midst of barren burnt up rocks. There is hardly any vegetation here, and only here and there the eye is relieved by some plots of grass or a solitary tree taking its nourishment, I know not how, from the barren mountains.

Aden.

The inhabitants of this place are partly Arabs and partly Africans with a constitution peculiarly fitted for the climate and the soil of their country. Even the children seem to be unmindful of the burning sun or the scorching sands, and some of them ran with our carriage for about half an hour without any apparent toil or fatigue. They are also splendid divers. While we were on board the steamer, many of them came swimming round the vessel, and begged for coins. When any coins were thrown into the sea they instantly dived, took them up and asked for more. In fact, one of them offered to go below our steamer from one side to the other, and I have no doubt he could have done so. For hours and hours together they remained afloat like any sea-animals!

The fort of Aden is very strong on account of the rocky nature of the place. The reservoir of this place is very well worth seeing. Water is so scarce in this country that they are obliged to keep a place surrounded on all sides by walls of natural rocks, which is filled with water in the rainy season, and supplies the people all the year round. The way leading to the reservoir is finely constructed, with walks, seats and stair-cases carved out of the rocks.

We left Aden on the next morning, and about 6 o'clock in the evening we passed through the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb. On one side were the rocks of Arabia, and on the other those of the small isle of Perim, and beyond the islands could be seen the high mountains of Africa.

In the Red Sea sharp bare small rocks rise precipitously from the sea, and it is these rocks, and many others under the surface of the water, which make navigation in the Red Sea so dangerous.

By the morning of the 27th we had entered the Gulf of Suez, and saw land on both sides of us. The sea was calm, as calm it could be, the surface appearing like a sheet of glass, the red beams of the sun had just tinged the yellow rocks and hills of Africa, and far behind them could be seen a higher range of greyish mountains encircling the view. Here and there we saw rocky islands dreary and barren, and refusing nourishment to a single plant or a single blade of grass. At 11 o'clock in the night we reached Suez. We left the *Mooltan* at Suez, to perform the journey to Alexandria by rail. The Suez Canal has not been completed yet.

Suez.

Alexandria.

We reached Alexandria in the morning and went on board the *Massilia*, a fine paddle steamer, with a powerful engine. As the steamer was not to start till the next morning, we went down to Alexandria to see that town. The streets were spacious, the houses large and well built. We drove through a delightful garden to see "Pompey's Pillar." Surrounded on all sides by an open space, this lofty pillar of solid marble rises 180 feet high, and appears as a picture against the blue canvass of a cloudless sky. Scattered all round the pillar are the demolished relics of Egyptian idolatry, images of dethroned gods and goddesses, which have been lying in this condition for centuries together, probably for thousands of years. It was almost dark when we left this place, and as our gharry rolled on, the column seemed to rise higher, a noble edifice appearing in bold relief against the dark evening sky. From that place we went to see "Cleopatra's Needle," also a column of solid marble about seventy-five cubits high, and pointed at the top. After a pleasant walk through the streets in the evening we returned to our steamer.

Malta.

At half-past eleven on the 2nd April, we landed at Malta. To me the town presented a novel sight altogether. Neat and stone-paved streets, with fine and uniformly-built houses on both sides, neat shops with glass windows, and streets and markets thronged with white faces spoke of a *European* town, the first that I saw. We drove to a garden which was at one time the

pleasure ground of the illustrious knights of Malta. Rows of dark Cypress trees, neatly trimmed, beautiful fountains playing here and there, cool shady avenues, fine stone-paved walks, and numberless lemon and orange trees with ripe oranges hanging from their boughs formed a fresh and pleasing scene. We tasted some of these "blood oranges" as they are called, quite red inside, and sweeter than those we get at Calcutta. The Governor's palace is a thing well worth seeing. There we saw in a large hall beautiful tapestry works with life-like figures all woven by the nuns of Malta. Scenes from all parts of the world, scenes from tropical countries with palm-trees and dates and swarthy people are finely executed. A figure of George IV. of England with two female figures by his side, representing England and Malta, is beautifully woven. In another room we saw pictures of the illustrious knights of Malta who fell for the defence of the place.

St. John's Chapel of Malta is a splendid edifice, decorated with the finest productions of labour and art. The ceiling is beautifully painted, and all around us were paintings and sculptures by the eminent Italian artists. Under the floor, which was of beautiful marble, were the tombs of the illustrious knights of Malta, and there was a solemnity and grandeur pervading the whole edifice. The Roman Catholic religion is supported to a very great extent by an appeal to the senses rather than by an appeal to reason, and hence in Roman Catholic Churches Art exhausts her treasures to make the mind religiously disposed. A painting of Christ suffering on the cross, or of Christ healing the sick, makes a far

stronger impression on the mind than any appeal to reason; it softens the heart and makes it penitent—devotional—superstitious. It is by such means that the Roman Catholic religion is chiefly supported, and naturally enough the religion receives so great a help from the fine arts. The Italians besides have a strong imagination, and in fine arts are superior to all other nations in Europe, and where can their powers of imagination be so well employed as in the support of their national religion? For these reasons the Italian Churches are superior to any others in the world in paintings and sculptures, decorations and illuminations, solemnity and grandeur.

We came back to our steamer at 3½ P. M. and our steamer left Malta at 5.

Gibralter.

From a distance the noble rock of Gibralter looks like a lion sitting. The name *Gibralter* comes from the Arabic *Jebel-al-Tarik*, *i. e.*, the rock of Tarik, the Mahomedan Conqueror of Spain. When he landed in Spain, his followers were daunted at their own critical position, having to fight in a strange mountainous country and against tremendous odds. But, "whither shall you fly?" enquired the brave Tarik of his soldiers, "the foes are before you, the roaring sea behind." The Moslems almost ashamed of their own cowardice rushed on their foes and defeated them. This gallant spirit accompanied Tarik through all his campaigns and eventually enabled him to subjugate almost the whole of Spain.

The rocks and fortifications of Gibralter are things

really worth seeing. After a stroll through several streets we returned to our steamer at 6 P. M. The next day we passed the Cape St. Vincent with noble rocks and a light-house built on one of them. The Cape of Finistre we passed at night. On the 9th we saw Cape Ushant near Brest in France. There is a beautiful light-house here. On the morning of the 11th we passed the Isle of Wight. This island is a very beautiful one, the whole place appearing like a garden, but a garden not by nature but by art. You see, not tangled woods, high leafy trees, thick foliage and almost rank vegetation like what you see in India, but fine parks, beautiful winding hedges, green lawns, where you see traces of the hand of man almost on every spot. We reached Southampton at 11 A. M. on the 11th April. We had our dinner at Southampton and left for London at 5 P. M. and reached the metropolis (may I not say of the world?) at 8 P. M.

England.

London is a very large place, as all the world knows, with a population of nearly four millions. The houses are usually four or five stories high, one of which is generally under the level of the streets. The walls in the outside are of bricks, but within, the partitions between rooms are all of wood covered with paper. There are several parks in London, extensive and open to all, with fine walks, ornamental waters, trees, gardens, flower-beds, &c. It is a pleasure to come and spend a few hours in one of these, when there is nothing else to do. Besides the parks, there are small

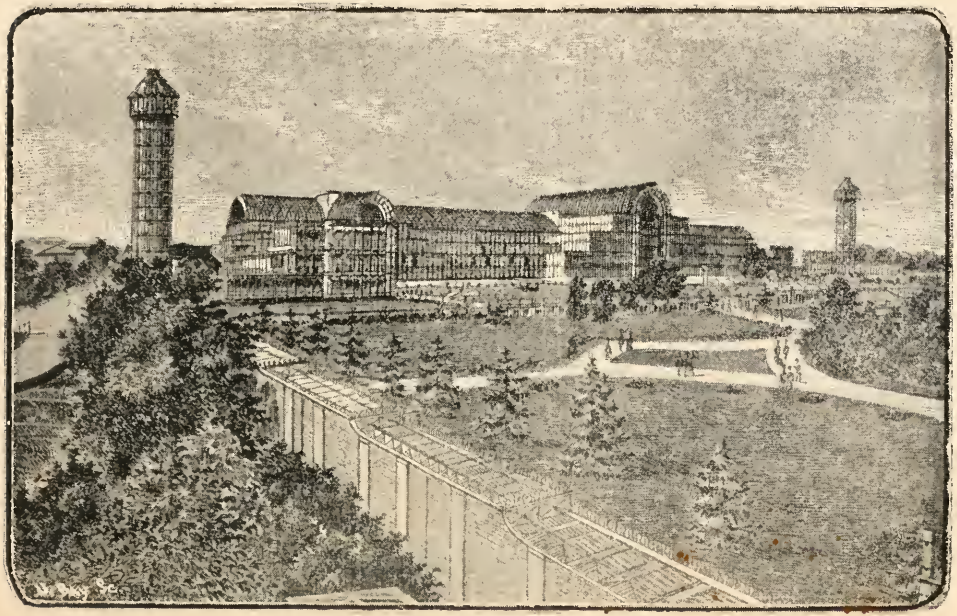
First impressions of London.

squares every here and there with railings all round, and trees, flower-plants and walks inside. These are open only to those who live round the squares. They are called the "Lungs of London," for London would be very close and uncomfortable to live in without these open places. The houses are very closely built, and uniformly in a row, and the rooms are small and close. In fact every thing here seems to be designed to protect the people from the cold of winter which is long, while summers are, I am told, short. But as there are no contrivances to keep off the heat, London during the summer is, I am told, very uncomfortable. The weather is murky and the days are generally half dark, there being plenty of mist with showers every now and then, but they are not our Indian heavy showers, but slight patter, patter, patter, which is very annoying. Of sun you don't see much here except in summer, it is generally hid in mists or clouds, and only now and then peeps out with a pale sickly face! There is a saying here that English suns are made of worn-out French moons! and English summers, they say, consist of three warm days and a thunderstorm!

At present the thermometer stands at 50°. It is hardly over higher than 80°, and in winter sometimes goes 10 or 12 degrees below the freezing point.

Crystal Palace.

On the 9th June, we went to see the Crystal Palace in Sydenham, a few miles from London. It is a large building, of thin sheets of glass joined together by thin bars of iron, having a noble arch in the middle and two wings



Crystal Palace. (p. 10)

stretching out on its two sides. The whole building glittering in the sun has an imposing aspect. Outside the building are beautiful gardens, green lawns, gravel walks, beds of flowers in geometrical figures, groups of fountains playing in the sun, ornamental waters with swans in them, cool secluded walks through beautiful groves, and fine statues,—every thing that imagination can conceive or art can supply to add to the beauty of the place. Inside the building the view is, if possible, still prettier. There is a long walk from one end of the building to the other with a row of beautiful marble statues on each side, while luxuriant creepers hang from the ceiling and twine round the iron columns in the most fantastic manner, and fountains play every here and there —the sparkling showers falling on spacious vases richly decorated, and surrounded by statues.

The picture gallery contains a noble collection of paintings, all for sale, as well as busts and statues of eminent men. After a delightful walk in the gardens we took a boat and enjoyed a very pleasant row in the lake till it was very dark. At 10 we started for London, and did not reach the place till very late.

Charles Dickens.

On the 6th October we went to hear the farewell readings of Charles Dickens. The St. James's Hall was brilliantly lighted up and crowded with people. Mr. Dickens read some pieces from his own works, including the humorous examination of Sam Weller. Mr. Dickens is a first-rate reader and is full of action as he reads. Every one present was delighted with his reading.

On the 5th November, there was a great deal of fun in the streets of London. Lots of people went about the streets dressed in a grotesque style, carrying about the effigy of Guy Fox to be burnt at last.

5th November.

As I got up on the morning of the 8th November I saw on all sides,—what do you think?—streets, houses, gardens, trees, all covered with snow!—all one sheet of molten silver. A wonderful and novel sight it was for me.

Snow fall.

During the last fortnight (5th to 20th November, 1868) London and in fact the whole of the British Isles have been in a state of great excitement on account of the Parliamentary elections going on. The amount of excitement in London on the day of election was simply incredible. Booths were erected every here and there, and voters came to these booths to give their votes. The streets were crowded with people, those who had votes and those who had not, and all engaged in the one absorbing topic of conversation, while the candidates for election could be seen going about from place to place, and from booth to booth with an agitation of mind which can easily be imagined. All the voters were to give their votes on that particular day, and as the day advanced the public could guess pretty correctly what the result in the evening would be, for the number of votes given for each candidate was published *hourly* in a hundred newspapers to satisfy the insatiate anxiety of the people. Wherever the chances were in favour of a liberal candi-

Election of 1868.

date, the satisfaction, the joy, and I may say the triumph of all liberals knew no bounds; and where a conservative seemed likely to have the greatest number of votes, the delight of the conservatives was equally great. For every Englishman takes a deep interest in politics, and is either a conservative or a liberal, and accordingly wishes to see conservatives or liberals returned to Parliament. To a reflecting observer this interest which the English take in politics has a meaning and a significance. Every man in this country considers himself as a constituent of a great nation, prides himself on his nationality and the glory of the nation, and therefore keeps an eye on the welfare of his country. If a law is passed which he considers detrimental to the interests of the country, he takes it as deeply as if it were a personal grievance. He has his own ideas regarding the interests of his country, and if in his opinion they are best served by conservatives generally speaking, he is a conservative and votes for conservative members; and if, on the other hand, he believes the liberals to be more likely to do good to the country, he is a liberal and votes for liberal candidates. And thus every Englishman is a politician in one sense, and watches the debates in Parliament and keeps an eye on the welfare of his country. Go and speak to the commonest tailor, the commonest greengrocer, the commonest bootmaker in London, and he will tell you the amount of the national debt, he will tell you who introduced such and such a bill, and what likelihood it has of passing, he will argue with you as to the good or evil effects of a bill lately introduced in Parliament. Your

cabman will tell you that this bill will pass and t'other bill not, and your boatman will inform you that 'them conservatives are no good. Among such a people, as may be expected, most improvements emanate from the people, for the people are the Government. Societies are formed by the persons desirous of bringing on some reform, they have their sittings, their lectures, their pamphlets, they write articles in newspapers, they publish books to support their cause. Thus they go on influencing the public mind and convincing the people that a reform is needed. When they are strong enough they make a representation in Parliament, they have a bill introduced by some member who may be of the same opinion with themselves. The bill may be defeated once, twice, three times, perhaps, but that does not matter, they go on quietly with their work with a patience and perseverance which is almost incredible. They know that the will of the *people* is the law of the land, and if the people show increasing interest in their cause they are sure to succeed, otherwise their cause must of course be given up. Societies and leagues of this kind exist in England without number, and it is really a wonder how patiently and perseveringly they work. Sometimes the generation which started an association may pass away, but new members come in, the next generation takes up the cause, and the association lives and works on still trying to influence the public mind. For public opinion is the law of the land which sways the country without a rival, and before which the Queen, the Lords, the Commons must all give way. The Queen and the

Nobility do not oppose it, and if the Commons act contrary to it, another set of members are sure to be returned at the next election who are of the same opinion as the public. Such is England, a country where the people govern themselves,—what wonder if such a people have secured for themselves an amount of political liberty which is nowhere else to be found on the face of the globe, America alone excepted.

Christmas.

To-day (25th December) Merry Christmas has returned to bless old England, and loud church-bells rang in the morning through the thousand streets and lanes of London, merrily as a marriage-bell. Unlike what we have at home on festive days, it is all quiet and still in the streets, shops and offices are all closed, and the whole town presents a sort of funeral appearance. But do you like to see Christmas in its true aspect? Go to the interior of one of the houses, and mark what passes on there. What with the joy and gladness of every member of the family now assembled together, what with the group of happy faces round the cheerful hearth, what with the roast beef and Christmas plum-pudding of old England, and what with the temptations under the mistletoe, Christmas is a jolly time indeed in England.

The cold season in England begins with the Christmas tide. The other day we had a snowfall. Beautiful flakes of snow descended gently in showers like bits of cotton. The shower was soon over, and we walked on the pavements covered with snow. Unlike our Indian winters with clear skies and sunny days, English winters have

very little of the sun, and you must consider yourself fortunate if once in a week you get a glimpse of a pale round thing, an apology for a sun struggling among the clouds. It is often misty and miserably wet the whole day. Occasionally there is bright frosty weather with a genial sunshine sparkling on snow-covered fields and frozen lakes.

Open Competition of 1869 for the Civil Service of India.

A year of hard study has passed, and we at last appeared at the Open Competition of 1869. I need scarcely tell you that never before did we study so hard and so unremittedly as during the past year. We attended classes of the London University College and also took private lessons from some of the Professors of the College. I shall never forget the kindness which we have received from them, they have been more like friends than teachers to us. I wish specially to mention the names of two gentlemen to whom we are under deep obligation. I have never known a kinder, a more genuine and true-hearted Englishman than Mr. Henry Morley, Professor of English Literature. We attended his classes, we took private lessons from him, we shared his hospitality, and we benefited by his kind, friendly and ever helpful advice. His house is as well known to us as our own, and his studio,—the walls of which on every side are lined with books,—has been the scene of many a pleasant hour of instruction and advice. Not less are we indebted to Dr. Theodore Goldstücker, a profound German Scholar, whose Sanscrit class we attended in the University College.

But his kindness was not confined in the class room, he was ever ready with his advice and help whenever we needed it. A profound but eccentric scholar, fond of dictating and contradicting but really kind-hearted and true, Dr. Goldstücker is quite a character, but is respected and esteemed most by those who know him most intimately.

We passed our days in the University College,—either in the class rooms or in the library. In the evening we returned to our lodging houses, took our dinner, went out for a stroll, returned and took a cup of tea, and then resumed our studies which we kept up as long as we could. And in the morning after a hasty bath and breakfast we went to the College again. We had some introduction letters to some families living in or near London, and we also made the acquaintance of some others. But our time was mostly passed in our own lodgings or the class room during the past year.

At last the time for the Open Competition arrived. It was impossible to form any sort of conjecture what the result in our case would be. For over three hundred English students appeared in the examination and the first fifty would be selected. We did not know where the three hundred odd students had been educated, where they had prepared themselves for the examination,—and whether they would score higher marks than ourselves. Many of them had no doubt attended like ourselves classes in Colleges in London or Oxford or Cambridge,—but many had been specially trained for this particular examination by Mr. Wren who passes many men from

year to year. Others had come from schools and prepared themselves under other private teachers.

The examination, one of the stiffest in the world, lasted for a month or more. The subjects are various, but no one is compelled to take all subjects or any particular subject; each candidate takes what subjects he pleases, and candidates are judged by the aggregate marks they obtain in the subjects they take up. I had taken only five subjects, *i. e.*, English (including History and Composition), Mathematics, Mental Philosophy, Natural Philosophy and Sanscrit.

On each subject there is a paper examination and a *viva voce* examination. You will be interested to know something about my *viva voce* examination. In English I had given a long list of books which I had read,—every candidate had to do the same. My examiner looked over the long list and smiled and enquired—"Have you read all these books?" I answered in the affirmative, but felt for a moment that I would have been wiser if I had only mentioned those authors whose works I had thoroughly and carefully studied! But my examiner was very fair, he did not test my memory about details, but sought to know if I had generally appreciated what I had read. "Which do you think to be the best of Shakespeare's plays?" "Why do you think so?" "What characters do you admire most?" "What do you see in this and that character to admire?" "Some say Gray's style of poetry has something in common with Milton's; what is your opinion?" "Do you find anything in common between Milton and Wordsworth?" "What do you think

of such and such pieces of such and such authors?" And so on, with all the best English poets, until he came to Rogers. "I see you have included Roger's Italy among the pieces you have read. What do you think of Roger as a poet?" "What is there that you admire in his style of writing?"

> "Of all the fairest cities of the earth
> None is so fair as————?"

My examiner enquired? "Florence" I said to his entire satisfaction! I felt that I had done fairly well in English,—and even when I differed with my examiner in opinions about authors, he was fair enough to allow me to uphold my opinions and give my reasons, and was pleased with the same. I also did well in the paper examination, and when the result was out, I was delighted to find that among about 325 candidates I stood second in order of merit in English and had scored 420 marks out of 500.

In Sanscrit Mr. Cowell, formerly of the Sanscrit College Calcutta, was our examiner. I did remarkably well in paper,—by mere luck;—I guessed the meaning of a passage from Sankaracharya's Philosophy and translated it, which my two Hindu fellow-candidates—better Sanscrit scholars than myself,—had not been able to do. I scored higher marks than they did, but I felt that I did not deserve it, for they really knew the language better than I did. I scored 430 out of 500 in Sanscrit. But here we are at a disadvantage as compared with English students. For they take up Latin and Greek, the full marks in those subjects are 1500,—and English

students easily get more marks in those subjects than we can possibly do in Sanscrit.

In Mathematics, Todhunter, the writer of many text books, was one of my examiners. He is a very fair examiner, but I was not very well up in Higher Mathematics, and did not score high marks.

In Mental Philosophy I got fairly good marks. In Natural Philosophy Dr. Carpenter took Zoology, and is a very good examiner. The examiner in electricity was *not* a fair examiner. However I got good marks in Natural Philosophy on the whole.

We had to wait over a month before the result was out. It was a time of anxious suspense. When the result was out I found I had not only been selected, but that I stood third in the order of merit. I cannot describe the transport which I felt on that eventful day. My friends too had passed. The great undertaking on which we had staked everything in life had succeeded, the future of our life was determined, and a path, we ventured to hope, had been opened for our young countrymen.

Sea-side.

We have at last left the crowded streets of old London for green fields and the sea-side. All watering places in England have their seasons, and during the season-time they are crowded by people coming from London and other towns, while during the rest of the year they are quiet and look almost deserted. Eastbourne, a quiet watering place, is particularly so, as it is not yet the season-time. As I am writing this letter to you, I am enjoying an extensive

Eastbourne.

view of the deep blue ocean, a cool and refreshing sea breeze, and the ceaseless music of the waves. Yesterday we went by sea to Beachy Head, which is four or five miles from Eastbourne. Beachy Head is about 575 feet above the level of the sea, and when we ascended the top, we had a beautiful view all round. To walk in the green pasture lands and fields covered with the luxuriant verdure of spring, to scale the chalky cliffs of South England, or saunter on the green hills in the evening, silently watching the quiet windmills on the tops of hills, to hear the skylark pouring forth "harmonious madness" from its aërial height, to spend an evening on the pebbly beach, and hear the wild and ceaseless song of the restless waves which lull you not to sleep but to gentle thoughts and meditation, to have a pleasant row on the green sea, or a pleasant trip to a neighbouring village, such has been our occupation since we left London, and a most delightful occupation it is, I can assure you, after a long and weary year spent amidst the smoke and toil and dust of old London.

About four or five miles from Eastbourne are the ruins of Pevensy Castle. A bright halo from the distant past still lingers round its roofless and ivied walls, and will continue to linger till the last stone of the edifice moulders away to dust. Cæsar with his Roman legions, (if Professor Airy's supposition be correct), and William the Conqueror with his Norman host, landed at this point. We climbed up the ivied walls, walked on the grassy floors, crept under the broken windows, and saw the dark dungeons which tell a dismal tale of olden days.

The village of Pevensy consists only of some huts, a village church and a village inn. We came back from Pevensy by sea, and saw the "MARTELLO TOWERS" built by the English in 1804, when they feared the descent of Bonaparte on the English coast. They are a line of fortified towers with drawbridges and moats, along the southern coast of Kent and Sussex.

The other day we went to see Hurstmonceaux Castle, which is one of the finest specimens of the castles of the Middle Ages that are now to be seen in England. The drawbridge, the moat all round, the towers and turrets, the watch-towers, the fearful underground dungeons, the dining hall, the numerous rooms and passages, the kitchen, the ladies' room with its beautiful window, the chapel, everything corresponds with the descriptions we read of the castles of the Middle Ages; while the ivy creeping through the windows and over the walls threw an aspect of romance on the whole place.

Hastings.

St. Leonards and Hastings are adjoining towns; in fact, they form one continuous town on the sea. St. Leonards is a very pretty place. The Lover's seat is a romantic spot near St. Leonards, and tradition asserts that a damsel threw herself from this spot into the sea in sorrow for her lover who was dead. A still more romantic spot—the Fairlight Glen is a long avenue completely shaded from the sun. The Hastings Castle is built on a triangular rock, defended by high rocks on one side, by a deep trench on another, and by the sea on the third.

We have now returned to London after our few days'

Westminster Abbey. (p. 23)

trip to the sea-side. On our way to London we stopped for a few hours at Battle about 7 miles from Hastings, and saw the Abbey built there by William the Conqueror after his victory. The Abbey is in a very good condition.

Battle.

The other day we went to see Madame Toussaud's Show-rooms where there is a collection of wax-figures so true to life that a stranger who knows nothing about them would at once take them to be living men and women, and not wax-figures. A sense of politeness makes one almost ashamed to look at these worthy personages face to face. More than once I was on the point of mistaking some of the visitors (who were sitting or standing still) for wax-figures, and once when a wax-figure a t which I was looking, shook its head (by some internal machinery,) I felt ashamed at having stared rudely at what for the moment I took to be a visitor. There are wax-figures of all the Sovereigns of England from William I. downwards, as well as of many eminent authors, divines, &c., Shakespeare, Scott, Knox, Calvin, Mary Queen of Scotts, Voltaire and many others. At one place you see in a group Napoleon Bonaparte and all his illustrious Generals, fine looking men some of them, and specially Marshal Ney. In the "chamber of horrors" you see the figures of many persons guilty of frightful murders and crimes.

Madame Toussaud.

I shall tell you in as few words as possible what I saw at the Westminister Abbey, certainly one of the most interesting monuments of antiquity of the England. The first man

Westminister Abbey.

of letters whose statue I saw here was he who has given such a beautiful description of this place in one of his papers,—I mean of course Joseph Addison. The great historian Macaulay is on one side of him, and on the other, the great novelist Thackeray. Facing Addison is the poet Campbell, and by his side his contemporary the poet Southey. Near them stands the immortal Shakespeare, and round him is a galaxy of smaller poets, Rowe, Gay, Goldsmith, &c. In another place I saw the bust of the author of "Paradise Lost," and by his side is Ben Johnson with the short and pithy inscription "O rare Ben." Dryden, Cowley, Gray, and some other poets were to be seen in another place. In another part of the Abbey were the statues and busts of many illustrious statesmen of England who have done eminent services to their country. Warren Hastings, Sir Eyre Coote, and some other heroes of Indian history find a place there. In the Chapel of Henry VII., are buried most of the Sovereigns of England, whose tombs and monuments must be interesting to every student of English history. There, I saw, too, the coronation chair which has been used by all the Sovereigns of England since Edward I. at their coronation, and under it the stone on which the kings of Scotland used to sit at coronation, but which was brought to England by Edward I. when he conquered Scotland.

Hampton Court.

Last Sunday we went to Richmond and thence to Hampton Court. Arriving at Richmond by train we rowed on the Thames to Teddington, a distance of three or four

miles, leaving half way Twickenham, the celebrated seat of Alexander Pope. The Thames is exceedingly pretty here and very unlike the dirty river that flows by London. On both sides the banks were covered with the luxuriant verdure of spring. In England winters are longer, colder and more dreary than in India ; for months and months together you have nothing but rain and mist and snow, freezing wind, a dark atmosphere, and cloudy sky. There is not a leaf in the trees, and all nature seems dead and cheerless. When after such a dreary winter comes the season of spring with its sunny skies and warm weather, its fresh leaves and flowers and beautiful birds, the change is far more striking and far more welcome than the same change in India. The Indian spring with its more luxuriant vegetation and a greater variety of birds with sweet songs and rich plumage, with its sunnier skies and altogether more gorgeous appearance, fails to strike us as much as the English spring, simply because the Indian winter is a delightful sunny season, when the trees retain their leaves and the sky is seldom, if ever, clouded, and the change therefore is not so sudden or striking.

Both the banks of the Thames were very pretty with green lawns, fine avenues, shading chestnut trees and fine groves every where. From Teddington an hour's pleasant walk through the beautiful Bushy Park brought us to Hampton Court, renowned in English History. We went through the several apartments of the palace, the royal bed-rooms, the council chamber, and the like, and saw the collection of beautiful oil paintings in those rooms. It was late before we returned to London.

Near the Temple Bar in London is a place for hair-cutting and shampooing, which was at one time the palace of Henry VIII. and Wolsey. Near that place, too, is a dining place where Dr. Johnson and his companions,—illustrious persons all,—used to assemble.

Historic sites.

For the last five or six days (January 1870) it has been intensely cold here. We had snowfall almost every day, and streets, squares, trees and tops of houses have all been covered with snow. The ornamental waters in the parks have been frozen over and there has been plenty of skating on them. Imagine to yourself a vast sheet of ice with hundreds of men, boys and girls over it, all going in different directions,—in straight lines, circles and curves, with a rapidity and dexterity that is remarkable. We are told that some winters back the ice broke in the Regent's Park and about 300 people fell in and perished. And yet such is the rage for skating that we are assured by one who narrowly escaped being drowned that day that, if the water had been frozen over the next day, he would have gone in for skating the next day.

Winter.

Snowfall is a beautiful thing to see,—the whole firmament is filled with silver flakes floating on the air and gently descending on the ground.

The problem of the condition of the poor engages the attention of Englishmen, and is, in the present cold season, exciting deep interest. Notwithstanding many noble qualities, the lower classes of England are in many

The London Poor.

respects very far from what they ought to be, and their character is soiled by some of the worst vices of human nature. Drunkenness and cruelty to wives prevail to a fearful extent among them, their independence often borders on insolence, and their remarkable imprudence necessarily makes them wretched. They form the only uneducated class of people in England, and their want of education makes them incapable of improving their condition. What is wanted for them is education, and effective steps are being taken to spread education to all classes of people in England.

Among the many evils to which such classes are subjected by their want of education and prudence not the least consists of imprudent marriages. People belonging to the other classes with a habitual sense of dignity and honor do not marry, generally speaking, till they have competence to support a wife and family in a style befitting their rank; but among the laboring classes this prudence is entirely wanting, and the consequences are baneful. The London laborer who has a large family, with his dissipated habits and often his unfeeling cruelty, is one of the most harrowing sights that civilization can hold up to your view.

Would you step into their dwelling-place? You see a small room in a smoky lane, crowded with members of a large family,—an elderly mother with children from the girl of fourteen or fifteen to the baby in her arms—all huddled together in one uncomfortable room. The broken panes do not keep off the wintry blast, and want of sufficient food, sufficient clothing and of coal to warm

the room, presents a sight of misery compared to which the poorest classes of people in our own country are well off. The *paterfamilias* is troubled out of his wits to support such a large family,—the misery and sufferings he gets familiar with make him callous in his feelings, and a cheerless home impels him to seek comfort elsewhere. Where is he to seek such comfort ? Why, London is swamped with public houses, blazing with volumes of gas, with comfortable seats and comfortable fires to invite the poor laborers to a few glasses of beer. These public houses are the resorts of the London laborer, and out of his scanty earning he learns to spend something on intoxication. Thus flying from a cheerless home he learns to become a drunkard. What follows ?—A scene, the horrors of which it is difficult to picture. Drunkeness brings out the most brutal passions of the human mind, and cruelty such as is unheard of among the poorest families of our country, disfigures the conduct of the London "rough" towards his own kith and kin. Pestered and bothered by a hungry wife and starving children, the drunken husband and father often has recourse to violence, the accounts of which emanating every day from the Police Courts, fail to startle the people only on account of their frequency. Death is a frequent visitor of such homes, and little boys willingly leave them to turn "street Arabs," running about with naked feet and uncovered head to beg a few pence from the passers.

In the country the laborers are better off. Drunkenness, though not unknown, is certainly not the rule

among them, and it is not possible for them in their little villages to be as regardless of the comforts of their families as their brethren in towns often are. Step into one of the neat village cottages, and the sight is by no means displeasing. You see the mother and her children living in peace, though alas! often in poverty, and robust healthy-looking village-girls with roses and carnations blooming on their cheeks. Their ordinary food is bread and cheese with a little of meat, perhaps, two or three times the week. In some parts of England, the village housewife frequently buys a pig and feeds it for the best part of the year, and when it is big and fat, kills it and preserves it with care. Small slices from it are among many poor families the only meat they can afford to have, and one pig lasts a family for a full twelve month. It is a pleasant sight on Sundays to see neatly-dressed villagers and blooming village-girls, and, now and then the landlord too and his family assembled together under the roof of the quiet village church.

Cambridge.

There are many things in Cambridge worth seeing, and I enjoyed my visit to that town very much, indeed. At Christ's College you still see the mulberry tree planted by Milton, which is supported on all sides to prevent its falling down. The King's College Chapel is said to be the most splendid in England, it is large and richly decorated. The St. John's Chapel is also a very good one. The Trinity College Library is beautifully furnished and fitted up with its book-shelves and statues finely arranged. Among the latter you see those of Addison and Pope, of

Bacon and Newton, of Byron and Tennyson, and other men—men of undying name, who were educated here. In the same college you see the room where Newton stopped while a student, as well as the gateway under which Bacon passed, and connected with which hangs a tradition that it will not fall down till a greater man than Bacon passes under it. With its fine University buildings and college compounds, with the green fields all round, and with the quiet River Cam and its numerous bridges, the pretty little town of Cambridge would be well worth a visit even without its classical reputation.

Boat-race.

The other day I went to see the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race. You can hardly imagine what interest people in this country take in these annual races, which are regarded as a sort of national institution. Both shores of the Thames were crowded with people, and as far as the eye could reach there was but one mass of men and hats and bonnets to be seen. The boats are constructed very narrow and long, and fly on the water like arrows. Cambridge won this year after having been beaten for the last nine years consecutively.

Brighton and Isle of Wight.

The other day I went to Brighton to see the Volunteers' Review. There were 26,000 volunteers and 54 guns. After the "march past" was over, the volunteers divided themselves into two portions; one representing the invaders of England who had just landed on the coast of Sussex, and the other the defenders of the country. The mock battle lasted about three hours in-

cluding charging and obstinate resistance and carrying positions till at last the assailants were driven to the brink of the sea and surrendered. The review gives one an idea, faint as it may be, of real battle, and I watched the whole affair with very great interest.

Brighton is a fine sea-side town, and the houses on the Parade are more like palaces than ordinary buildings. It is the largest and most fashionable sea-side town in England, and in the season time is flocked by hundreds and thousands of people from all parts of England. A stranger coming to Brighton at the season time cannot fail being struck with the pomp and splendour, the mirth and gaiety, the beauty and magnificence of the place, —with the music on the parade, the swell carriages whirling through the hundred streets, and the swell people flocking to the numerous haunts of amusement. Surely he would take it to be the seat of fashion and the paradise of luxury.

Arundel castle.

From Brighton we went to Worthing, a pretty and quiet sea-side town, and thence to Arundel where we saw the castle said to be the oldest in England. It is said to have existed at the time of Alfred the Great, and large additions have been made by William the Conqueror. From the watch-tower we had an extensive view of the country all round. We left Arundel and went to Portsmouth, and thence to the Isle of Wight—the garden of England —so called for its luxuriant vegetation and beautiful country prospects. We went to Ryde, Shanklin and Ventnor (towns in the Isle of Wight) and after having

enjoyed the romance of rusticating, came back to old London.

Our trip to Windsor we enjoyed very much. We saw the Queen's residence there, and from the tower we had a "distant prospect of the Eton College," the celebrated Windsor forest, a curfew tower built in the reign of William the Conqueror which used to toll the knell of parting day, and lastly the well-renowned field of Runnymede. After leaving the palace we passed by Eton College and paid a visit to the "Country Churchyard," where the poet Gray is buried. How pretty the shady lonesome avenue leading to the churchyard, the tree's overhanging the path on both sides and covered with rustling leaves and blooming flowers of spring ! The tomb of the poet is in this secluded country churchyard where beneath rugged elms and yew tree's shade the rude fore-fathers of the hamlet sleep under many a mouldering heap.

Windsor Castle.

Eton College.

Grey's churchyard.

After a pleasant row on the Thames in the afternoon we paid a visit to the field to Runnemede, and returned to London the same evening, (25th May 1870).

On the 1st June 1870, we went to see the Derby Race. The race itself is nothing more or less than other horse-races are, but the immense—I may almost say incredible—amount of interest attached to it makes it one of the national institutions of England. The excitement among the people is immense, there is perhaps not a man in

Derby Race.

England who does not take an interest in it, and it is almost beyond the powers of arithmetic to count the people who flock to Derby, not exactly to see the races but for the sake of merrymaking and enjoying a holiday. Railway carriages run from London to Derby, I don't know, how many times every hour, and the road to Derby was almost blocked up with cabs, hansoms, landaulets, flys, omnibuses, traps, dog-carts, and, in fact, conveyances of all size, shape and description that imagination can invent. This is one of the few occasions when Englishmen throw off—or try to throw off—their habitual reserve, and become as merry as possible, and it makes one's heart glad to see crowds of people neatly dressed with faces beaming with gladness and hilarity. Stupid and silly merriments were not wanting ;—men with masks and false noses, pea shooters shooting peas at passengers, boys dressed up fantastically, etc., etc., completed the merriment of the day.

Country Life.

No foreigner should leave England without passing a few days in the country. Immediately before leaving for Ireland I passed a few days with a gentleman at his country seat, and an English country seat is a thing of itself worth seeing. The neat and well-built country-house of the landlord well-known to the peasantry all round, the wide portico and beautiful gardens and croquet lawns adjacent to it, the ornamental waters and the darksome shrubbery delightfully cool in summer, the fresh open country prospect all round with distant hills seen far off on the horizon, the beautiful glades and

long avenues and extensive country-parks with deer grazing by hundreds, the village hedge-rows with wild flowers blooming on them and taking the traveller by surprise by their sweet scent, and last though not the least, the neat huts dotting the country-fields, and the village church lifting its modest spire from among them, — these are scenes really worth seeing. But this is not all. In the country you find Englishmen from altogether a different and a new point of view. Freed from the conventionalities of London the Englishman in his country seat is much more free and unfettered,—much more jovial and at home with every one whom he comes across. It is a delight to see him mixing freely and almost familiarly with the poor villagers, asking them kind questions about their homes and lands and the prospects of the year, and stretching out a helping hand to them in times of need. Every village girl too knows but too well the familiar faces of the landlord's wife and daughters, and kind questions and enquiries on the one side, and a confiding and respectful regard on the other sweeten their acquaintance, and in some cases ripen it into almost sisterly affection.

A Sunday at an English village is one of the soberest things imaginable. A man with any degree of fellow sympathy in him cannot see the cheerful looking and neatly dressed groups of villagers and village girls issuing out of their humble cottages and wending to the village church without a feeling of philanthropy in his heart. After the church service is over, you often see village boys and girls assembling at the residence of the landlords and passing the day as a real holiday.

Politics.

The eternal, never ending, never tiring subject of conversation among Englishmen is politics, and each class of people has its own ideas on the subject. Were I called upon to form and enunciate a general rule on the subject, I should say that such classes whose interest it is to usher in changes are, as a rule liberals and radicals, while other sections of the society whose interest impels them to stand up for the existing institutions are mostly conservatives. I will try to explain what I mean.

Aristocracy.—This is pre-eminently a democratic age, and Western Europe with one voice approves of the increasing claims of the people as against the dominant sections of the European society. The lords have lost much of their ancient powers and privileges, but the spirit of the time shews that they have some more yet to lose. Changes and revolutions, therefore, when they do come on, either in opinions or in institutions, are generally in favour of the people, and the Nobility finds it its interest to have as few of such changes as possible. The majority of the Aristocracy therefore are conservatives at heart, and even those of them who pass for liberals are only half-hearted reformers compared to the radicals in the House of Commons.

Landed Gentry.—That creature with little education and less general knowledge, with much love for game and hunting and much real goodness of heart and kindness to dependants,—the typical country 'Squire and Justice of the Peace of whom we read descriptions in old novels is scarcely to be found in England in these

days of swift locomotion and wide diffusion of knowledge, when news travel so fast and education is reaching the remotest corners of England. In these days, on the contrary, a country gentleman is, generally speaking, a well-educated and well-informed personage who is up in the news of London and the Parliament, still keeps a hospitable table and is fond of game and hunting, visits London every year during the "season," and in general combines the goodness of heart of his ancestor with much of good sense, taste and general education. Notwithstanding this progress, however, there is still a notable difference between the country gentry and the gentry living in towns. The latter are, generally speaking, more advanced and liberal, more active and industrious, and have more extensive views, wider sympathies, and a greater share of zeal and enterprize than the former. Cooped up in his country residence for the greater part of the year, the country 'Squire, generally speaking, cannot sympathize with the most advanced changes in thought and opinions, and finding himself and his tenants too, pretty comfortably off, is incapable of thinking out any alterations in laws which will better the state of the country. He points to the quiet rural church and the peace and contentment of his tenants as the blessings flowing from the existing laws, ascribes all changes to the restlessness of hot-headed reformers, and swears that the country is going to the dogs with fast legislation, with irreligion and disestablishments. The honest, good-hearted, idle, and good-meaning country gentleman, therefore, is in many cases a conservative.

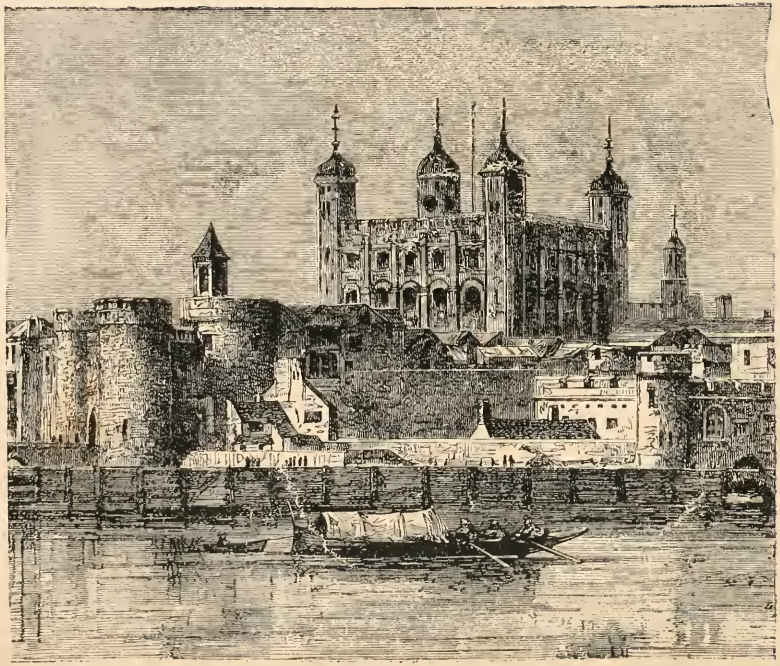
Town Gentry.—On the other hand, the very high education and enlightenment of the gentry living in towns, their close contact with the interests and opinions of all the different sections of the community from the highest to the lowest, and their intelligence sharpened by constant and varied exercise in the school of the business world, enable them to entertain more extensive views and have wider sympathies than their brethren of the country. They perceive that their own progress and the progress of the country in general have always been due to radical changes in opinions and institutions, and they feel that changes must always be the only means of future progress. The gentry in towns, therefore, are in many cases liberals.

Trades-people.—There is still a distinction, which I cannot but call silly, which places even rich and successful merchants in a class lower than that occupied by the gentry. It is a complaint general among many of the gentry that merchants and tradespeople are following them too close and are treading on their heels, and allusion is sometimes made to those "good old times" when it was something to be born a gentleman! But the daily increasing enlightenment of England is fast closing up such silly distinctions, and every change in institutions leads to further equalization. This equalization is to the tradespeople a consummation devoutly to be wished for, and this class therefore is never averse to change. As a rule, therefore, the tradespeople are liberals and radicals.

Labouring Classes.—This is the only class of people in England utterly devoid of the blessings of education,

and it is not possible for them therefore to understand their own interests. But they regard with feelings of envy and pain those distinctions which have left them so far below the other classes, and they feel that in order to equalization there must be changes,—be their nature what it may. The labouring classes of England therefore are not only radicals but republicans many of them. Not that they understand much about republicanism, but they have a vague idea that that form of Government carries the idea of equality, and that is what they want. These remarks, however, apply only to the labouring classes in the towns. In the country those classes have neither the education nor the familiarity with political discussion which would enable them to hold any definite political opinions, and generally speaking, they make their opinions coincide with those of their landlords or farmers with as little ceremony or hesitation as (says the *Saturday Review* humorously) a gentleman would feel in making room for a young lady. It proceeds more from custom and habit than from premeditation !

Perhaps you will come to the conclusion, from what I have told you, that in the formation of the opinions of the several classes of people a perception of self-interest has a very important part to play, and that every class has a tendency more or less to represent its own interests as the interests of the public. If you think so, I have only to remark that such a tendency is based on human nature. As in a prospect before us a continuous hill appears larger than a distant mountain, as in a picture the objects which are near occupy a larger



The Tower of London. p. 30

space than those which are more remote, even so in the great picture of the world before us the importance of objects near us, not exactly by position but by interest, is made larger by the perspective of selfishness. For of our own needs and requirements we are fully aware, but who cares to or can realize to that full extent the requirements of others?

Tower of London.

The other day we went to see the Tower of London, —the "Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame." We entered by the "Lion's Gate," and passed the "Bell Tower" where Elizabeth was kept in imprisonment by her cruel sister Mary. Walking on we came to the "Traitor's Gate."—

> "That gate misnamed through which before
> "Went Sidney, Russell, Raleigh, Cranmer, More."

The gate opens on the Thames, and traitors were brought into the towers by boats from the Thames through this gate. Nearly opposite to this gate rises the "Bloody Tower," gloomy and ominous in name, and so called because the infant children of Edward IV. were cruelly butchered here by the inhuman Richard III. Passing under a terrible portcullus we came to the "White Tower" and saw the room in which Raleigh was confined for twelve years and where he began his celebrated "History of the World." In that room are the axe and the block which had severed the heads of three of the queens of Henry VIII., as well as of many other so called traitors. The axe fell so heavily that it went deep into the block and has left marks on it a quarter of an inch in depth.

In the "Horse Armoury" there is a noble collection of the armours used by the royalty and nobility of England since the days of the Henrys downwards, as well as of the Greek, the Roman and the Anglo-Saxon weapons of war. What was once the "Council Chamber" is now filled with swords and rifles, all beautifully arranged. In the "Beauchamp Tower" we saw the room in which Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey and many other unfortunate prisoners were confined, and the window through which the amiable Lady Jane looked down to see the carcass of her innocent husband carried to be buried at St. Peter's Church. The walls of the room are filled with the hand-writing of many prisoners of note, and among others there are the letters JANE inscribed by the amiable Lady Jane shortly before she was executed.

In the Jewel Room we saw the crowns of the Queen, of the Prince of Wales, of Anne Boleyn and Charles II. and of the Queen of James II., or models of them, as well as the sceptres, &c., comprising the British regalia. The most interesting thing in the room was a model of the *koh-i-noor* brought from India, being one of the largest pieces of diamond in the world.

Before we left the tower we saw the spot in St. Peter's Church where lie buried the remains of many eminent men beheaded in the tower. "Here," says Macaulay in his semi poetical language, "among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen lie more delicate sufferers,—Margaret of Salisbury, the last representative of the proud race of the Plantagenets," the unfortunate lady Jane Grey and three of the Queens of Henry VIII. Here

lie also the remains of Sir Thomas More, the Protector Somerest, his brother Lord Seymour, Dudley, the husband of Lady Jane, Essex the favourite of Elizabeth, the cruel Jeffery, the unfortunate Monmouth, &c., &c.

Outside the Tower is the Tower Hill where traitors were executed.

St. Paul's.

We visited St. Paul's Cathedral, one of the largest and most magnificent in the world and containing the tombs of Nelson and Wellington.

Polytechnic Institution.

The Polytechnic Institution is a scientific one where there are a great many things amusing and instructive. Here we went down under water in a diving-bell. The compressed air causes a painful sensation in the ear.

Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71.

All seems to be over with France in this disastrous war. Army after army has surrendered, battle after battle has been lost, fortress after fortress taken, and Paris—the great, the beautiful, the magnificent—has been closely invested. And yet the French have not been inactive, they have strained every nerve, they have shewed the world a phenomenon,—what a great nation can do when brought to straits. Not once or twice, but repeatedly they have levied and sent succouring armies from north, south, and west but as often have these armies been beaten back north, south and west by the vigilance and foresight of the besiegers, such as the world never witnessed before. But defeats and disasters have failed to quell the spirit of the French, the annihilation of entire

armies, the capture of strong fortresses, the bombardment of the fairest towns, have failed to dishearten or daunt the French, and in the face of a victorious foe France has dared to raise and drill new armies and to lead afresh hundreds and thousands to war after the old army has been utterly annihilated. It is altogether an unprecedented phenomenon,—a sight as noble as it is sorrowful.

Winter of 1870-71.

The winter has been unusually severe this year, and there was snow on the ground for three weeks together. The thermometer went down some 12° below the freezing point, water was frozen up every where, and plenty of skating went on during the whole of the period. The water in our jugs, &c., were now and then covered by a layer of ice on which the Liliputians might well have a jolly skating. Now and then we had a heavy fall of snow, and even the streets of London were sometimes covered with snow 6 inches deep, to the great annoyance of traffic. There was a thaw after this long period of cold, and we had a few days of mild weather, but for the last three or four days the cold has set in again, skating is going on, and every where the ground is covered thick with snow. This afternoon I had a delightful walk up the Primrose Hill and through the Regent's Park. The sky was clear and cloudless to-day and the white sheet of snow looked beautiful indeed under the yellow rays of the setting sun. The Primrose Hill was a hill of uniform white, glittering under the sun, and standing out in bold relief against the greyish blue canvas of the sky. In the park you could see a wide and uniform sheet of snow dotted here and there

with skeletons of trees casting long shadows over the field of white, or with groups of children with skates on their shoulders, and bounded far off by the hazy range of leafless trees and shrubs. The scene reminded me of the beautiful lines of Cowper in his "Winter Walk at Noon."

"But now at noon,
"Upon the southern side of the slant hill
* * * *
"The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
"And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
"Without a cloud, and white without a speck,
"The dazzling splendour of the scene below."

There is no season in England which I enjoy half as well as winter, and nothing is so healthy and so bracing as a brisk walk on a frosty morning with snow under your feet and a cold, bitterly cold, wind blowing on your face and ears. But it is really painful to reflect on the amount of suffering of the poor in this country in this inclement weather. Thousands of poor people live here in ill-constructed houses, with broken windows which hardly keep off the cold blast, with no coals to warm their rooms, no sufficient clothing to keep themselves warm, and in many cases with hardly sufficient food to give them due nourishment. Many people in this country die in winter either of hunger and cold or through diseases generated through insufficient nourishment and exposure to cold. Were we to sympathize with every sufferer in this world, our life would be one long tissue of woe. It is only by forgetting, nay, closing our eyes to what is going on around us, by smothering the ready sympathy of childhood, and steeling our heart against emotions of pity, that we live and work on unconcerned as we do. It is

only in moments of astounding calamities (the present war is an instance) that people take a due cognizance of the sufferings of their fellowmen; but every day and every hour there are sufferers around us by hundreds and thousands. The civilization of ages has done much to mitigate the privations of mankind, but how much more has it yet to do!

Devonshire.

Devonshire is one of the most beautiful counties in England, and in the richness of its verdure and the luxuriance of its vegetation far surpasses most other places in England. We passed some very happy days in Torquay, a sea-side town in Devonshire, and had plenty of strolling among the "rich woods of Devon," the sombre and luxuriant glens, and the green hills and vales of the country. A trip to Totness whence we came down to Dartmouth by the Dart was very pleasant indeed. The beautiful and meandering Dart after flowing beneath wooded hills and scenes of excessive beauty and richness empties itself into the sea near Dartmouth. Nor must I forget to mention our sailing on the Torbay on a delightful sunny day, nor the hearty dinners that we had here every evening in which the rich Devonshire cream occupied no contemptible a place.

Kenilworth and Stratford-on-Avon.

Before leaving England we visited two very interesting places, the ruins of the Kenilworth Castle, and the classic town of Stratford-on-Avon. In the last-mentioned place we saw the house in which Shakespeare lived and the very room in which he was born. The walls

of that room have been scribbled over by hundreds of visitors who at different times and from different countries came to pay homage to poetry and genius. Among these names we could make out the almost illegible names of Walter Scott and Charles Dickens. The house is in a very good state of preservation, and contains a museum, where among many interesting and curious objects we saw Shakespeare's signet ring. Not far from the house is the site of the "New place," that is, the house which Shakespeare bought later in life, and which has been pulled down since the death of the poet. Covered with shady lime-trees we saw the quiet church of Stratford-on-Avon, and inside the church the tombs containing the remains of Shakespeare and his wife. An inscription on Shakespeare's tombstone prohibits the removal of his bones from that place. By the side of this quiet church "lucid Avon strays," and not far is the park where Shakespeare is said to have sotlen a deer. In the afternoon we left the quiet town of Stratford-on-Avon for Kenilworth.

Independently of the additional interest with which Sir W. Scott has invested the Kenilworth Castle, these colossal and stately ruins have an aspect of desolation and decayed greatness strongly suggestive of the days gone by. I lingered for over an hour among these hoary ruins; and the colossal walls veiled by the mellow shades of the evening seemed from their very muteness to speak of the tilts and tournaments, the wars and festivities, the pride of queens and countesses, and the madness of ambition and power of which they have been silent witnesses.

The oldest part of this castle was built 900 years ago, the latest and by far the most beautiful portion was added by the Earl of Leicester in the reign of Elizabeth.

Departure from England.

I have now done my three years' work in England. I have gone through the four "further examinations" which we have to pass in Law, Political Economy and History and Languages of India after being selected at the Open Competition. I have been called to the Bar after keeping 12 terms at the Middle Temple. I have seen different places of interest in England, and have, I hope, learnt some lessons that will be useful to me in life from the every-day life and manners, the characters and virtues of Englishmen. We in India have an ancient and noble civilization, but nevertheless we have much to learn from modern civilization. And I hope as we become more familiar with Europe and with England we shall adopt some great virtues and some noble institutions which are conspicuous in Europe in the present day, and which we need so much. Our children's children will live to see the day when India will take her place among the nations of the earth in manufacturing industry and commercial enterprise, in representative institutions and in real social advancement. May that day dawn early for India.

———

CHAPTER II.

Scotland and the English Lakes.—July to September, 1869.

We left London by steamer for Scotland at about quarter past 10 A. M., on the 21st July 1869. Coming down from London, for miles and miles together, the Thames is quite as dirty as at London, ships and steamers without number steaming up and down the river, while on the banks you could see nothing but wharfs and factories and traders' establishments, and smoke and dust; everything, in fact, indicating the expensive commerce of London. As however we sailed down the scene changed, and on both sides of us we could see extensive agricultural and pasture lands, green fields, rich meadows, beautiful rows of trees and green undulating hills with sheep and kine grazing on them by the hundred. Now and then, a big factory or a big hotel loomed out from a distance, or perhaps a long train of railway carriages rolled along through the quiet villages and fields. As we sailed down, the Thames became wider and the waters blue. By half-past two we had come out of the river, and were fairly on the German Ocean, and at nine in the evening we saw the busy town of Yarmouth with her numerous lights streaming on the blue waters, and her distant steeples and churches forming, as it were, a picture on the dusky canvas of an evening sky. Within an hour more we lost sight of land. The first

thing that we saw the next morning was the bold rocky projection of the Flamborough Head with the ocean ever and anon beating against its adamant base. Soon after we passed by the towns of Scarborough and Whitby, fine watering places both, annually visited by numerous visitors and tourists from different parts of England. The whole coast of Yorkshire seems to consist of a row of yellowish rocks boldly rising from the ocean. In the afternoon we could see the coast of Scotland, the purple and grotesque-formed rocks rising abruptly from the sea. At the entrance of the Frith of Forth there is a beautiful and picturesque rock, called the *Bass Rock*, which is inhabited by an immense number of Sea-birds, and is therefore called the "Habitation of sea-birds." On this rock are the ruins of a very ancient castle or dungeon; some covenanters seem to have been imprisoned here sometime or other. I forgot to tell you that while coming along the coast of Northumberland we saw the ruins of several ancient castles—nests of robber-chiefs, which were very useful in the days of border warfare between the Percies and the Douglases, but which have now fallen to disuse and decay. They look noble even in their decay, and the associations of hundreds of years fling a charm round their ruins. We landed at Granton and reached Edinburgh in half an hour's time at about quarter-past-eight in the evening, 22nd July.

Edinburgh.

Edinburgh, with hardly one-tenth the extent, one-fifteenth the population, or one-twentieth the commerce of London, is a far prettier town. The houses are built in a very

tasteful style, steep hills rise in the midst of houses and trees, while the numerous steeples and spires of Edinburgh form not the least important portion of the beauty of this beautiful place. The Calton Hill and the Castle Hill are situated in the heart of the town,—Arthur's seat (800 ft.) and the Salisbury crags are only a few minutes' walk from the town, while far off the Pentland Hills and the Lemmer Moor Hills encircle the view. A magnificent spiral monument has been erected in one of the principal streets in memory of Sir Walter Scott. It is 200 feet high, but the stairs do not lead quite to the top but only 180 ft. From that height we had an extensive view of the beautiful town. On the Calton Hill we saw the monuments of Nelson, Playfair, and Dugald Stewart, as well as the "National Monument," an unfinished piece of architecture intended to commemorate the heroes of this country who fell at Waterloo. Near this hill is the tomb of David Hume. The Calton Hill is 224 ft. high. The view from that height is really beautiful. On the north you see the blue waters of the Firth of Forth, with busy towns on its southern shore,—Granton, Leith, Porto Bello, and Preston Pans, and on the other shore the high mountains of Fifeshire glimmering at a distance. Just at your foot lies the town of Edinburgh with its many towers and steeples and buildings, some of them nine or ten stories high. And on the south you see the far-off hills of Pentland and Lemmer Moor, forming an extensive range and stretching as far as the eye can reach.

The St. Giles Church, some distance from the Calton

Hill, is a very ancient one, where Knox used to deliver his sermons, and his attacks on Mary Queen of Scots. A single square piece of sand-stone marks the spot where the stern reformer lies buried. Very near this church is the Scotch Parliament House, where the members used to meet before the Union in 1707. It is a large hall with several beautiful oil-paintings in it, and among others one of Lord Brougham. Near the Calton Hill is a fine building—a monument erected in memory of Robert Burns. Within it we saw many curious things connected with the life and history of the national poet of Scotland. The walls all round are hung with the letters of the poet. We saw, too, the wine-glass, the earthen jug and the drinking quaigh of the poet. There were also a piece of bread prepared by Mrs. Burns, the sword stick which Burns used when an exciseman at Dumfries, the horn snuff-box which belonged to the father of "Highland Mary," and above all a lock of hair of the "lassie with the lint white locks." There was the three-legged stool on which the poet used to sit when he corrected his poems, as also a hundred other curious things which cannot but be interesting to every admirer of Robert Burns.

Holyrood Palace.

From this place we went to the Holyrood Palace and Chapel. The most interesting part of the palace is the part built by James V. and where his daughter the lovely Queen of Scots passed the most eventful portion of her singularly unfortunate life. On the first floor are the picture gallery and Lord Darnly's apartments; on the second floor Queen Mary's rooms. The picture gallery is a large hall

containing the pictures of 106 sovereigns of Scotland from Fergus I., 320 B. C. to Charles II. On the first floor is a small room in which are private stairs leading to Queen Mary's supping room. It was through this passage that Darnly led up his infuriated followers to the supping room of Queen Mary on the second floor to murder Riccio. On the top of the staircase there is a discoloration of the floor, which is pointed out as the mark of Riccio's blood.

From the Palace we went to the Edinburgh Castle.

Castle.

The castle is a very ancient one and built on a high hill, and is accessible only from one side.

"There watching high the least alarms
Thy rough rude fortress gleams afar,
Like some bold vet'ran grey in arms
And marked with many a seamy scar,
The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repelled th' invader's shock."—BURNS.

Before artillery was invented such a castle must have been impregnable. In the castle we saw the regalia of Scotland, consisting of a crown placed on a splendid cushion, a sword with its scabbard, a sceptre, a rod, a chain and two or three ornaments of rubies and pearls. The regalia, properly so called, consists only of the crown, the sword and the sceptre. It was with much difficulty that the Scotch preserved their regalia safe when their country was overrun by the republicans and regicides of England. It was removed from Edinburgh Castle to Dubberton Castle before the former was

closely invested, and when the latter was invested, and there were no hopes of safety, a lady of high rank asked and obtained permission of the besiegers to see a friend of hers in the Dubberton Castle, and on her return brought away the regalia with her concealed under her gown. When the castle was taken, the English were disappointed at not finding the regalia, and though several persons connected with this plot were persecuted and imprisoned, they kept the secret well, and the regalia was kept buried under the pulpit of a church. When Charles II. came to the throne they gave out the secret and were handsomely rewarded for the safety of the regalia. At the time of the Union (1707) they were put in a large chest and kept in a room in the castle and locked up. For a hundred and ten years they were never seen by any one, and were supposed to have been lost, or taken away to England. At last in 1818, several persons (Sir W. Scott among others) got a commission to see whether they were really lost. The room was searched, the chest was broken open, and they found the regalia to the immense joy of the people. The populace all round the hill who were awaiting the result of the search shouted out with joy. The Scotch are deservedly proud of these emblems of their unconquered independence, the regalia of a long line of kings, beginning with the victor of Bannockburn.

Thence we went to another room in the castle which was the audience-chamber of the Queen of Scots, when she removed from Holyrood to the Castle, and by its

side we saw her bed-room where she had given birth to James VI.

The gallery of national paintings contains a beautiful statue of Burns, and busts of Wellington, Brougham and others, beside many beautiful paintings.

Linlithgow.

On the morning of the 27th we left Edinburgh for Linlithgow. Linlithgow is a small town consisting of a cluster of houses surrounded by hills and extensive pasture fields. But the chief interest of the place lies in the ruins of an ancient palace built four or five centuries ago.

> "Of all the palaces so fair
> Built for the royal dwelling
> In Scotland, far beyond compare
> Linlithgow is excelling"—MARMION.

It is a large and spacious building, and considering the age in which it was built, must have been, at one time, one of the finest edifices in the country. And when you add to this its delightful situation, with a small lake just at its foot, green fields and undulating shrub-crowned hills all round it and high and distant mountains looming out from beyond the blue waters of the Firth of Forth, you need not at all wonder if at one time it was the most favorite residence of the Scottish Kings.

We went up to the Queen's bed-chamber, a large and beautiful room with windows looking down on the lake below. It was here that the queen of the unfortunate James V. gave birth to the celebrated Queen of Scots, while her husband who was lying in the adjoining

room, when he heard that his wife had given birth to a female child, exclaimed that the kingdom had come with a woman and would go with one, and immediately breathed his last.

The place seems to have had four watch towers, on one of which is the celebrated "Lady's Bower." When the restless and warlike James IV. employed himself preparing for his battles with the English, or was spending his time in frivolous occupations, chatting and toying with the sultanas of his immoral court, it was here that

> "His own Queen Margaret
> In 'Lithgow's bower
> All lonely sat
> And wept the weary hour."—MARMION.

The lines are inscribed on the walls of the room. We saw the spacious parliament room, the dining hall, and the ruins of the old chapel. Sauntering through these lonely roofless rooms, one almost feels that the shades of departed monarchs and august queens are stalking invisibly across the wide courtyard or along the deserted chapel, or lingering in a thoughtful mood near the ruins of what was once the seat of their splendour and power.

Stirling.

Stirling is a small town containing about 12,000 inhabitants. After we had some tea we went out for a walk which was insensibly prolonged to eight or ten miles! We passed by the old bridge, built on the Forth several centuries ago, which can be very easily distinguished from its more modern neighbour. The Forth which is very broad indeed near Linlithgow is a narrow river near Stirling.

On the other side of the river we saw a magnificent monument built on the top of a high and craggy hill,—it was the monument of William Wallace! Well has the place been chosen for the great mountain-warrior, the defender of Scotland, and the martyr for her independence. A lofty column standing on a high and rugged rock, it seems to aspire to reach the skies, and is seen from places all round miles and miles afar; while at its foot stretches the field of Stirling, the scene of Wallace's first and most important victory.

The Stirling Castle is built on a high and precipitous rock and must have been impregnable before fire-arms and artillery were invented. There is a room in the castle called the Douglas room, where James II. invited a Douglas to a feast and then stabbed him there, and threw the corpse out of a window.

> "Dread towers within whose circuit dread
> A Douglas by his sovereign bled."—LADY OF THE LAKE.

The very corner in which the murder took place as well as the window through which the body was thrown out were pointed out to us. We also saw the strong tower where, we were assured, Rhoderic Dhu was really imprisoned by James V. and where he breathed his last! But the chief interest lies not in the rooms within the castle but in the celebrated fields surrounding it. Standing on the highest point of the castle with your face to the south-east, you see on your left the field of Stirling, —the scene of Wallace's greatest victory while on your right, about three miles off, is the scene of Bruce's greatest victory,—the field of Bannockburn. Further off you

see the spot where James III. was defeated and slain at Sanchiburn, while beyond the high range of mountains behind you lies the celebrated field of Sheriff Muir. Just at the foot of the hill, on your right stretches a level plain which was at one time the favorite spot for mock battles, the tilts and tournaments of olden times, while fronting the plain is a rock called the "ladies' rock," because ladies used to sit there to watch the deeds of knights and warriors. There too is the "rocks of ages," —a square pyramid built over the graves of some covenanters. On your left you would see the ancient Cambuskenneth Abbey and on your right the beautiful Church of Grey Friars with its extensive cemetery.

Bannockburn.

About an hour's walk brought us to the field of Bannockburn. We sat on the "bore stone" on which the Scottish standard is said to have been erected, and looked on the field where the Scots who had bled with Wallace, and whom Bruce had often led, found—not a gory bed, but a victory glorious indeed. In a few moments a noble commander and a noble army secured the independence of the country. With the exception of the "bore stone" not a single relic of the battle is to be found. I forgot to tell you that coming from Linlithgow we saw the field of Falkirk where Wallace was beaten by the English. On the 28th we left Stirling and reached Callandar.

Callandar.

This little town is bosomed in the midst of high and bleak mountains. Here we saw for the first time the really wild

and mountainous scenes of Scotland and perceived how very "stern and wild" Caledonia is. Standing on an eminence you see around you nothing but high hills, craggy precipices and long chains of lofty mountains. Here and there perhaps you see some small village in a valley or some acres of green pasture fields, but beyond them again, eternal mountains and ridges raise their lofty heads to the skies. Meet indeed is this country to nurse a poetic child.

"Bracklinn's thundering fall" near Callander is an object well worth seeing. From the falls we went to the top of a hill and saw the distant peak of Benledi rearing its head to the skies. It is, 2,882 feet high. We also saw Loch Lubnaig from which issues the river Lubnaig and joins the slow and sluggish Teith near Callander. The Teith itself issuing from Loch Katrine, passes through Lochs Achray and Vennachar, joins the Lubnaig near Callander and after a long and serpentine course joins the Forth near Stirling. Callander is a small town or rather village with the sluggish Teith running along it, while high craggy mountains surround it on all sides.

It was a delightful journey by stage coach from Callander to the Trossachs. Slowly our coach rolled on over hills and by lakes and ravines, and through beautiful glens. During the first part of our journey we saw nothing around us but bleak ridges of high mountains, like giants guarding the land. Mountain brooks we crossed without number with their pure crystal waters foaming and clattering on their beds of rocks. We

crossed the Lubnaig and came to the spot where the Teith issues from Loch Vannachhar. This is the spot called Coilantogle's Lord where the knight of Snowdon fought with Rhoderic Dhu.

We passed by the high peak of Ben Ledi, and came to the spot where Rhoderic sounded his whistle, and

> "Instant, through copse and heath, arose,
> Bonnets, and spears, and bended bows."

Loch Vennachar is five miles long and about a mile and a half in breadth. Its shores are very pretty with clusters of huts every here and there. As we went on

> "Duncraggon's huts appeared at last,
> And peeped, like moss grown rocks, half seen,
> Half hidden in the copse so green."

Soon after we entered the beautiful glen, called Glenfinlas, and neared the spot where stood and still stands

> "————————the copse wood grey
> That waved and wept on Loch Achray,
> And mingled with the pine trees blue
> Of the bold cliffs of Benvennue."

In a few minutes we passed over the "Brigg O' Turk" and saw the bold peak of Benvennue which in its stately majesty is scarcely surpassed by any other mountain in Scotland.

Soon after we reached Loch Achray and the Trossachs. The Trossachs as well as Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond are certainly the most beautiful spots in Scotland, and among the most beautiful spots in the world. Crag over crag, hill over hill, and high peaks towering over all with mountain, trees and plants waving in the breeze

Trossachs.

form a noble scene indeed; while little silver streams rumbling and leaping now from a mass of rocks and now through a shady glen add to the wildness of the scene. We walked about for an hour through the Trossachs. Immense masses of rocks seemed almost suspended in the air, and creepers, plants, and wild flowers were to be seen in abundance.

"The rocky summits, split and rent
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever decked
Or Mosque of Eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lacked they many a banner fair;
For from their shivered brows displayed,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dewdrops sheen
The briar rose in steamers green,
And creeping shrubs of thousand dies,
Waved in the west wind's summer sighs."

Loch Katrine.

In about an hour's time we came to Loch Katrine and a beautiful panorama suddenly burst upon our sight. On all sides high rugged hills rise abruptly from the banks of the lake, while beneath, the calm waters of the lake stretch out in a thousand gulfs and bays and inlets. Mountain rills roll down in crystal torrents glistening and leaping and dancing from crag to crag and seeming almost like a continuous shower of diamonds and molten silver, and at last mingling with the tranquil waters of the lake. Beautiful islands

"————Empurpled bright
Float amid the livelier light,

And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land."

Silence reigns over the calm waters and on the fairy scene and every tree and every shrub, and indeed every ripple of the waters seem to lie under the influence of some mighty enchanter. On the south

"————————huge Ben Vennue
Down on the lake in masses threw
Crags knells, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world."

But I shall never finish if I go on quoting from the *Lady of the Lake.*

In the evening we had a row on the beautiful Loch Achray. Next morning we went by a steamer to the other end of Loch Katrine. We saw the beautiful "Ellen's Isle" and "the Silver Strand" (so called because of the beautiful and wonderful whiteness of the pebbles on the shore;) where Ellen Douglas stood on her little skiff, startled at the sound of a bugle while the "Knight of Snowdon" stood hid by the neighbouring thicket. In about three quarters of an hour we reached the other end of the Loch. A stage coach was waiting there, which conveyed us over hills and through vales to Loch Lomond. We saw the beautiful Falls of Inversnaid, the waters foaming and rushing from a height of about 16 ft., and spreading in foams among wild masses of rocks on the shores of Loch Lomond. A steamer conveyed us to the other end of Loch Lomond in about two hours. Loch Lomond is quite as beautiful though not so wild and romantic as Loch Katrine. The

Loch Lomond.

shores are rich and beautiful and the green emerald isles on the bosom of the lake are passing fair—

> "Like Highland maiden softy fair,
> The snood and rosebud in her hair,
> Yon emerald isles, how calm they sleep
> On the blue bosom of the deep,
> How bright they throw with waking eye,
> Their lone charms on the passers by."

We passed by the lofty peak on Ben Lomond, and soon reached Balloch, whence we were conveyed to Glasgow by train.

Glasgow.

Glasgow is a much larger city than Edinburgh, and contains about 500,000 inhabitants. It is in fact the commercial capital of Scotland, and has the aspect of a big commercial town. One of the finest squares in the town is George Square. At one end of this square is the statue of Queen Victoria, and at the other end that of the late Prince Consort. In the centre is a lofty monument erected to the memory of Sir W. Scott.

At about 7 A. M., on the 22nd August, we left Glasgow in an excellent steamer for Oban, a sea-side place in Argyleshire. The Clyde, which is as dirty near Glasgow as the Thames is near London, became limpid as we sailed down, until it mingled with the blue waters of the sea. It was a sunny day and the sea was calm, and on both sides we could see beautiful hills with the sun and shade alternately playing on their green surface. We issued out of the Firth of Clyde and turned northwards, having the peninsula of Cantire on our left and the mainland on our right. We crossed the peninsula near Adrishaig and reached the open

sea, where a steamer was waiting, which conveyed us to Oban. I can hardly convey to you any idea as to how very barren, rugged, broken, and mountainous the western coast of Scotland is. Everywhere you see creeks and inlets of sea, a hundred barren rocky islands, and long chains of high mountains precipitously rising from the Ocean. We reached Oban in the evening. It is a small yet pretty place, and viewed from the sea has an imposing appearance with the high hills rising behind the town.

Oban.

Next morning we went to the island of Iona, celebrated as an early seat of Christianity. Even before that religion was introduced among the Anglo-Saxons (597 A.D.) Columba, an Irish Christian, lived and preached in this island. The ruins of the ancient religious edifices consist of a church, a nunnery and a chapel, of which the last is said to have been built by the Norwegians and is the most ancient. The church, "St. Mary's Church," as it is called, is said to have been built in the 12th century, though some portions of it were built at a much earlier date, it is supposed in the 7th century. In this island are also the graves of several kings and knights, men, says Dr. Johnson, who did not expect to be so soon forgotten. The Macleen's Cross is the only one left out of the 360 which are said to have stood in this island before the reformation.

Iona.

From Iona we went to the small uninhabited island of Staffa, containing several wonderful caves, of which Fingal's Cave is the most magnificent. This cave with its

Fingal's Cave.

splendid arch 70 feet high, supporting an intablature of 30 feet additional,—its dark basaltic pillars, its arching roof above and the sea ever and anon rushing and roaring below,—is a most wonderful sight indeed. The sea being calm we went in a boat to the inner end of the cave. The walls consist of countless gigantic columns, sometimes square, often pentagonical and hexagonical, and of a dark purple color which adds to the solemnity of the aspect of the place. The roof itself consists of overhanging pillars ; and every time that the waves come in with a roaring sound, the roof, the caverns and the thousand pillars return the sound increased tenfold, and the effect is imposing.

Before we left Oban we saw Dunolly Castle,now all in ruins, about which Sir W. Scott says, that "a more delightful and romantic spot can scarcely be conceived ;" as well as the ruins of the Dunstaffnage castle, situated on a bold rock, about three or four miles from Oban, which is said to have been the seat of the Scottish monarchy until the overthrow of the Picts.

Glencoe.

On the 5th we left Oban and went by steamer to Glencoe, the scene of the terrible massacre in the reign of William III. We passed by the spot where the massacre was perpetrated, and reached a most magnificent glen with stupendous mountains on both sides of us. On the 6th we left Glencoe, and sailing through Loch Eil, we reached Banvie, four miles to the north of Fort William. From that

Ben Nevis.

place we saw the magnificent Ben Nevis, about 4,400 feet high, being

the highest peak in Scotland, the circumference of its base being 24 miles. In the evening we went to Fort William, and saw the ruins of that fort first erected by General Monk, during the Protectorate, to overawe Cameron of Locheil, who was determined to set at defiance the power of the Protector long after every other chieftain had been subdued.

Caledonian Canal.

From Bangie to Inverness we went through the Caledonian Canal. There are three lakes here, Loch Lochy, Loch Oich, and Loch Ness, and these are joined by artificial canals. As we were going through the Caledonian Canal the scene around was gloomy but magnificent. On both sides of us were continuous chains of mountains, and it being very bad weather, dark clouds hanging over our heads served as a gloomy canopy extending from the ridges on our right to those on our left. As far as the eye could reach, before or behind, there was nothing but this gloomy vista,—the dark clouds above, the dark waters below, and high mountains on both sides of us. The scene was grand, and I would not have changed that gloomy scene of highland grandeur for the neatest and prettiest spot in the earth, not for the sunniest sky, the dark rolling clouds which added to the sublimity of the scene. We landed at Foyers to see the "Fall of Foyers;" which I will describe in the words of Burns.

"High in air bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below;
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewless echo's ear astonished rends;
Dim seen through rising mists and ceaseless showers,
The hoary cavern wide surrounding lowers,

Still through the gap the struggling river toils;
And still below the horrid cauldron boils."

Soon after we reached Inverness.

Inverness.

Inverness is a small town containing about 12,000 inhabitants. We stopped here two days and started for Aberdeen on the morning of the 9th August. Aberdeen is considered the third city in Scotland, and is really a very beautiful place (population 80,000). It is called the "granite city," as almost all the houses are built of that stone, a circumstance which gives the city an air of freshness and beauty such as you do not find in any other place. There are immense granite mountains in the adjoining country.

Aberdeen.

In Aberdeen we saw the spacious market, the noble pier stretching far into the sea as well as some other places worth visiting. On the 10th of August we left Aberdeen and reached Edinburgh by train at 10 P.M.

Loch Leven.

On the 15th September I went from Edinburgh to Loch Leven, in the midst of which is the Loch Leven Castle, where Mary, Queen of Scots, was imprisoned for a time. From Kinros, a town on the shores of the Loch, I went by a boat to the island in which are the ruins of the ancient castle. From a distance you can see the tower of the castle, peeping out from among the luxuriant vegetation that covers and beautifies the little island. And when you reach there you are at once impressed with the loneliness of the place. There is not a single living creature to be seen, and the only sound to be

heard is the ceaseless voice of the ever-rolling waves beating against the rocks and pebbles of the island, or the occasional rustling of the thick wood of the oak, the elm, the fir, and the ash, and various other trees that cover this lonely isle. The building seems to have been five stories high, and as you walk past the mouldering ruins, or enter into the deserted rooms, you cannot help calling to mind the history of the unfortunate Queen whose imprisonment in this castle has been so ably depicted by Sir W. Scott in his Abbot. I returned to Edinburgh the same evening, and on the 17th September we left Edinburgh.

Half an hour's travel by rail brought us to Hawthornden, once the delightful residence of the poet Drummond of the 17th century. We saw the castle and the subterranean caves where Bruce is said to have lived for some time. From Hawthornden we went through a deep glen to Rosslyn. It is impossible to conceive of any thing more romantic or wild than this deep glen, with the mountain rivulet Esk clattering and rushing swift as an arrow over its bed of rocks,—with the huge rocks rising abruptly on both sides, leaving a deep chasm between, and with the luxuriant wood of mountain trees shedding a deep gloom on the whole scene. Issuing out of this glen we came to Rosslyn, where there is a ruined castle as well as an ancient chapel said to have been built in the 12th century. The walls and the roof of this chapel are of stones, all exquisitely carved, and are still in a very good condition, and service is still held here.

Rosslyn.

From Rosslyn we went by train to Melrose, which, since the publication of Scott's Last Minstrel, has become a favourite haunt of tourists from all parts of the world. But few, however, can "mark it by the pale moon-light," for the moon seldom makes her appearance here, and on the night that we reached the place it was any thing but fair. However, though we saw the Abbey by the "gay beams of lightsome day," we could not fail being impressed with the grandeur of this ruined edifice with its lofty and imposing windows, its venerable ivy-covered walls, its beautifully carved and ornamented columns, its fretted vaults and the lonesome graves all around. After the lapse of ages, after all the ravages of time, and the cruel ravages of war what remains still challenges the admiration of visitors ; the outlines are still sharp on account of the hardness of the stone, and the carvings are wonderfully fine.

Melrose.

By the small hamlet of Melrose runs the celebrated Tweed, and the banks of the Tweed are beautiful indeed ; cultivated fields and extensive pasture grounds and green hills with sheep and kine reposing on them, a quiet meandering river sleeping under the shades of evening, a few neat cottages peeping out from among the trees here and there, a lonely bridge on the Tweed, and now and then a lonely villager wending home after the toils of the day ;—do not all these suggest ideas of quiet and repose and rural tranquillity,—do not all these call up in your mind a lovely picture ?

Next morning we went to see the seat of Sir W. Scott,

Abbotsford.

at Abbotsford, about three miles from Melrose. The beautiful and extensive building stands on the banks of the Tweed. In his study room there is still the chair as well as the table used by Scott when he wrote his novels. His library contains about 20,000 volumes, which have been preserved with great care. In the drawing-room we saw the likeness of Scott, as well as those of his eldest son and two daughters. Among the many curious things which we saw in this room was a collection of beautiful presents which Sir Walter had received from various quarters. In his armoury there were arms and weapons of warfare of different countries and different ages, including the Persian scimitar and the Indian sword, as well as a large number of arms connected with the border warfare of the Middle Ages—a subject in which Scott took such a deep interest, and which he has depicted so well.

From Abbotsford we went to Scott's tomb at Dryburgh about four miles from Melrose, and six or seven miles from Abbotsford. The Dryburgh Abbey is hardly second to any other building that I have yet seen in the degree of veneration which it inspires by its hoary antiquity and its aspect of desolated grandeur. It is said to have been built in the 12th century. Gloomy cypresses, and the yet more gloomy yew trees, some of them said to be as ancient as the Abbey itself, have overshaded these ivy-covered ruins, and seem befitting sentinels to guard this scene of hoary desolation. Only here and there a cracked vault, a venerable ivy-covered wall, or a mouldering aisle rears up its head among the surrounding ruins. Under

such an aisle lie buried the sacred remains of Sir Walter Scott. On one side of his tomb lies his wife, and on the other his son, while crossway lie the remains of Lockhart.

We left Melrose on the evening of the 18th for Carlyle. As our train rolled on, the fertile lowlands of Scotland were grateful objects to our sight after we had seen so much of the barren rocks and heaths and mountains of the highlands. We crossed the "sweet Tiviot," on whose silver tide

> "The glaring bale fires blaze no more,
> No longer steel-clad warriors ride
> Along her wild and willowed shore."

The first idea that comes into one's mind is that of calmness and repose, and he cannot help contrasting the present with the olden times of turmoil and warfare,—he cannot help exclaiming with Scott,—

> "Where'er thou wind'st by dale or hill,
> All, all is peaceful, all is still,
> As if thy waves, since time was born,
> Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,
> Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
> Nor started at the bugle horn."

The scene, however, changed again, and we were transported from a fine fertile country into the midst of barren and bleak mountains. Soon again we left the Cheviots behind and reached Carlyle at 8 P. M.

Carlyle is a neat and pretty town, the houses being neatly and tastefully built. From Carlyle we went to Penrith and thence to Keswick to see the English lakes. Cumberland is in England what Switzerland is in Europe, the realm of mountains and lakes. Keswick is situated on the lake of Derwentwater, and is surrounded by rocks,

English Lakes.

mountains, and lofty ridges which almost rival the highlands of Scotland in their gloomy grandeur and dark sublimity. The night, too, on which we reached Keswick was dark, as dark as it could be, the wind blew shrill and loud, and on whichever side we turned, dark purple peaks loomed at a distance in the midst of darkness and heavy clouds rolling on their tops and shrouding their sides, while the rapid and meandering Greta at our side thundered at every fall. Next morning we had a pleasant row on the Derwentwater, the lake of the lake-poets, and a very pretty lake too, surrounded by mountains and interspersed with lovely little islets. We rowed to the other end of the lake to see the celebrated falls of Lodore, of which Southey has given, as you must know, a very wordy description. The falls are very magnificent, the stream descends from a great height with the sound of thunder, while huge masses of rocks make it foam and dash down with great violence. On the same day we returned to Penrith, where we caught the express train and reached London at about 10 P. M., the 20th September. I must say I was very glad to come back to old London, unromantic as it is, with its busy shops and markets, its huge and unshapely omnibusses, clattering over stony streets, and its thousand haunts of business or pleasure,—such as you will seek for in vain in any other town in the world. Associations exercise a great influence over the human mind, and I could not look on the very streets and houses of old London without feeling a strange sort of pleasure, such as one feels on meeting an old acquaintance after a long absence.

CHAPTER III.

Ireland and Wales, June and July, 1870.

I will try to give you a very short account of my tour in Ireland. We left London on the 15th June and making a short stay in Berkshire, crossed the Irish Channel and reached Dublin on the 21st June. Dublin is a fine town with a University and a beautiful park, but the Liffy on which it stands is exceedingly filthy. Not far from Dublin is Kingstown on the sea-shore,—a favourite haunt of Dublin cockneys, and like other sea-side towns a seat of courtship and love. And manifold are the charms of sea-side towns. The old and invalid come here to recruit their health, the student and the working people to have some relaxation and enjoy a holiday, and the young people of both sexes fly to these places from the reserve and rigid rules of busy towns to pay their offerings to the shrine of Love, or in plain English, to court and be courted.

Dublin.

From Dublin we went to visit some other places in the county of Wicklow. The "Vale of Avoca" is a beautiful valley between high ranges of hills through which the Avoca makes its way over a bed of pebbles for miles and miles together. The place where two tributaries meet and form the Avoca, is called the "meeting of the waters"

Avoca.

immortalized by the National Poet of Ireland in one of his Irish melodies which begins thus :—

> "There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
> As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet ;
> Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
> Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart."
> &c. &c. &c.

I cannot however help adding that the poet drew as much upon imagination as upon nature, for the valley though very pretty is nothing extraordinarily so, and hardly deserves the encomiums lavished on it by Moore. The next day we saw the lovely "Glen of the Downs." On both sides are high mountains covered with the most luxuriant foliage, while a lovely path winds through the avenue at the base. The place only wants a purling brook to complete its beauty. The "Devil's Glen" is more rugged and wild than the "Glen of the Downs," but not quite so pretty. A rivulet meanders through this glen. There is a very funny story connected with this glen. Visitors cannot enter it without the keeper opening a gate leading into the glen. It is said that two tourists managed once upon a time to get into this glen without the keeper's permission, and the latter got offended and wanted to send them out rather unceremoniously. The two visitors enquired of the keeper what right he had to send them out. "Why sir," says the surly keeper "this is my glen !" "O yes," rejoined one of the visitors, "we knew this to be the 'devil's glen,' but really, we did not expect to see the proprietor here !"

From that place we went to the vale of the seven churches. It is really a most beautiful valley cooped

out, as it were, in the midst of high mountains surrounding it on all sides; there are two small lakes here called the lakes of Glendenlough and the whole scene is dark and gloomy. The chief interest of this place lies in the ruins scattered about, of the seven churches built in the sixth century by St. Kevin, *i. e.*, before Christianity was established in Ireland. These ruins therefore are among the very rare relics of ancient Ireland before Christianity was thoroughly established in the country. Numerous are the traditional legends told about this interesting personage St. Kevin, and of the marvels and miracles he performed. You will find in one of Moore's melodies an account of the tender affection which the gentle Kathleen felt for this stern Saint. Her love was ill requited, for when at last she followed him to his last place of repose,

Glendenlough.

> "Sternly from his bed he starts,
> And with rude repulsive shock
> Hurls her from the beetling rock.
> Glendenlough, thy gloomy wave
> Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave?"

Bray is a very pretty little sea-side town in Wicklow. Thence we went to Drogheda where we stopped for about an hour and a half, and saw the spot where the fortunes of the House of Stuarts were finally decided at the battle of the Boyne. A monument has been erected just by the Boyne "to the glorious memory of King William the Third" who, you know, was the victor in the battle.

Bray.

Boyne.

Drogheda. Belfast and Giant's Causeway.

We left Drogheda and stopping at the busy town of Belfast for 24 hours, we left the place for the far-famed Giant's Causeway on the northern coast of Ireland. We went by train to Portrush, a town on the sea-shore and thence to the Causeway by an 'outside car.' The curious formation of the rocks here is very like what we saw in Fingal's Cave in Scotland. They are all formed in basaltic columns, having from three to nine-sides, and are all regular as if they were cut out by the chisel. The boisterous Atlantic eternally beats these regular columns with all its mighty force and beats in vain. There are three *Causeways*, as they are called, contiguous to one another, *i. e.*, three promontaries jutting into the sea, and all formed of beautiful regular columns of rocks. There are numerous caves near this place dug out by the ever busy sea, but none of them can be compared to Fingal's Cave in Scotland.

When returning from these Causeways we paid a visit to the Dunluce Castle built on an immense mass of rocks projecting into the sea. The position of the castle is bold, as bold as it could be. The ever busy waves of the sea have beaten and beaten in vain for centuries together against the three sides of the adamantine rocks on which this bold castle is built. The fourth side too used at one time to be washed by the sea, but now the waters have receded. This rocky peninsula, formerly a rocky isle, is connected with the main land by a narrow bridge, the only entrance into the castle.

From Portrush we went to the historic town of Londonderry. The most interesting object to be seen here is the monument of Walker, the gallant defender of the town during the great siege,—the hero who with his unsubdued enthusiasm kept up the failing spirits of the besieged, and almost prophetically assured them of speedy succour. The succour though long delayed came at last, and the town was saved. We went up the monument, and saw the figure of Walker with his hand stretched forth, as if triumphantly pointing out to the famished people the long promised succour which had come at last like Noah's ark to save the people. I am sure you cannot have forgotten Macaulay's graphic description of the siege of this virgin fortress, which came vividly to our mind as we walked on the proud and unsubdued walls of the town.

Londonderry.

From Londonderry we went to Enniskillen, a dirty town, as almost all the Irish towns are, but situated on a most beautiful lake, the Lough Erne. We had plenty of rowing on that lake, landed at a small island called the Devenish Isle, and saw the ruins of a very old church and abbey of which all accounts are lost. There too we saw a round tower, a very beautiful specimen of that sort of buildings, which one sees in almost every part of Ireland, but of which no one can trace the origin. They are long cylindrical columns, sometimes very high, and look like monumental spires. The one on the Devenish Isle is 16 yards in circumference. No one knows when or why they were built.

Enniskillen.

From Enniskillen we went to Athlone, passing through Sligo. Thence we went in an outside car to the "Deserted Village" of Goldsmith. We saw the ruins of "the village preacher's modest mansion," which rose "where a few torn shrubs the place disclose;" we saw too the ruins of the "three pigeons" where "village politicians looked profound, and news much older than the ale went round." "The busy mill, the never-failing brook," the village church that topped the neighbouring hill" were also pointed out to us. Auburn, otherwise called Lishoy, is the most central spot in Ireland, and draws crowds of spectators to its deserted fields through the magic of the poet's pen.

The "Deserted Village."

We left Athlone for the busy town of Limmerick, whence we went to see the falls of the Shannon, or as they are generally called the "rapids of the Doonas." There are no regular falls here, but the great Shannon gets very shallow and clatters along at a tremendous rate over a wide and rocky bed. All around you see the luxuriant vegetation of spring; trees and shrubs overshadow the river, little isles every here and there are reflected in the bosom of the river, clear and placid where it is deep, while in other places the rushing and troubled waves are torn on a hundred little pebbles and spread in a white sheet of foam. Near this place are the ruins of a very ancient castle of which no accounts can be had.

Limmerick.

From Limmerick we went to the magnificent lakes

Killerney.

of Killerney, the pride of Ireland, and equal in picturesque beauty to the prettiest lakes of Scotland. We took a long drive in a car, and then had a ride through one of the wildest valleys that I have ever seen, the "Gap of Dunloe." It is not quite so bleak and barren as the vale of Glencoe in Scotland, but the mountains are quite as high and the whole scene is quite as wild and picturesque.

Emerging from that valley we came to the lakes and took a boat. The scenes through which we then passed defy all description. Enough be it to say that it is the wildest and the most picturesque scene that can be made up of mountains, rivulets, lakes, istands, creeks, promontories, and wild vegetation. The lakes being surrounded on all sides by high mountains, every loud sound was echoed most distinctly. Our guide had a bugle with him which he sounded, and thrice was it echoed distinctly by the surrounding rocks. Our boatman repeated a long sentence, pausing a little after every word, and every word was echoed back as distinctly as possible! At another place, the "Eagle's Nest," the echo seemed to be louder than the bugle sound itself! One of the lakes of Killarney is the scene of action of the beautiful drama "Cawleen Bawn." The rock from which "Cawleen Bawn" is supposed to have been thrown into the water was pointed out to us.

Cork.

From Killarney we came to Cork, paying a visit to Blarney, which notwithstanding the magical powers ascribed to

it does not seem to have given me the gift of the gab! We left Cork by a steamer for Bristol.

Before I conclude my letter on Ireland, I must add a few words about the beautiful green aspect of the country which has given it the name of "the Emerald Isle." As one is hurried on through the open county by the train, his eye is refreshed by the deep-green fields and plains which surround him on every side—by the clusters of deep-green trees and woods and thick vegetation such as one would seek for in vain in England. Potato is the main food of the lower classes of people who cannot afford to indulge in the luxury of having any kind of meat on their table, and the extensive and never-ending fields of potato which are to be seen anywhere and everywhere certainly strike the visitor. As for the villagers they are poor indeed. Man, wife, and children, a good round number in all, are often seen working in the same field in sun and rain, and are housed together in the night probably with their pigs and geese in the same wretched hut. This is not the only fertile country in which the cultivators are exceedingly poor!

Irish Peasantry.

At Bristol we stopped for seven hours and saw the grave of Raja Ram Mohun Roy in the beautiful cemetery of that town. A monument in the Indian style of Architecture is erected over the grave. We also saw the celebrated Redcliffee Church which possesses a literary interest as being connected with the life and acts of

Bristol.

"That marvellous boy
The sleepless soul that perished in its pride."

It was here that Chatterton professed to have found the "Rowley's poems" as he called them—literary forgeries with which he succeeded, for sometime at least, to deceive the learned and the *elite* of his age.

Wales. Milford Haven.

From Bristol we went to Milford Haven in Wales, considered as one of the finest havens in Europe. It is deep and spacious enough to give shelter to the entire British Navy. It was here that Henry, Earl of Richmond, landed with his army destined to win the battle of Bosworth Field which transferred to him the crown of England. And turning from history to poetry, it was here that the innocent and sweet Imogen was sent by her suspecting husband Posthumous to be cruelly murdered.

Carmarthen and Aberystwyth.

From Milford we went to Aberystwyth, a sea-side place in Wales. On our way we stopped for some time at the old town of Carmarthen, reputed to be the birth-place of the great sage Merlin. In later times Sir Richard Steele, the friend of Addison and the writer of some of the finest letters in the Spectator, lived here. Aberystwyth is one of the finest sea-side places that I have ever seen. Surrounded on three sides by high mountains, and on the fourth washed by the sea, this town can boast of a romantic aspect which is met with in very few places. From Aberystwyth we visited the far-famed Devil's Bridge.

Carnarvon

We next went to Carnarvon in North Wales, a very old town and containing the ruins of a fine ancient castle. Edward I. when he conquered Wales signalized his conquest by the erection of a great number of strong castles all over the country, and of all these the Carnarvon Castle is undoubtedly the most splendid. From Carnarvon we went to Llanberis, a most picturesque town, surrounded on all sides by high mountains and beautiful lakes. We passed through the "Llanberis Pass" which in its aspect of bleak sublimity yields to none else that I have yet seen. At its foot a mountain torrent rushes and foams over a bed of stone, and makes its way through vast masses of rugged rocks which have rolled down from the mountains on both sides. When we had left behind this terrible pass—a most beautiful valley greeted our eye. We were now very near Snowdon but could not see its top which was shrouded in mists and clouds, it being a misty day. Soon after we reached the picturesque town of "Bedgelert," *i.e.*, the "grave of Gelert" said to be the identical spot where Llewyllen, King of Wales, buried his faithful dog Gelert who had saved his child from a wolf, but whom the king slew through a mistake. The tree under which the dog is said to have been buried was pointed out to us. We passed through another bleak and magnificent pass, that of "Aberglaslyn" and came back to Carnarvon.

Snowdon aud Llanberis Pass.

Next day, we came to Conway, also containing a castle

Conway. built by the warlike King Edward I. on his conquest of Wales. It was in this town that Mrs. Hemans passed some of the happiest days of her life. We saw the Conway Valley and sailed up the beautiful river 12 miles. From Conway we came direct to old London which we reached on the 14th July at 9-30 P. M.

CHAPTER IV.

Paris, the Rhine, Switzerland and North Italy, August 1871.

We left London on the 14th August, and reached Paris on the 15th, *i.e.*, the birth-day of the Great Napoleon. The passage across the channel was rough as it always is, but like hardy sailors (!) we got through safe without any sea-sickness, though most of the passengers on board were in a most distressed condition. Paris the most splendid city in the world is now in ruins. The long siege, and more specially the rising of the communists have caused a great deal of injury to the town, and broken down some of her finest buildings.

Paris in ruins.

The "Hotel de Ville," which was decorated with the finest specimens of art, and was in fact the national hall of France, has been utterly demolished and burnt down. The splendid "Palais Royal" is in ruins, the column of "Vendome," which commemorated the victories of the First Napoleon and was a monument of the glories of France has been thrown down, and only the base remains on which you see beautiful carvings. Even the Tuilleries, the residence of the Kings and Emperors of France, have been seriously injured, and in some places totally demolished, and one feels a strange sort of feeling as he walks about these deserted gardens and lingers near the desolated walls and statues. Notwithstanding however these

ruins, a stranger cannot but be struck with the beauty of Paris, and as he walks through the brilliantly illuminated streets or the thronged boulevards, he almost thinks that the whole town is devoted to mirth and festivity. The streets are regular and cleanly, with trees on both sides and at night brilliantly illuminated. The cafés blaze with light and splendour at night, and invite the stranger to a few cups of coffee or a few glasses of liquor! The whole town seems to be a seat of mirth, jollity and festivity, and looks very little like a place which has passed lately through war, siege and misfortune. It is only when you come to some ruined place, or stand by some demolished edifice that you are reminded of the hurricane that has swept by.

Louvre.

During our stay in Paris we stopped at the Hotel du Louvre, a fine hotel facing the "Louvre," whence it takes its name. The "Louvre" is a princely palace contiguous to the Tuilleries, and has fortunately escaped the ravages of war. We went into the "Louvre" to see the noble collection of statues and pictures kept in the place.

Arch of triumph.

The "Arch of Triumph" in Paris is a splendid edifice raised by the First Napoleon to commemorate his victories, and has fortunately suffered no injury whatever from the late disasters. On it you see some beautiful sculptures on relief, and the names of all the victories of the Great Napoleon (a good round number I can assure you) are inscribed on its walls. We ascended on its top and had an extensive view of the whole of Paris and the Seine.

What a splendid view it was,—what a regular and fine-built town Paris is! The Seine is a beautiful river, and unlike the Thames which is dirty near London, is perfectly limpid. We went down the Seine by steamer to the magnificent church of Notre Dame, which for elaborate carvings and workmanship beats all other churches in France. This church is the subject of a celebrated novel of Victor Hugo. There is another splendid edifice in Paris which has also escaped the ravages of war and which every Frenchman looks on with feelings of pride and veneration. It is the "Hotel des Invalides" which contains the tomb of the Great Napoleon, his body having been brought from St. Helena and deposited here. Near this tomb are inscribed his own words which in English would run thus:—'I desire that when I die, my ashes be deposited by the banks of the Seine, among the French people whom I have loved so well.' The tomb is in the centre of a marble hall surrounded by marble pillars and marble statues, and under a magnificent dome, whose glittering gilded outside is seen from miles afar. At one time this tomb was surrounded by, I think, 190 standards which he had brought from various countries and various fields of battle as trophies of his victories. These have now been removed.

Notre Dame.

Napoleon's tomb.

From Paris we went to St. Cloud, a favourite resort of the emperors of France. On our way we saw the Enciente, *i.e.*, the wall round Paris with marks of shot and shell everywhere.

St. Cloud.

The palace of St. Cloud has been burnt down, but the gardens and avenues are of course as beautiful as in the days of their glory. We stopped here only two hours and then went to Verseilles.

Verseilles.

The magnificent palace of Verseilles was built by Louis XIV., the most powerful of the kings of France. Verseilles is now the seat of Government, and so the palace apartments were all occupied as offices, &c. We managed however to get into the "National Assembly" and to the interior of the palace occupied as it was. We went from room to room beautifully decorated and filled with the finest pictures portraying the glories of France. The rooms are spacious and splendid and overlook a fine garden. The Verseilles gardens are noted far and wide, and are said to be the most beautiful in the world. Beautiful walks, shady avenues, fountains and ornamental waters, curious grottos, and secluded seats, all combine to make the garden a fairy land.

An unfortunate adventure.

In the evening we met with a most curious adventure! When we came to the railway station to book for Paris, we were required by a Police officer to shew our passport. We did so and he seemed to be satisfied. Soon after however he came up to us and asked us to follow him to the guard-house to have our passport examined! I believe our foreign costume had aroused his suspicions, and he took us for communists! He seemed to be polite enough and informed us on our way to the guard-house that Paris and Verseilles swarmed with

communists and that he had therefore considered it his duty to conduct us to the guard-house to have us examined. At the guard-house we were met by the officer in charge, a petty *hakim*, who in a rather insolent manner required us to produce our passport. Though it had been viséd by the French consul, he seemed to have his doubts about it. As we did not know French sufficiently well to enable us to carry on conversation in that language, he put us a few questions on paper. He wrote down that we had been arrested as strangers without proper papers, and inquired if we had anything to say in reply. In answer to this, we wrote down that the passport, which we had produced, had been viséd by the French consul. He treated the passport with contempt and peremptorily demanded proofs of our identity! Any satisfactory evidence on this point, it was of course impossible to produce on the spot. We produced what proofs we could, including some letters addressed to one of us which we happened to have with us. This, of course, was not considered satisfactory, specially as they were in English, and we were sent under an escort to the Police bureau. The Commissaire not happening to be in, we were, without any further ceremony, locked up for the night in a miserable cell, and with no better accommodation than a wide wooden bench for bed! We were kept in that place for twelve hours, and about ten o'clock in the morning we were brought before the Police commissaire. He read the report of the officer who had arrested us, examined our passport, and failed to discover why we had been arrested! We were at once released, and on our express-

ing our desire to bring the matter to the notice of the higher authorities, he unhesitatingly gave us a note certifying that we had been arrested without any proper cause having been assigned. We went with this paper to the Police Prefecture, represented the circumstances of the arrest, and were asked to put them down on paper. The officials expressed regret for what had happened, and assured us that the officer who had arrested us would be dismissed from the service. With this assurance we had to be content! We were fortunate that we were not tried and shot on mere suspicion, as many an innocent man has been in these dark days!

From Verseilles we came back to Paris, and left it on the morning of the 18th August for Cologne on the Rhine. On our way we passed through Belgium, a fine hilly country. In the evening we reached Cologne famed for its Eau-de-Cologne, but certainly one of the dirtiest spots that I have seen. Next morning we took the steamer which was to take us to Mayence. The Rhine is a noble river and flows through varied scenes. On both sides the hills are covered with vines, while every here and there the ruined castles, and tower of feudal ages stand on the tops of the hills frowning on the waters below. From Cologne to Bohn the scene was comparatively tame, but from Bohn the scene changed and became more and more wild every hour. Soon after we had passed Bohn we came to the "Seven hills" on the highest of which stands the ruined castle of Drachenfells in solitary grandeur.

Cologne.

The Rhine.

You remember Byron's lines :—

"The castled crag of Drachenfells
Looks o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks that bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these
Whose far white walls along them shine."

Slowly we went up the Rhine admiring the beautiful scenery on both sides of us, and passed the noble castle and town of Coblenz, frowning on the Rhine. After we had left Coblenz the scene changed again and became exquisitely beautiful, and the winding Rhine appeared more like an interminable chain of pretty lakes than like a river. Now you would find yourself encompassed on all sides by beautiful vine-covered hills, the steamer gliding slowly over what is apparently a quiet, pretty lake,—a few moments after, you pass one of the windings—the whole scene is changed, and you find yourself in another lake perhaps still more beautiful. And thus the river goes on winding and meandering and presenting new scenes and discovering new beauties at every winding. The scenery was magnificent.

Baden-Baden.

From Mayence we went to Baden-Baden, a beautiful spot bosomed in the midst of verdant hills and a favourite haunt of tourists. The place is noted for the vast deal of gambling which goes on here morning, noon, and night. The gambling halls are brilliantly lighted up, and you see the tables crowded with people all deeply engaged with their jingling gold and silver, and losing and winning them as fast as

possible. From the next year, however, all gambling will be prohibited by the Government here.

Schaffhousen

From Baden-Baden we went to see the magnificent falls of the Rhine near Schaffhousen in Switzerland. Magnificent falls indeed! A world of waters foams and rushes from crag to crag and through vast masses of rock with indescribable beauty and grandeur, while the spray, which rises like a white mist from the falls, forms a beautiful and bright rainbow against the sun, eternally bending over these falls,—"beauty watching over madness."

Zurich.

From the falls we went to Zurich, a fine town situated on a fine lake and thence to Lucerne, an old town situated by the lake of Lucerne, perhaps the prettiest lake in Europe.

Lucerne.

This charming lake glitters in the midst of high mountains whose snowy tops glisten in the sun. We ascended the Rigi (6,000 ft.) by a Railway train. It is quite a novel thing in its way, the engine is behind the carriage and pushes it on, while besides the two rails on the two sides there is a third rail which is indented so as to prevent the carriage and the engine from sliding down. The view from the top is certainly one of the best that I have ever seen. Beneath us we saw the lakes of Lucerne and Zug, blue as emerald and calm and beautiful—as beautiful they could be—while the towns of Zug and Lucerne situated on their respective lakes glistened in the sun. The steamers or sails floating on the calm blue surface of the lakes looked

Rigi.

like small specks from the height, while field after field with small elevations and declivities, which could scarcely be marked from the top of Rigi seemed stretching on as far as the eye could reach. All this was however on the north and east. Towards the south and west you would see mountains, nothing but mountains, magnificent peaks penetrating through all mist and cloud, and

"Throning eternity in icy halls."

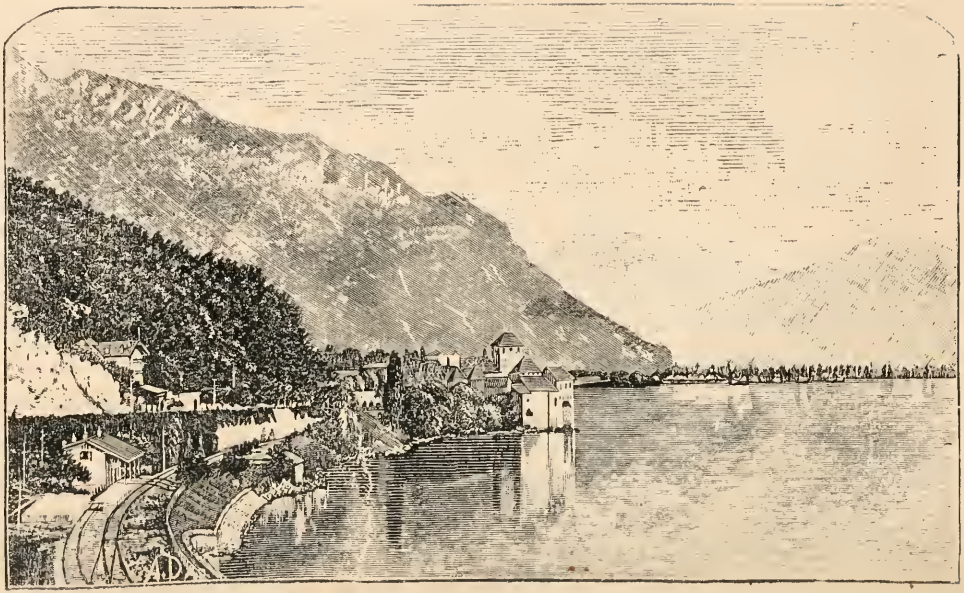
So noble a scene I had never seen before, and a more magnificent one it is certainly impossible to conceive.

Flulen.

Flulen, another part of Lake Lucerne that we saw, is said to be "one of the most magnificent scenes in Europe, if not in the world." The quiet lake, and the noble mountains on both sides of us formed a scene picturesque indeed.

Interlaken.

From Lucerne we went by steamer and *Diligence* (Swiss stage-coach) to Interlaken, a town situated between two lakes (whence its name) *i.e.*, the lakes of Brienz and Thun. By *Diligence* we went from the lake of Lucerne to the lake Brienz, our path lying through a magnificent pass between overhanging mountains. At first we proceeded through the low valley, but gradually our *Diligence* ascended by winding paths to a high eminence, whence we saw the huts and rivulets in the vale far below, while the tops of mountains were still towering high above our head. Snow rested on the cliffs and glittered in the sun, while every here and there sparkling rills, like threads of silver, were descending along the craggy sides of the



Lake of Geneva and Castle of Chillon (p. 91)

steep mountains. We reached the lake of Brienz in the afternoon, and went by a steamer to its farther end on which was situated the town of Interlaken, surrounded by lovely scenes.

Jung Frau.

We reached Interlaken in the evening and saw the far-off cliff of Jung Frau covered with snow and glittering under the brilliant light of a cloudless moon. The romantic town of Interlaken we left next morning. We went across the lake in a steamer and reached Berne by train in the afternoon.

Berne.

Berne the chief town of Switzerland makes a good show with its magnificent cathedral, well-built houses, and cleanly streets. From Berne we had a fine view of the noble range of the Bernese Alps covered with snow and glittering in the sun. From Berne we went to Lausanne on the lake of Geneva where, as you know, Gibbon finished his history of Rome. The spot where he finished his history is now occupied by the "Gibbon Hotel." The lake of Geneva is a fine lake as you must know from the descriptions of Byron and Rogers. On its shore we saw Clarens, "the birth-place of deep love," as Byron calls it, and a favourite resort of "the self-torturing sophist wild Rousseau." It is indeed a lovely spot with the glittering lake of Geneva in its front, and high wooded mountains behind.

Lausanne.

Chillon.

Passing further on we came to that dreadful castle "never to be named," the Castle of Chillon. It is almost entirely

surrounded by deep water and connected by a bridge with the mainland. We went into the dark subterranean chamber where for six years the gallant Bonivard was chained to one of the pillars in darkness and misery for having fought for the liberty of the people of Geneva. We saw the pillar to which he was chained as also one of the links of the identical chain. Byron has inscribed his name on one of the pillars here.

Geneva.

From Chillon we went to Geneva, the other end of the lake. As our steamer went on we saw on one side the dark range of Jura, and on the other the lordly Alps. They reminded me of those noble lines of Byron where he describes a tempest in lake Geneva :—

> "And Jura answers from her misty shrowd
> Back to the joyous Alps who called to her aloud."

Geneva, the birth-place of Rousseau and Sismondi, is a fine and busy town beautifully situated on the spot where the Rhone meets the lake of Geneva. As it was not a *very* clear day, we could but imperfectly see the far off Mont Blank covered with snow.

The Swiss Peasantry.

As one travels through this beautiful mountainous country he cannot fail being struck with the happy condition of even the lowest classes of the people. Go to the poorest villages, and you will see the beautiful and neatly varnished and painted wooden huts which are peculiar to Switzerland, with carefully cultivated fields and lawns adjoining them, and a happy and contented

peasantry, passionately fond of their homes and country. In neatness, in intelligence, and even in a gentleman-like sense of politeness, the Swiss peasant presents a marked contrast to the peasantry of most other European countries, and notably of England. Women comfortably seated out-side their huts and sewing their linen in the sun, and healthy little children neatly dressed, and running about in the neat and garden-like fields, form an interesting sight to be seen only among the peasantry of this happy republic. But to our tale.

As we were desirous of seeing the pass of St. Gothard, perhaps the most magnificent pass in Europe, we came back to Lucerne, and thence by *Diligence* we went through the pass of St. Gothard to come to Italy. The name St. Gothard applies only to one particular portion of the long and continuous mountain pass leading from Switzerland to Italy. A really magnificent pass it is, through which Hannibal and Napoleon are supposed to have marched. The beetling cliffs towered high over our head in dread sublimity, while a foaming and roaring rivulet leaped from crag to crag and ran just by our side. We gradually went up until we reached the highest part of the pass. Here we passed the celebrated Hospental and the real pass of St. Gothard as well as a lake 7,000 feet above the level of the sea. The descent was of course more rapid than the ascent. We travelled all night, had only 10 minutes allotted to us for breakfast, and travelled the whole day and did not reach Como till in the afternoon, covered with dust, and pretty well tired!

St. Gothard Pass.

Como.

Como in Italy is a fine town situated on a fine lake. On our way we had passed by the lake of Lugano which is also a pretty lake. A good bath in the lake of Como in the afternoon we reached the place, and a hearty dinner which followed, made us quite forget the toil of the preceding night's travelling. From Como we went to Milan and saw the fine cathedral, built entirely of white marble, and which, in the richness of carvings and beauty of decorations is superior to all other cathedrals in Europe.

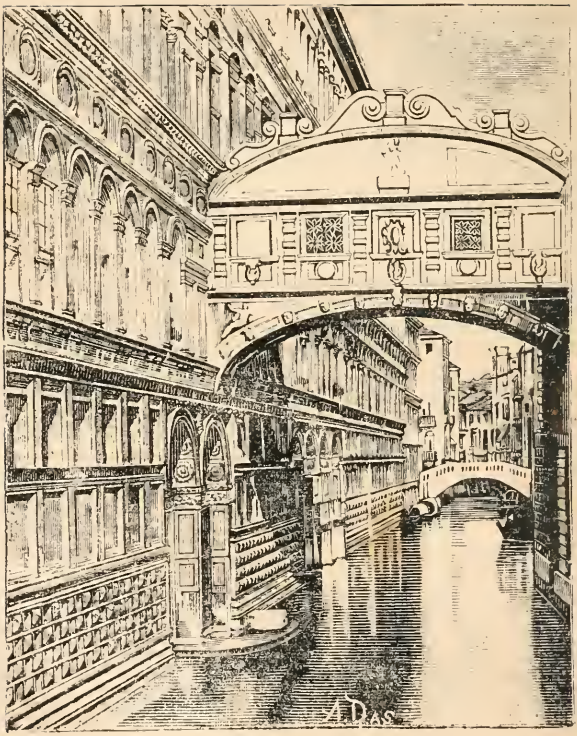
Milan.

Venice.

From Milan we went to Venice. A wonderful town Venice is as you can very well imagine, with the sea ebbing and flowing through her streets, with her splendid churches and cathedrals, princely domes and cupolas, and the associations of a thousand years lingering about her decayed palaces. A lovely place this queen of the sea, this wreck of an ancient and mighty republic!

> "She looks a sea cybele, fresh from ocean,
> Rising with her tiara of proud towers,
> At airy distance with majestic motion,
> A ruler of the waters and their powers;
> And such she was!————————"

We stopped three days in Venice and saw every thing worth seeing in that place. The St. Mark's place, is the centre of Venice. We saw the Doges palace, and a princely palace it is, with large marble halls and stairs and spacious apartments. The Council room is a noble hall filled with fine pictures, and containing the table and chairs of state where sate the doges of Venice, swaying



Bridge of Sighs, Venice p. 95

the destinies of nations. The palace is connected with the prison by a bridge—the well-known "Bridge of Sighs"—through which we were led to the terrible prison. So that I can say with Byron,—

> "I stood upon the Bridge of Sighs
> A palace and a prison on each hand,
> I saw from out the waves her structures rise
> As from a stroke of the enchanter's wand;
> A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
> Around me, and a dying glory smiles
> O'er the far times, when many a subject land
> Looked to the winged lion's marble piles
> Where Venice sate in state throned on her hundred isles."

I cannot describe to you adequately the dark prisons that we saw. The prisons for the criminals were miserable holes, completely dark, with almost suffocating atmosphere, and with pieces of wood for beds, and small holes in the walls for food to be thrown in. We felt a chill of horror as we conceived the pangs every prisoner must have undergone in those cells, when the massive doors were closed upon them, perhaps not to be opened for years to come. We passed by these, and then came to the political prisons,—if possible still more terrible than the prisons for the criminals. The cells of the political prisoners were closer than the others, and even the pieces of wood which served as beds to the criminals were denied to the political prisoners. Miserable, damp, dark, dirty cells, without seat, without bed, with hardly air enough for breathing, without one ray of the light of heaven, such are the places where many a noble-minded prisoner has lingered away his existence. Near these cells we saw the place where the prisoners were executed, the hole through which the

blood of the victims ran down to the waters, and the small gate through which the carcasses, were thrown down. I shall never forget the feeling of horror which oppressed my mind as I went through these scenes of cruelty.

Near this place and prison is the famous St. Mark's Square, a large open space, and by it is St. Mark's Church, a splendid edifice decorated with fine pictures within, some of them by celebrated painters. There, too, we saw beautiful sculpture works, as well as pillars brought from different parts of the world by the victorious Venitians, from Egypt, Constantinople, Jerusalem, &c.

Outside the church are the celebrated brass horses, which Constantine took from Rome to Constantinople, whence they were brought to Venice by the victorious Venitians; from Venice they were taken to Paris by the Great Napoleon, and thence they have been brought back to Venice again. There too is the golden lion,—the winged lion of Venice. Besides this church we saw several other churches all splendid, as Italian churches generally are, and containing sculpture works by Canova and other noted artists.

From Venice a steamer took us to Brindisi, whence we are steering for Bombay. We left Venice on the 2nd September and expected to reach Bombay on the 22nd.

The Grand Canal Venice. (p. 96

CHAPTER V.

England, May to December 1886.

On the 15th April 1886, I left Calcutta for London.

The Voyage.

Eighteen years ago I had performed the same voyage ;—eighteen years ! What a large slice out of one's brief life. What a number of events have crowded themselves within these 18 years of my life, what great changes have transpired since I last left my home, almost like a truant in pursuit of adventure ! In 1868, I had left my home impelled by an ambition which was rashness ; and staked my future, staked all on success in an almost impossible undertaking. I acted as only a young man can act, utterly uncertain as to my chances, as to my prospects, as to my future ! But success like charity covers all sins, and success had crowned my undertaking.

Now in 1886, I left Calcutta with greater assurance as to the present, with greater confidence as to the future. But the cares and responsibilities of life had increased, not decreased with added years. I was not alone now, but my wife and four little ones accompanied me in my present voyage. The children gazed on the blue ocean and on every port that we touched at with much the same elasticity and buoyancy of feelings that I had felt in my first journey. To shew them a little of European life and civilization, to enable them to look around them a little in

this great world of ours, was mainly the object of this my second visit to Europe. And my brother too was with us, now on his first visit to Europe. And no pilgrim to Jerusalem or anchorite to Jaggannath ever wended his way with a keener ardour than what impelled him at this period of his life to visit the Eldorado of his dreams, the Europe of to-day.

Madras has very little to shew to visitors except the People's Park and the collection of animals there; but my children gazed on the luxuriant foliage and soft verdure of Ceylon with the keen rapture which many an older traveller has felt when first visiting this gem of the tropic. Heckel, the great German admirer of Darwin, calls Ceylon a paradise on earth, and many other travellers whom I have met, have also expressed a similar opinion. Among other places in Colombo I visited a Buddhist temple, and had the satisfaction of speaking with the learned priest in Sanscrit during our short interview.

In the Indian Ocean we saw a number of whales, spouting water high in the air. These whales are neither so large nor so valuable as the whales which are sought for with so much eagerness in Northern latitudes.

Aden pleased my children more than I had expected. The bleak and towering rocks of the place and the narrow pass through which we drove were new sights to them. The tanks were of course visited.

I passed through the Suez Canal now for the first time.

Suez Canal.

When I went to Europe last in 1868, the Canal had not been

opened. What facilities have been given to trade by this great work of the great Frenchman! The P. and O. Company's steamers were about the only steamers by which one could go from India to Europe in the olden days;—what a number of new companies have been started since the opening of the Canal!

The Canal is nearly 90 miles long, and the Canal dues are very heavy and must bring a large profit to the shareholders. The rate is I think 10 Franks for each ton of cargo and for each passenger. A steamer taking 5,000 tons of cargo pays therefore 50,000 Franks, or £2,000 stirling! And there is scarcely a day that several steamers are not passing through the Canal.

A Japanese Man-of-War.

Among the steamers that we passed by in the Canal, I will mention one. It was a Japanese Man-of-War,—entirely manned and officered by the Japanese. Among all the nations of Asia the Japanese are the only people who are keeping abreast of European civilization; and they are doing so by their energy and honest work, and by their freely adopting whatever is good and great in modern civilization. As I am writing these lines I see a correspondence in the "Times" of the 27th December last on the subject which is so interesting that I venture to make a few extracts.

"When the Japanese Government embarked, after the revolution of 1868, on the path of reform, which they have ever since steadily pursued, they looked to the West for capable instructors, and consequently about 1870 began an influx of Europeans into the Japanese service.

* * The army was under French instructors, while the naval commission was British. Education generally was in the hands of Americans; Engineering, mining and the like were taught in a college manned by Englishmen, while the medical school was taught by Germans. * * For six or seven years this distribution continued; but by that time the Japanese began to feel able to walk in some measure alone. * * The Japanese were learning their work from Europeans in Japan, and they had studied independently abroad (in Europe,) so that in the course of 8 or 10 years a new generation had arisen which was fairly capable of doing most of the work which had hitherto been performed by strangers. The places of highly paid Europeans were taken by Japanese."

And now a representative assembly and parliamentary institutions will be granted to the people in 1889, on the German model, and Germans are specially in favor in Japan to help in the Inauguration of the scheme. Young nations are thus rapidly acquiring the civilization and the free institutions of the West,—almost before our eyes!

Malta with its fine harbour and its quaint streets going up and down, and its fine cathedral pleased us all. We passed Gibralter by day-light and had a smooth voyage over the Bay of Biscay,—and at last we touched at Plymouth. How lovely the green and sloping hills of Devonshire looked from the sea, how beautiful the wooded hills and gentle valleys, how picture-like the houses on the shore! It was English scenery and no mistake, and the hearts of the Englishmen and Englishwomen on

board bounded at the sight of their country after their long absence in India or in Burma. There were a District officer and a planter from Assam,—there were a clergyman and his wife and a young lady from Burma, there were another clergyman and wife and three children hailing from Travancore, and there were a telegraph superintendent and his wife and infant son from Northern India. These and all the other passengers had formed a very pleasant party on board, and we all had a very pleasant time of it during the voyage.

We left Plymouth on the morning of the 25th May, and on the evening of the 26th, I saw the lighted shops and the busy streets and the well known houses and squares of old London again!

London University College.

For days together after my arrival in London I felt as one feels on revisiting an old friend. Every familiar place that I visited, the very streets and squares in which I walked, brought back vividly to my mind the days of my first sojourn in London, eighteen years ago! Old associations and memories came to me, and I felt at times as if I was the careless youngster again,—as if a wide gulf of eighteen years with their weary weight of work and cares and responsibilities had not severed me from the days of my early youth! I walked by the well known streets and squares and circuses and crescents of London, and scarcely believed that I did not revisit them in a dream! I went to a house near Russell Square where I had lived for a year. The good old lady of the boarding house whom I had known so well was dead,

and the house had changed hands. I went to another house near the Primrose Hill, where I had lived for over a year. My old landlady in that house had a daughter of about eight years who must be a woman of 25 or 26 now! But I could find no trace of the landlady or her daughter there,—the people who occupied the house knew nothing of them. But no place in London had stronger associations for me than the University College where I had studied so long under some of the ablest of professors and best of men that I have known anywhere. Many a dark, misty, rainy day in autumn, many a frosty, wintry day had I passed in that gloomy Gower Street, under that dark pile of buildings which I now revisited again after so many years. I knew the Philosophy class and the Mathematics class well. I knew where I had worked in the Electricity laboratory, and where I had studied Sanscrit under that eminent German scholar now no more. And above all I knew the English literature class and the genial, good-hearted, noble-souled Professor who is still the Professor in that subject. He had been a real friend to us at a time when we needed friendly assistance and help,—and a better man I have never met since.

I need hardly say that I took an early opportunity to see Professor Henry Morley to pay to him that homage of respect and affection which I have ever felt for him. A friend who was the companion of my studies in those days, and who is now on furlough like myself went with me, and I cannot say how happy we felt to see the old man again among his books. Age had slightly

tinged his hair with snow, and added a wrinkle or two on his face, but had not wiped away one single trace of that goodness and genial heartiness which was stamped on his face. He received us, I need scarcely say, with the heartiness which is a part of him, and we talked of olden days and events long since past. I had done well under his instructions eighteen years ago, and he remembered that very well. Not a little amusement was therefore caused when talking of English literature I made a stupid error! I shall never forget the good humoured laugh with which he rebuked me for having forgotten his lessons now so completely!

He asked us to his house, which was as familiar to us as our own during our first sojourn in London. We met a large party there, and his wife received us with the same kind courtesy which we had always received at her hands before. We went down to the "work shop,"—the library filled with books, where we had laboured during many a wintry night before, and altogether we passed a very pleasant evening.

He invited us also to a meeting in the University Hall of which he was president. The wedding or union between the University College Club and the University Hall Club was to be celebrated; there was a dinner, which was followed by a discussion on Government by the Opinions of the Majority. Students freely took their share in this discussion. In all the English Colleges, students learn the art of political discussions during their college career, opinions are freely discussed and ventilated, and educated Englishmen thus learn in their

early years to take that intelligent interest in politics which marks them all through life. Gladstone and Salisbury won their first laurels in political discussions in the debating rooms of Oxford.

But it is not intellectual attainments only that are attended to in the English Colleges. Englishmen delight in manly sports, in cricketing, boating and the like. A few days ago there was the annual tournament at Lawn Tennis between the University College and the King's College in London. We were sitting in the University Hall when the result was reported, the King's College had been soundly beaten.

While speaking of the University College I must not omit to speak of another true friend whom we knew before but who is now no more. A true friend of India, a ripe Sanscrit scholar, Professor Goldstucker, had received us warmly and befriended us during our first sojourn in London. We passed by his house where we had passed so many hours with him, and the recollections of his sincere and earnest endeavours for our good, his humorous sayings, his droll arguments and even his friendly and well meaning remonstrances came vividly to our minds. His valuable notes on Sanscrit grammar are still in my possession,—all the more valuable because those excellent notes have never yet been published.

Middle Temple.

The part of London from Lincoln's Inn fields past the new law courts to the Strand, the Middle Temple and the right down to the Thames is redolent of legal associations !

Belonging to the Middle Temple myself I naturally

felt a greater interest in that institution than in the others, and I took my people to see its ancient halls and gardens. We crossed the Strand near the Temple Bar, removed since I was student here and replaced by a monument to mark this ancient limit of the City. We went through the narrow lane

"Traversed so oft,
"In my life's morning march, when my bosom was young."

and we came to the stately ancient hall where we had our dinners along with venerable Benchers and rising Barristers and Students like ourselves,—imbibing with our substantial dinners those legal associations with which the atmosphere was supposed to be full! And in those good old days, these dinners (besides attendance at certain lectures) were considered a sufficient qualification for a young man to be called to the Bar! Coats of Arms of valiant knights decorated the walls, painted windows threw a dim light on the floor, royalty looked down benignantly from the ancient oil paintings, and the great old oaken wall, supposed to have been a trophy from one of the ships of the Spanish Armada, threw an air of solemnity over the ancient and venerable hall.

I took my wife thence to the library and we looked down from the window of that hall on the busy Thames crowded with traffic. The gardens and the different courts of the Middle Temple are pleasant and green. In the Fountain Court I called on a friend whom I had known eighteen years ago. He was a young barrister then, full of academical and legal honors, but struggling hard for a footing in the great arena of London where so

many struggle in vain and are lost. The young Scotchman succeeded better with his sharp intelligence and his untiring perseverance,—he is now known as the author of some of the best standard works on law, and he has forced his way into the Parliament where he honestly labours, as opportunity occurs, for the good of the dumb millions of India. As I was sitting in his chambers one morning, and he was listlessly opening the covers on his table, he was suddenly struck by one letter which he handed over to me. It was a *whip* from the liberal leaders,—underlined four or five times, and demanding his attendance in the house on the same night as the division on the Irish Question was likely to take place. I attended the house during the animated Irish debates on one or two nights,—but of this I will speak further on.

I asked him about another friend of our olden days, Mr. S. who also used often to dine with us in the Middle Temple Hall. And on more than one occasion Mr. and Mrs. S. had formed a party with us for an excursion on the Thames or elsewhere. I was grieved to learn that Mr. S. was dead ; eighteen years had passed since my last visit to England, and many who were then living are now no more.

But I need not tire my reader with any further account of my old friends whom I now met again, or of those whom I did not meet.

House-keeping.

Let me talk now of something practical,—and House-keeping in London is certainly intensely practical as every one has found who has tried it.

During my previous sojourn in London I lived as a student, sometimes in lodging houses and for sometime in a boarding house. The landlady of a boarding or a lodging house engages the house from the owner, engages cook and servants, and looks after the food and the cooking, and the lodger therefore has no bother whatever except paying weekly for his room and attendance and food.

As I was going to live in London now for some months with my wife and children, I thought it would be more comfortable if we took lease of a house, engaged our own servants and ordered our own food. Families taking a house for years, generally take it unfurnished, and buy their own furniture,—but as our stay was to be only for some months, we took a furnished house. We looked at the advertisements in the papers, consulted some house-agents, and saw a large number of furnished houses before we finally made up our mind. At last we did make a selection, took lease of the house for three months, and early in June we removed to our new quarters, not far from the Kensington Gardens, where our children could often go of an afternoon to run about and play.

So far so good. But our work was not half done yet. Of houses there are plenty in London,—to get proper servants is the great difficulty. The education of the lower classes, and the opening up of new industries have unsettled the old relations between masters and servants all over the world. In India, Hindu matrons complain that it is daily becoming more difficult to get proper female servants who will do their work obediently and cheerfully, and English ladies complain bitterly of the laziness and

disobedience and impertinence of *Ayas* and *Khansamas.* But both the Hindu matron and the *Mem Saheb* would, I fancy, have more patience with the state of things in India after they have tried house-keeping in London for some time. Ladies who have passed the best part of their lives in London complain that they have never known a time when it was more difficult to get good servants, and to get them to do their work properly, than it is now. The cook who gets her 22 or 24 pounds the year (besides food which comes to more) will nevertheless persist in making her dishonest gains by secret arrangements with the butcher or the green grocer; and the housemaid who gets her £18 or 20 a year (besides food) will grumble at her work, and will certainly throw up her appointment in disdain unless she is allowed to have her "outing" every Sunday afternoon, to see her friends or meet her sweetheart. *Our* difficulties can easily be conceived, when English ladies always living in London feel and bitterly complain of these troubles.

In olden times, when you wanted a servant, you would speak to your milkman or your green grocer about it, and he would send you a decent girl whom he knew and could recommend. But these primitive ways have been done away within these days of advertisements and Registry offices. Now-a-days servants put in advertisements in papers stating their age and qualifications, and you may make a selection from these advertisements and then send for them with testimonials. Or you may put an advertisement in the papers describing the kind of servants you want and the wages you are willing to offer, and you

will receive shoals of letters in reply, from which you may make a selection. Or, lastly, you can apply to the Servant Registry Offices, where servants are often in attendance, and make your selection on the spot. In any case, however, it is better not to rely on the written certificates shewn by the servants, but to call on some of the ladies under whom they were previously employed, and so get a correct account of their character and usefulness.

It was sometime before my wife could suit herself to a proper servant, and as luck would have it we applied to more than one Registration office. A description of one will suffice. It was a Registration office on a large scale, and as we entered, we saw about fifty or more damsels waiting in the spacious room! And like Haroun al Rashid of old, walking through the slave markets of Bagdad, we were to make a selection among these fair candidates! The process is a very neat one. You pay your five shillings on entering the office, and tell the proprietor the sort of servant you want, mentioning age and qualifications, and the wages you are willing to offer. You are then taken to a side room, and girls answering to your description are then sent to you from the great hall, one after the other, till you have suited yourself. And in about five minutes' conversation, you are expected to know whether the servant appearing before you, then for the first time, will suit you or not. If for any reason the servant whom you select does not join, or if her character does not appear satisfactory to you from enquiries you subsequently make, you may come to the office again, and make fresh selections till you are suited. No

fresh payments are required for this, but the money you have paid at first is never returned to you whether you are ultimately suited or not.

Well, after one or two disappointments, we succeeded in getting a good-natured and willing servant who joined us forthwith. In the meantime the cook, whom we had brought with us when coming to the new house, had been fretting and grumbling, had taken a drop too much, and had at last cleared out bag and baggage, much to our relief. To get a new cook on a moment's notice is not on easy thing in London, and for some days we were regaled with dinners of which the less I speak the better. The Registry office process had again to be gone through until we suited ourselves to a steady cook who knew something of her trade.

If servants give you trouble in London, trades-people give you none, and the arrangement with them is a very convenient one. Before you have removed to your new house, the trades-people of the neighbourhood manage to know of your expected arrival, and they try hard to secure your custom. The butchers, the bakers, the grocers, the fishmongers, the fruiterers, and green grocers and the dairies of the neighbourhood send you their cards and call on you and beg you for your custom. After a little inquiry you make your selections, and the trades-people at once begin to supply you with the various articles. The butcher's man comes to you every morning to inquire what meat and how much you will require for the day, and brings the same at the stated hour. The milkman brings the quantity of milk you require every morning,

or morning and afternoon as you may wish. The baker sends you the loaves you require daily, the fishmonger sends you fish, the poultryman sends you poultry, and the grocer sends you stores according to orders. Your eggs and bacon and butter and all daily supplies come to your house every day without trouble and without fail, and your servant has not to step out of the door to buy a single thing from the shops. Once a week the tradesmen send you their bills, which you settle after checking.

You get the best of every kind of food in London if you will only pay for it. Beef and mutton are a shilling to 14*d.* the pound, and seldom have I tasted such splendid meat anywhere in the continent as I had every day in our house in London. Good rich milk, better than you get at any price in Calcutta, is 2*d.* the quart. Poultry is dear, a good fowl is 3*s.* 6*d.*, or 4*s.* 6*d.*, partridges and pheasants you get only in season. You get better fish in London than in the seaside places where fish is caught! And the butter and eggs are all of the best quality.

But the costliness of washing in London surpasses everything else. The arrangements are of course perfect. The laundress drives to your house in her pony cart every Saturday with your clothes which you take over after comparing with your list. And then she drives over again on Monday to take away the soiled clothes. She is always punctual, in all weathers, and you have nothing to complain of about her except her charges! To wash a shirt with collar attached she charges you 4*d.* or 4½*d.* *i.e.*, about 5 annas in Indian money! A shirt washed three times costs a Rupee! Our weekly washing bill

came about 20 shillings a week, *i.e.* about sixty Rupees the month in Indian money! The trades-people's bill came to about £7 weekly, *i.e.* over four hundred Rupees the month in Indian money. And the house-rent, exclusive of gas and water rates, came to 3 Guineas weekly or say two hundred Rupees a month in Indian money. The servant's wages including those of a governess came to about one hundred Rupees monthly. Thus there was a *fixed expenditure* of Rs. 800 ; and if £3 a week or Rs. 200 a month be added to this for extras, the expenditure comes up to Rs. 1000 a month, for one family of six people ! I am afraid to add what travelling and children's dresses &c., cost me during my stay in England !

One more particular, and I have done with the account of our house-keeping. I wished to secure the services of a governess or a lady companion for my wife. Well, there are lady companions ! There has been a great deal of correspondence in the London papers this year about the position and prospects of governesses and lady companions. One class of correspondents represent them as well-educated, well-born, hard-working, deserving women,—ladies in the truest sense of the word,—whom poverty alone has compelled to seek a livelihood by serving others, and who are treated with insolence and contumely by those who employ them. Another class of correspondents represent them as dainty things, more given to complain than to work, more given to gadding about and shopping than honestly working at home and minding the children.

I have no doubt there are governesses and lady companions answering to both these descriptions, and I will leave my readers to guess which species and genus of companion it was my wife's lot to get.

We were now fairly settled down, and I put two elder girls to school.

Sights of London.

We were not very long in London before my children had seen all the sights of London. The Tower of London with its high historic associations going back nearly a thousand years, and with the memories of Russell and Sidney and Raleigh, of Jane Grey and Anne Boleyn ;—the lofty St. Paul's church with the tombs of England's greatest soldier and England's greatest sailor, Wellington and Nelson ;—the great Parliament House looking down on the Thames and associated with all that is sturdy and noble and free in the nation's character ;—the Westminister Abbey with the graves of England's crowned heads and men of genius ;—these and all other sights of London were duly visited. I have seen the Pantheon in Paris and the church of Santa Croce in Florence, but I know of no place on earth where the admirer of great men feels more subdued with awe and veneration than the Westminister Abbey. I saw some new monuments of men who were still living when I was in England last. Charles Dickens has been buried not far from the monuments of Shakespeare and Byron, of Macaulay and Thackeray. Darwin sleeps not far from the monument of Sir Isaac Newton, and a monument to Longfellow has been erected near those of Dryden and

other poets. I also noticed another thing which I did not notice, and which I believe was not generally known to the visitors of the Abbey, 16 or 18 years ago. The Chapter House of the Abbey is a solemn and dimly lighted place with stony seats along the walls for the ancient monks to sit and hold their Chapter. A notice issued by the late Dean Stanley informs the public that it was in this small and obscure corner of the Abbey that the House of Commons held its sittings for three hundred years up to the time of the Tudors, and the first foundations of the free and noble English constitution were laid !

Other places were also duly visited. The Crystal Palace is a sight which children are never tired of seeing, and the splendid shops with which it is crowded, the beautiful gardens by which it is surrounded, and the illuminations and fireworks given on two nights in the week, add to the attractions of the place. Madame Tussaud's figures were a source of surprise and infinite pleasure to my children. The Albert Palace was also visited, but the Colonial and Indian Exhibition was the most attractive of the sights in London. As a sight the Indian Court far surpassed the other Courts ; and backward as India is in machinery and in practical and useful modern products, her ancient arts, her exquisite workmanship in gold, silver and ivory, and her fabrics of fine texture and unsurpassed beauty, are still the wonder of the modern world, and were the theme of unbounded admiration among hundreds of thousands of English ladies who visited these Courts.

We also visited some places out of London. We spent a pleasant summer's day in the beautiful gardens at Kew, and were pleased to see in the great glass houses the palms and bamboos of our native land. We spent one afternoon at Richmond too, taking a boat and rowing up the Thames, which is exceedingly pretty here. I took my children too, one day to Windsor Palace, and they were highly pleased to see the Waterloo Chamber and other State Chambers and the Queen's apartments. And from the lofty tower of the palace we looked down on the Eton College and on the fine country and wooded hills which stretch all round. The most impressive thing, however, in the palace is the Memorial Chapel which the Queen has dedicated (and decorated at her own expense) to the memory of her departed husband, and where her darling son too, who died a few years ago, lies buried. Not far from this chapel is a monument to the memory of the late Prince Imperial of France who died fighting England's battles in far Zululand.

Among the sights of London I must not forget to mention that wonderful institution which is the pride of England, and with which my brother, who is something of an antiquarian, was more pleased than almost with anything else he saw in London. One can spent days and days strolling through the British Museum, and everything he sees excites his interest and adds to his knowledge. The marbles and beautiful sculpture of ancient Greece recall the days when European civilization was still in its infancy,—when a handful of people in the south-eastern corner of Europe were carefully nursing the

light of civilization which now illumines all the world. Still more ancient are the Assyrian and Babylonian stone figures and winged lions,—with those wonderful cuneiform inscriptions which it was the triumph of modern research to decypher. How wonderful the history of this discovery! At the commencement of this century it was not even known that these arrow heads were a written alphabet! And when that discovery was made it was not known how those letters should be read, whether from right to left or from top to bottom! Slowly and patiently did the antiquarians conquer these and similar difficulties one after the other, until that strange character was strange no more and records of the old Assyrian kings shed a flood of light on the history of the almost forgotten past. Some of these inscriptions are of an age, a thousand or twelve hundred or even fourteen hundred years before Christ,—a date when the faintest day-light of civilization had not yet dawned on the remotest corner of Europe. But what is this date again, compared to the antiquities of the remarkable land of the Nile? Strange stones with strange hieroglyphics, two thousand and two thousand five hundred years before Christ, crowd these halls of the British Museum. Imagination can scarcely compass the ancient age of the Sisostrises of Egypt with their wonderful civilization and religion. An Aryan race too had developed a civilization of their own in that ancient age, four thousand years ago, on the banks of the Indus, and chanted those beautiful hymns to the rising sun and to the raging storm which are now the oldest heritage of the Aryan nations of the earth. But the Hindus un-

fortunately left no stone records of their ancient civilization,—and the oldest stone monuments of India are co eval with the Buddhist revolution, 500 B. C. But I must extricate myself from these disgressions, and also give up the subject of the British Museum on which volumes could be written.

Churches.

Among the churches of London which we visited, I will mention only one. It is a church not far from the Tottenham Court Road and is called All Saint's church, if I remember rightly. The Princess of Wales with her children often comes to this church, and happened to be there on the day that we went there. I had seen her eighteen years ago, and it is remarkable how much of her grace and beauty she still retains. Her daughters are also graceful and beautiful, and have the complexion of the family. The service was not overlong and the music was imposing. A crowd had collected outside the church to see the royal family step-into their carriages, and the party drove away to Marlborough House immediately after the service was over.

I had heard so much of Mr. Spurgeon of the Tabernacle and of Dr. Parker of the City Temple that I went to both these places. I liked the delivery of Mr. Spurgeon. He speaks in a candid manly tone to the thousands of his fellow men and women who listen to him, pointing out to them in simple homely and dignified language the errors to which all of them are liable, and the means which they should adopt for their welfare. Every word that he speaks comes from his heart, and

goes straight to the heart of his listeners, and this is the secret of his oratory and of the remarkable success which has attended his long and useful career.

On the other hand, I did not like the preacher of the City Temple. He no doubt feels his subject and speaks with feeling, but there is something theatrical in his delivery which I do not like. I have often noticed this theatrical attitude in speakers, both religious and political, and it has its effect with listeners, but I could never reconcile myself to it even when the speech was otherwise excellent.

Theatres, Tournaments, Races &c.

I need hardly say that we went to many of the principal theatres of London. Irving's Faust at the Lyceum was the rage of the season, but I must say I was disappointed with it. As a scenic representation it was the finest thing I had ever seen or ever expect to see on the stage; nothing can surpass the marvellous spectacle of the Hell-scene with its sulphurous fires and yelling demons. But the acting did not seem to me of a very high order. Irving acted the part of Mephistopheles, of course with all the appearance of that deliberate wickedness and that ironical sneer at goodness which befit that character.

I was also disappointed with Mrs. Langtry in her performance of the "Lady of Lyons." She was elegant and dignified of course, and sustained her part well, but she did not give any indication of that power which marks the true actress. I was disappointed too a little, I must confess, with what I saw of her grace and beauty,

probably because I had heard so much of it before. She was certainly a good figure with a pretty face and very pretty eyes, but no one would think she was one of the "Professional Beauties" of England, unless one was told so.

I was not disappointed with the American actor Wilson Barrett who acted at the Princes. He acted with great power, and quite came up to my expectations.

But the finest thing on the stage in London now is the Mikado! The story is of course nonsense, as it is intended to be, but the music is simply wonderful, and sustains and even adds to the reputation which Sullivan has already acquired by his wonderfully popular pieces acted before.

But there were other things going on around us which had far greater interest for me than theatres or even musical concerts. A great many races and tournaments are held in and about London in the summer season which a stranger will do well to see. I had seen the Derby Race, and also the Cambridge and Oxford boat race during my previous sojourn in England, but there were a great many other things which I had not seen.

The Wimbledon camp of exercise is held once in the year, and soldiers and volunteers and others compete for prizes. The meet continues for a fortnight, during which various prizes are competed for. The Prince and Princess of Wales appeared on the last day and distributed the prizes and then the camp was closed. What interested me most was the Lawn Tennis match between the celebrated players Renshaw and Lawford. I watched the

game with great interest, Lawford is the stronger man and played very well, but was not so uniformly steady as Renshaw, and lost a game which he had almost won by one or two bad hits in the end. Renshaw won by sheer steadiness and his unwearied skill.

There were also some military exercises performed by soldiers in the great Agricultural Hall near King's Cross. The great hall can accommodate fifteen thousand visitors, —but every bench and every seat was full, and thousands paid their entrance and watched the exercises standing. We were in this latter category, but by the courtesy of a Policeman, (which there is a means of securing in London as elsewhere in the world) we had very good places given to us, and watched the exercises with great interest. Among other feats performed, a temporary bridge was thrown up hastily over a stream and a fort on the opposite bank was carried against a furious cannonade! The most remarkable thing, however, was the degree to which war horses have been trained. They were made to lie on the ground and remained quietly in that position under peals of cannon!

It was equally interesting to watch the Eton and Harrow Cricket Match in Lord's grounds in London. The best families in England send their sons to Eton and to Harrow for education, and when the champion players from these schools come to their annual tournaments in London, it can easily be conceived there is a great gathering to see the performance of the boys. The friends and relations of the young champions came in thousands in their swell carriages with their tiffin baskets and their

champagne,—and in every respect it was a gala day in honor of the boys. Every possible encouragement is given to manly games and manly exercises in the schools and colleges of England; the champion cricket player of Eton or Harrow is idolized far more than the best boy at the examination; and the winners of the University Boat race are the national heroes for the year! Why should education be conducted otherwise in our own country,—why should we be ever taught to think of examination honors and scholarships?

There are finer and more gorgeous sights in the world than the Henley Regatta, but I doubt if there is any sight more exquisitely pretty, more charming to the mind and the eye! Ostensibly the people collect to see some races on the Thames at Henley, but the thing has grown into a national institution, and the people come more to enjoy a holiday than to see the races. The river is lined on both sides with "house boats" beautifully decorated with green leaves and flowers, with flags and festoons which charm the eye. Families and parties come in these boats with their luncheons and dinners, and make themselves merry and happy. Smaller parties in holiday attire hire small boats for the day or by the hour, and row up and down the river which presents a very picturesque scene. Friends meet friends unexpectedly in the midst of this crowd of holiday-makers. On the lovely and sloping banks, tents are pitched under shady trees or in lovely avenues, and for miles together the scene is one of joy and festivity.

It is impossible within the limits of a few pages to

give an account of even the principal sights in and about London, and I will only mention a few more at random. We visited the academy which this year contains a very fair collection of good pictures without any one of striking merit. Some of Alma Tadema's pictures were much appreciated by the visitors. Lord Ripon's portrait was hung among other portraits exhibited this year. The National Gallery of London contains a good collection of the Old Italian and Flemish and Dutch masters, but it cannot bear comparison with the superb collections in Paris, Dresden and Florence which I have since visited. The British masters from Hogarth downwards are of course well represented, but the British school of painting has never taken its rank along side of the continental schools spoken of above, and is hardly considered as good as the French. Hogarth, the greatest of the British masters, is great, however, in caricature, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, though a great painter, is far behind the old continental masters. Wilkie's simple scenes of home life are good, Landseer excells in horses and dogs and Turner in scenes.

The Streets of London.

Strolling through the Kensington gardens, which were not far from our house, we often passed the Kensington Palace where the young Victoria was sleeping on that eventful morning when messengers came and waked her and informed her that she was Queen! The Palace has long ceased to be a royal residence. Further down is the beautiful Albert Memorial,—one of the most beautiful monuments erected in modern

times, and near it is the great Albert Hall. Turning eastwards we strolled down to the Hyde Park, and along the Rotten Row which is the great promenade and drive of the beauty and fashion and wealth of London as the Eden Gardens and the Strand are in Calcutta. Issuing out of the Park by the Hyde Park Corner, we turned into the Green Park, and then on into St. James's Park where stands the Queen's modern town residence, the Buckingham Palace. It is a fine palace and was commenced in the time of George IV. and completed in the present reign. We issued out of the Park near the historic St. James's Palace which is now used only for State receptions and ceremonials and passed by the Marlborough House, the residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Thence walking down the Pall Mall we often strolled down to Trafalgar Square and thence down the Parliament Street. The whole of this place is historic. On our left is the great Whitehall building, and in front of it is the place where the unfortunate Charles I. was executed. Next to Whitehall is the loftier modern building, the India Office and Foreign Office, and in front of it is the historic Parliament of England with its great tower and clock visible from a distance of miles up and down the Thames. Near the Parliament House is the Westminister Abbey of which I have spoken before.

Far up in the north of London too we often strolled in the Regent's Park and by the Primrose Hill, and my children were delighted to see the Zoological Gardens of London in the Regent's Park. The customary ride

on elephants, though not new to my children, was not omitted.

To the "City" too we sometimes directed our steps, either along Oxford Street and Holborn, or by Regent's Street and Strand and Fleet Street. These two routes meet at Cheapside, near St. Paul's Church, and the finest shops of London,—some of world-wide celebrity,—are along these two routes. Mappin and Webb the great men for electroplate things, Parkins and Gotto the great stationers, Henry Heath the hatter, and a host of large and well known establishments are in Oxford Street. Regent's Street blazes with ladies' costumes of every conceivable fasnion and fabulous prices! Liberty displays there his *Rampur Chuddar* and *Tussar* silks and oriental fabrics, Peter Thompson shews his mantles and costumes of the latest fashion, Jay displays his mourning costumes and the fur shops are full of valuable furs. Further down, from the Trafalgar Square, is the Strand, the fashionable West End of London of the 17th century, and now known for its beautiful shops. The Strand leads to the new Law Courts and the Middle Temple and then on to Fleet Street where Johnson and his library friends used to assemble in the 18th century and where the principal London Newspapers have their offices now.

From St. Paul's Church, where the two routes meet, we went down the Cheapside into the heart of the City. Of all the sights of London I know of none so striking, so really wonderful, as the miles of rich and magnificent shops one sees along the streets,—as the sea of busy

human life which ebbs and flows from morning to evening along the sleepless thoroughfares! And now we were in the "City,"—the heart of London! There is the Bank of England,—the greatest of banks in the world,—and the narrow crowded streets of the city are lined with other banks too numerous to mention. There is the Mansion House, there the Guildhall, and not far is the General Post Office,—also the Old Bailey the grim historic prison of London,—but now no longer used as such. When we speak of London as the modern Babylon, as the modern Rome,—we use words which do not sufficiently indicate its vastness or its importance. For Rome and Babylon were as nothing compared to this wilderness of houses and shops and thoroughfares,—this ocean of human life called London. One can walk for hours and hours,—amazed at this bewildering scene around him. Hundreds of cabs and hansoms drive past him, huge omnibuses filled inside and outside clatter along the stony streets every minute, waggons of every conceivable shape and size pass by him laden with goods, a continuous and mighty stream of human population is surging past him along the footpaths, while below the streets, below the houses and shops and thoroughfares, the under-ground railway trains are running every five minutes with lightning speed, carrying there hundreds and thousands of passengers, as if the streets and thoroughfares above were not spacious enough for the mighty human stream flowing through this vast metropolis!

Rome had her colisium which could hold eighty or a hundred thousand people to witness the gladiator combats

on festive occasions. How many colisiums are filled nightly in this modern Rome,—how many on modern festive days, *i.e.*, Bank Holidays? I reckoned up the number from the papers on one Bank holiday. The Exhibition had about 75,000 visitors, the Crystal Palace about 50,000, the Albert Palace about 50,000, the Aquarium, I believe, about 20,000, the Alexandra Palace about as many, and the Windsor Palace, the Kew Gardens the Hampton Court and Bushy Park and such places outside London attracted about a hundred thousand. I cannot guess how many thousands crowded to the numberless theatres and music halls and public places of amusement the same evening! The total would come to half a million or more of men and women who spent their money for entertainment on one holiday! And yet this does not represent the population of London,—for the millions of the working classes who swarm the by-lanes and dirty streets of London, who people that portion of the town called the East End, from the City as far east as the docks,—they had no money to spend, and could seek no entertainment except by a stroll in the Parks or the public gardens. Imagination can scarcely compass the vastness of modern London whose population exceeds that of the whole of Scotland or the kingdom of Holland, whose traffic and trade are almost fabulous, and whose wealth as displayed in the miles and miles of the richest shops in every direction and in every part of the town, are almost beyond the dreams of Alladdin!

And yet there is a shady side to this picture. The cry

Depression in Trade.

of depression in trade has gone on increasing year after year and the "better times" so hopefully prophesied and wished for have not come. There is capital in the country which can find no investment, there are goods produced year after year which find no market, there are millions of English labourers in the towns and in the country willing to work for their bread, but who can find no work and are on the brink of starvation. This is a real and a serious evil, and it seems to be a growing one also. The misery and destitution of these people occasionally find vent in acts of violence. The poor unemployed met in the Hyde Park and issued in a procession causing much destruction of property in London last February, and they threatened to issue again in a procession along with the Lord Mayor's show this November. Englishmen feel the gravity of this evil,—but they can scarcely imagine a remedy.

Clear-sighted if somewhat pessimist thinkers and writers offer an explanation which is sufficiently intelligible, though one is loth to accept it as correct. They say that the insular position of England, her comparative freedom from revolutions and foreign invasions, and the wonderful enterprise of her sons gave them a start in the commerce of the world which cannot for ever be maintained. For a time Englishmen monopolized the carrying trade of the world, they manufactured goods for the great marts of the world, and they alone reaped the profits of this wonderful monopoly. Population multiplied accordingly in England more rapidly than anywhere else in Europe, and far exceeded what the

produce of the little island could support. But this monopoly could not last for ever. Other nations have waked to a consciousness of the benefits of trade,—steady hard-working nations like the Germans, who deserve to succeed, are competing with Englishmen all over the world, are cutting out the English abroad and even in England. London tradespeople complain with a bitterness which one can understand, that in London itself there are a hundred thousand Germans who have ousted so many Englishmen from work, who are daily ousting more because they can live on so much less than Englishmen of the same class. Frugal, abstemious, almost stingy in their habits, the Germans work hard and spend little,—while even the London shop boy has not yet learnt to save, but must needs enjoy his holiday and spend his little savings with his chums or his sweetheart in the Crystal Palace. Abroad there is the same competition, continental labour is cheaper, continental goods compete with English goods even in English colonies and sell cheaper! At the same time all over Europe,—the French, the Germans and other nations are protecting their home industries against English products by heavy protective import duties, and England vainly asks them to be free traders and to repeal these duties. The United States do just the same thing and even the English Colonies, Canada, Cape Colony and the Australian States protect their own goods and keep out English products by heavy duties, and England cannot ask them to repeal such duties as she has made India do. Thus the circle of foreign markets is gradually contracting,

the competition of other nations in the old markets is increasing, and even in England, foreign labourers are cutting out Englishmen. Hence the permanent depression in trade and manufacture so bitterly complained of, and hence two millions of people who found employment before can find none now, and avenge their misery and destitution by occasional acts of violence which can do them no good. The best days of England, are past,—argue these thinkers,—and England must accept the inevitable, and must be content with her fair share of trade among the countries of the earth.

It is impossible to say how much truth there is in these statements, but one hears them constantly now-a-days in England, and from men engaged in business in London and in other mercantile towns. I was particularly struck with such remarks openly expressed in Bristol where I went in response to an invitation sent by the Colonial and Indian Reception. After a hearty reception and magnificent oration the Colonial and Indian visitors were allowed to inspect most of the great manufactories of the place. In course of conversation with several persons connected with large firms, I was struck with the uniformly pessimist views which they all expressed. "Do not think," one of them told me, "from the pompous reception we have given you that we are doing well. On the contrary times were never harder than now. Our ships remain in our harbours, our manufactures find no market, our men are unemployed. And what is more, we do not see any prospect of fresh openings to our trade. All the markets are glutted, all nations are competing."

In a speech which one of the speakers made after a sumptuous dinner, he openly alluded to this subject, and gave a hint that the Australian States might in course of time repeal some of their duties and so admit English products. I shall never forget the manly tone in which two speakers—one from Victoria and one from Melbourne—replied to this quiet hint. The speaker from Victoria went so far as to say that *he* was primarily responsible for the imposition of those duties in his State, and defended them as absolutely necessary for the protection of home industries. The Melbourne speaker replied also in a similar tone and asked permission to manage their *own* affairs in their *own* way, as that was the truest way to prosperity for every nation. No English speaker replied to these remarks.

Agricultural distress is as great as the distress in towns. Farms are becoming less and less paying, because foreign corn can be imported into England and sold at a less price than what the English produce can sell for. The only way to prevent this would be to impose a protective duty on foreign corn, to re-impose corn laws, in fact, which free-trading England can never do. For the exclusion of foreign corn from the market would immediately send up the price of bread,—and while the growers would gain by this, the vast majority of Englishmen who are not agriculturists but labourers and consumers would suffer. England is a free-trader through self-interest, as other nations having large agricultural populations, and with manufacturing industry less developed, reject free-trade through self interest. To

exclude foreign corn is therefore out of the question,—and the importation of such corn is making cultivation less and less paying in England. Lands are going out of cultivation, farms are being given up, and agricultural labourers find the same difficulty in finding work that their town brethren are suffering from.

One resource only remains,—emigration. But even this resource is limited. German and Swedish emigrants who can live cheaper than Englishmen are emigrating in much larger numbers to the United States. Their Colonies, Australia and Canada, have their own people to provide for and do not like English emigrants swamping their countries. This Colonial jealousy against English emigration seems to be growing, and I see a letter in a recent number of the "Times" from Lord Carnarvon, warning the Government against sanctioning any scheme of State Emigration without consulting the wishes of the Colonies beforehand. Among the many difficult political and social problems of the day there is none more difficult and more serious than of the destitution of those who can find no work, and the ablest statesmen of England have hitherto failed to propose an adequate remedy for it.

Election of 1886.

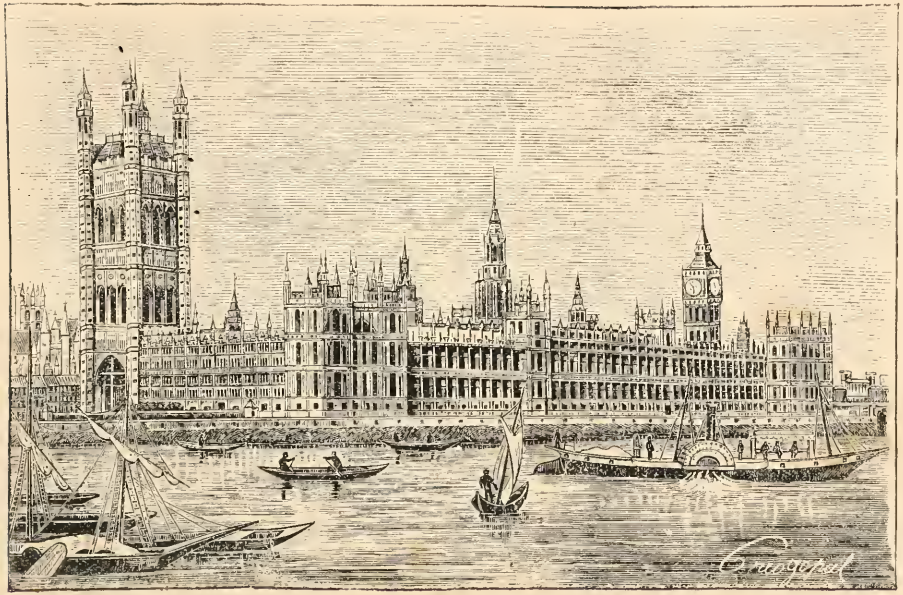
Eighteen years ago I was present at an election in England in which the liberal party triumphantly came into office, beating the conservatives on an Irish Question. In the present year the Liberal party was as signally beaten,—also on an Irish Question. I was able to find admittance into the House when the debate on the Home Rule Bill was still

going on, and I shall never forget the vehemence with which the different speakers and the different parties spoke for or against the scheme. The Irish speakers were furious against the opponents of the Bill, and language was used in the House which would have brought discredit on a third-rate municipal meeting in Bengal! I watched with special interest the great leaders of the House. What a change in Mr. Gladstone since I had seen him in the House in 1869. He looked very old now and feeble. He stooped a little when he stood and when he spoke in reply to a certain question, his voice was so hoarse that I could hardly follow what he said. And yet even now, his voice regains its power and its ring on great occasions.

Opposite him,—conspicuous among the conservative ranks sate little Churchill, twirling his moustache as he eyed his opponents as if in disdain! I have never heard Churchill speak. I should like to hear him.

Joseph Chamberlain sat behind Gladstone, and not far from him,—looking wonderfully young and wonderfully cool and self-possessed! The Irish speakers were furious in their attacks on him, imputing his secession to personal pique and ambition, while they respected Hartington's conduct as due to honest difference in opinion. But Chamberlain was a match for them all,—he looked at them through his eye-glass,—smiling contemptuously at their violent attacks.

I had seen well-known members of the House eighteen years ago, who are there no more. Benjamin D'Israeli with his almost comical face used to sit opposite to his



The Houses of Parliament. (p. 132)

opponent in those days. Fawcett's erect form and manly demeanour and voice were familiar to the House, and I had the rare privilege of his personal acquaintance and friendship during my first sojourn in England. John Bright too, whose personal acquaintance I had also cultivated in years past, seldom appears in the House of Commons now.

The discussion on the Home Rule Bill went on night after night, and various rumours went the round of the clubs, (where I frequently went) regarding the probable result at the division. It was whispered at one time that Chamberlain knew what he was about, that he had his leader under his foot, and would trample on him in order to rise! Then came the rumour that it was all up with Chamberlain, and his game was lost,—that the "old Parliamentary Hand"—Gladstone had managed his case well and was sure of a majority of 20 at least at the division! After Chamberlain's great speech the rumour changed again, and Gladstone's best friends did not know whether he would have the majority in his side. And the Gladstonites were again in high spirits when Gladstone winded up the long discussion with his magnificent speech making the ancient roof of the House ring again with all his old power of voice and eloquence. The division followed, and Gladstone and his party lost.

Almost instantaneously preparations were made by both parties for the approaching election. Election scenes have been described a hundred times by the ablest English writers from Charles Dickens downwards,

and do not require to be retold by me! I was in the Deptford election where Lal Mohan Ghose appeared as a candidate. I was present at a stirring speech which Ghose made to his constituents and which awakened great enthusiasm in his favour. And I shall never forget the lively scene that I witnessed on the election day! The whole town had been placarded by bills for the one candidate or the other, throngs of people crowded the streets, absorbed with that one great topic, bevies of fair ladies drove about, canvassing for Mr. Evelyn or Mr. Ghose, and the conservative and the liberal head offices were crowded with men, busy from morn to dewy eve! The candidates themselves, who had been canvassing since a few days before, drove about the streets the best part of this eventful day, Ghose had his daughter and another lady in his carriage, and Mr. Evelyn had some ladies in his. Once the two carriages approached each other, where I was standing, when by accident or by intention they turned and went different ways! Ghose got bespattered with mud once when driving through the conservative side of the town, and Mr. Evelyn got a similar compliment paid to him when driving through liberal ranks! In our country the Police would have interfered! A carriage which Mrs. Gladstone had lent for the use of Mr. Ghose for the occasion was constantly in use during the whole day, and another carriage,—which a large placard shewed was Salisbury's—was equally conspicuous near the conservative office.

Up to the evening we did not know and could not guess the result. The next day we saw in the papers

that Ghose had been defeated by a large majority,—larger than that by which he had been beaten on the previous occasion. Mr. Evelyn had got less votes than he had on the previous occasion,—shewing that Ghose's defeat was not owing to an increase of strength in the conservative cause, but to a division in the liberal ranks through which many liberals abstained from voting at all! The same reason which had been disastrous to the liberal cause all over the country, led also to Mr. Ghose's defeat this time. Many liberals in England are not yet willing to give Ireland a home rule even in purely Irish matters, —and they voted for a unionist liberal candidate when there was one in the field, or abstained from voting altogether. Hence a vast unionist majority all over the country.

But one need not be a prophet to see that Ireland *shall* have some kind of a home rule beforelong. When 85 or 90 out of about a hundred Irish members in the House of Commons demand a local legislative body for purely local matters,—the only possible alternatives are, either to grant the demand, or (as the "Daily News" puts it,) to govern Ireland as India is governed,—without regard to the nation's wishes. This latter course is *impossible* in a free country, and the former course therefore is the only *possible* one. Gladstone with his vast experience and his wonderful clear-sightedness sees this only *some years* before the majority of Englishmen will come to see it.

And is it a bold prophecy to make that the time is not far distant,—that some of our young men may

live to see it,—when it will be considered unwise to govern any country or any people without consulting the people's wishes, without some kind of representative institutions? Men in power at the present day will laugh at the idea,—but nevertheless the wave of liberal opinions in England is advancing with a rapidity which is remarkable and significant. Measures which were considered radical fifteen years ago are now considered practicable or even not advanced enough, and conservatives in the present day are, it is a well known fact, purloining and adopting one by one those measures which liberals twenty years ago could only broach as ideas. The conservatives cannot help themselves,—they must either do this or go to the wall,—for the nation wants these measures. And in no respect is the advance of these liberal ideas more conspicuous than in respect of the relation of England with her dependencies. Many of us who are young and even many of us now in their middle age will probably live to see the day when the people of India will have a constitutional means of expressing their views on the administration of their country, when their views will to a large extent shape that administration, and when their hands will to a great extent practically manage that administration. The divine right of conquerors will be as obsolete a phrase in the political dictionary of the twentieth century as the divine right of kings is in the nineteenth, and the people of India will be proud of their connection with England, as the sons of Englishmen in Australia or Canada.

I had visited Cambridge during my last sojourn in

Oxford.

England, but not Oxford. Soon after the election was over, I went over with my brother to see that classical town on the Thames which is here called the Isis. Historical associations have always a charm for me and there is no town in England so redolent of historical associations as Oxford. The three celebrated martyrs of English history, Ridley, Latimer and Cranmer suffered in this town, the ancient Baliol College is still there, a stone in front of it marks the spot where Cranmer was burnt, and the very window from which the Master of Baliol looked out to *enjoy the sight* is still shewn to visitors. Baliol College was founded in the 13th century. King James I. of Scotland when a prisoner was educated here, and a number of scholarships tenable by Scotchmen only have always attracted a number of Scotch students to this college. Adam Smith and Sir William Hamilton and other great Scotchmen were educated here. Merton College was also founded in the 13th century; while the University College,—or at least some sort of educational and religious institution on the site of that College—is said to have existed from the time of Alfred the Great! A beautiful monument of Sir William Jones the first of English Antiquarians is to be found in this College.

The beautiful Magdalen College is associated with the fame of Addison, and a shady avenue which was the favorite walk of that essayist is still pointed out as Addison's walk. Christ Church contains the finest hall in Oxford, and it was in this hall that king Charles I. of England held his parliament when in Oxford. Altogether

there are 19 Colleges and 5 Halls in Oxford, and each one of these has its ancient history, its revered names, its hallowed associations !

But there are other things in Oxford besides the Colleges which are worth seeing. The beautiful but unfortunate, Amy Robsart lies buried in St. Mary's Church. Who that has read that most gorgeous of romances,—Scott's Kenilworth,—can stand and comtemplate this almost sacred spot without a mist in his eyes ?

Of the museums the Ashmolean is very interesting, and we saw there a piece of stone with hieroglyphic inscriptions which antiquarians pronounce to be four or five thousand years before Christ ;—*i. e.*, anterior to the creation of the world if the Jewish chronology were correct ! Through the kindness and courtesy of Mr. Tylor whose well known work on " Primitive Culture " I had read with profound interest when a student, we visited another new museum in Oxford, and were delighted to see in it some samples of the *Arani* or sacred fire-wood from the friction of which our ancient Vedic *Rishis* used to produce the sacrificial fire, four thousand years ago !

While in Oxford we did not fail to pay our respects to that ripe scholar and profound thinker Professor Max Müller who has devoted his life-time to the study of India, and whose warm and almost affectionate regard for India would alone command our gratitude and esteem. He received us with that kindness and courtesy which are a part of him, and for the best part of a summer evening I listened to his views on various subjects in which I felt deep interest. The next morning he looked up in the

hotel where we were stopping, and he took us to the world-renowned Bodleyan Library where he shewed us many manuscripts which had the utmost interest for me. Among the many other places in Oxford which he shewed us, I must not forget to mention the Clarendon Press, one of the largest presses in the world! One-half of the establishment is devoted to the printing of Bibles in all the known languages of the world! The other half is for the printing of other books, including Sanscrit works and works on Sanscrit literature.

At supper we were introduced to his wife, and also his daughter. The latter had been married a few years back, and had the same intellectual cast of countenance as her father. Her husband asked me to luncheon the next day and this was the last time that I saw her beautiful but pale face, and her meek and sunken eyes. Those pale features struck me then; three months after I was shocked to learn of her death.

We were also introduced to several other people in Oxford so that our short stay there was a round of visits and of invitations. We returned to London, and shortly after left for a tour in Norway and Sweden of which an account will be found in another Chapter.

Sea-side.

On our return from Norway I wished to take my family to some place outside London, as London becomes uncomfortably hot by the middle of August. This remark sounds strange from one coming from India, but the discomfort one feels in London is none the less. The houses and rooms there are small, there is little or no

compound, and there are no punkhas or other contrivances for making the house cool; so that at a temperature of 85° one *feels* as uncomfortable in London as he does at a temperature of 100° in Calcutta. The London *season* is over by the middle of July, and there is an annual flight of those who can afford it to country places or the sea-side, to Scotland, Switzerland or other countries.

I had thoroughly enjoyed my stay in sea-side places during my last sojourn in England, and so I wished to take my family to the sea-side. It was sometime however, before I could make up my choice, and it was the beginning of September before we actually left London. I had seen most of the finest sea side places in the south coast of England—from Hastings and Eastbourne and Brighton in Kent and Sussex to that lovely spot Torquey, situated on the blue Torbay, with its back-ground of those rich green glens which form the charm of Devonshire scenery. But I wanted to take my family to a quieter place than these, a place where my children would be more at home, strolling on the sands or on the green south downs of England.

At last we selected Littlehampton, partly because it is a very quiet place with a lovely sea beach and interesting country—towns like Arundel not far from it, and partly because we were specially recommended to a very respectable and comfortable boarding house there. And we *did* find the boarding house comfortable. Never did we pass a pleasanter time, or feel more at home, than during the three weeks that we passed there, strolling in

the sands or in the neighbouring villages from morning to sunset. There were some other people also living in the same boarding house, among them a young barrister and his very amiable wife, and a well-to-do merchant and his better half, also an amiable person in spite of her weakness for fine dresses and trinkets! My wife made very good friends with them all, and passed a very happy time, occasionally making excursions to neighbouring places.

Among the excursions that we made from Littlehampton I will mention one or two. The excursion to Arundel was exceedingly pleasant. The Arundel Castle, one of the oldest in England, was of course duly inspected; the new and magnificent cathedral built by the Duke of Norfolk (a Roman Catholic) was visited; and the drive through the lovely park of the Duke, with herds of deer grazing therein, was delightful indeed. An excursion to Brighton was more interesting to my children than to myself,—they were pleased to see this great and fine town on the sea, and they were delighted to see the famous Brighton aquarium with its strange Octopus and other animals! More interesting still was our excursion to the Isle of Wight. Going to Portsmouth by rail we crossed over to Ryde in a steamer, and then had a drive from the pier to the town in a train moved by electricity! There we all went into a hotel, and after the inner man was thoroughly refreshed (a very important matter when one is travelling for enjoyment,) we took an open carriage and had a long drive to Cowes and to Carisbrooke and back. We drove through miles

and miles of the Queen's private property,—large oak forests and extensive fields under cultivation; we saw the Osborne Palace from a distance and drove past the Prince of Wales's property, and visited the church which the Queen attends when she is at Osborne. We then drove to the town of Cowes and thence on to the historic castle of Carisbrooke where king Charles I. was kept a prisoner. My daughters saw with great interest the famous window through which the king is said to have attempted his escape, and from the top of the watch-tower we had an extensive view of the country all round. It was nearly evening before we could return to Ryde, and it was night before we came back to Littlehampton.

No excursions, however, that we made were more pleasant than our daily strolls on the sand. I had not taken a sea bath for years past. When I first jumped into the limpid and cool water, I felt I had never had a more luxurious bath in my life! My children too enjoyed their sea baths, while the two youngest of them were busy the whole day long with their spades and their buckets—building castles on the sand, only to be washed away when the tide returned! Musicians with their organs discoursed "sweet" music on the beach, one Italian girl sang in her sweet native tongue, and itinerant photographers went about photographing parties as they basked lazily on the beach. My children thought it was a grand opportunity and had themselves photographed, but as they had happened to pay the honest artist in advance, it was long, and after much difficulty

that they got the photographs at last. And such specimens of the art of photography they were!

Our strolls into neighbouring villages and through country scenes along green lanes were, if possible, still more pleasant. My children were specially fond of plucking blackberries from the hedges as we passed, but these hedges were so often laid under contribution by the village children in the course of each day that the crop of blackberries though profuse, was scarcely equal to the demand! We passed by country mills, walked over pasture fields, visited village churches, and went through little villages and had altogether a happy time of it. We visited a well-known hot-house in the vicinity; the proprietor's niece took us through all the glass houses where the fruits hung in lovely bunches and in rich profusion; and we bought and tasted some of the finest grapes that I have tasted anywhere.

Thus our time wore on until the first cold days of Autumn set in. It was too cold now to continue our sea bathing, and even our strolls became less and less frequent, especially in the cool evenings. It was time, we thought, to shift elsewhere.

West England.

Out of the three weeks that my family passed in Littlehampton, I passed one in the west of England. The trip was not of my own seeking, but was undertaken in compliance with invitations from the Colonial and Indian Reception Committee. I had not come to England in connection with the exhibition, nor had I entered my name as a visitor in the book kept for that

purpose in the Exhibition rooms. Nevertheless the members of the Committee had somehow heard of my arrival in England, and were kind enough to send invitations to join the several trips to the various large towns of England where the Colonial and Indian visitors were invited and heartily and hospitably received. I was unable to accept any one of these because I had made up my mind to visit Norway during the time that these receptions were going on. On my return from Norway, however, I found I was in time to accept one set of invitations at least, and that was to the ancient towns of Bristol, Bath and Wells. Soon after our coming to Littlehampton, therefore, I left my family there and went to Bristol.

I cannot describe the magnificent reception which was given to us in all these ancient towns. The Colonials and Indians were received as the sons of old England, visiting the old country from the ends of the earth. The streets were decorated with flags and banners, with fantastic wreaths and bunting; deputations waited at Railway Stations to receive us; carriages were in attendance to drive us to the hotels or lodgings assigned to us; and the streets and house-windows poured forth their tens of thousands of eager spectators who cheered us as we passed. Invitations to luncheons, dinners, balls, suppers and music parties showered upon us during our stay in these towns; all the great places of industry and manufacture were opened for our inspection; the ancient churches and cathedrals and Roman remains and interesting monuments were shown

and explained to us ; and drives were arranged to show us not only the towns but all the country round. Carriages were placed at our disposal all the day long ; and policemen waited at the doors of the places which we were to visit, to move the crowd, open the carriage-doors and show us in. The entire reception-business was arranged with a thoroughness, and with a degree of hearty hospitality which must have created a deep impression on the mind of every visitor, from whatever colony or dependency he may have come.

In fact, these receptions were in furtherance of the great idea which underlay the exhibition itself. England is great,—not as a military power in Europe,—but in her colonies. To display in a focus as it were the vast resources of her various colonies, to display to Europe and to the world the strength which she derives from her connection with various nations to the ends of the world, and to draw closer the bonds of sympathy and fellow-feeling which bind these colonies to her,—this was the idea of the Exhibition,—and of the reception of the Indian and Colonial visitors. England desired that these visitors should go back to their countries full of sympathy and affection for her, and every English town, I may say every alderman and mayor in every corporation, worked nobly towards this common end. Hence the almost princely hospitality with which the visitors were treated.

The idea of a sort of federation of all these colonies and dependencies with England was in the heart of hosts and guests alike, and was expressed forcibly in

many an eloquent speech which followed sumptuous repasts. Of course there are practical difficulties in the way of such a federation, for free nations in the far ends of the earth *will not* tax themselves to help England in a European war in which they have no interest,—and a federation which does not mean co-operation in war and in peace, is scarcely worthy of the name. But these practical difficulties did not find expression in eloquent after dinner speeches, though responsible statesmen feel their force. So long as the liberal party was in power, conservatives delighted to blame Mr. Gladstone for not doing something towards this federation. By a strange irony of fate the conservative party came into power soon after, and Lord Salisbury with his "spirited" policy has not found it possible to organize the much coveted federation.

The favorite topic both of speeches and of conversations during these days was this idea of federation. To allow each colony and dependency to manage her own affairs, and yet to string them together by some sort of a common bond of union,—this was the great idea which inspired every one. I am not wise enough to be able to guess what the upshot of this great but hitherto impracticable idea will be, but whatever the upshot may be, every true Indian hopes and trusts that India too will be admitted into this noble federation with England on the same terms, or as nearly the same terms with the other colonies as possible, and that the day is not far distant when she too will have at least a voice and a hand in the management of her own affairs.

Every true-hearted Englishman desires this as much as Indians themselves.

I can only briefly allude to some of the numerous sights which we were shown in these places. The cathedral of Bristol is an ancient and imposing building, but the church of St. Mary Redcliffe is perhaps finer, and is associated with the fame of that boy poet Chatterton. It was in this church that he pretended to have found the poems which he published as Rowley's, and a monument has been erected here in the churchyard to his memory. Savage, the poet who died in Bristol while imprisoned for debt, is buried in St. Peter's Church. But the most interesting monument in Bristol for an Indian is the tomb of the Raja Ram Mohan Roy, which I had visited with feelings of respect and veneration, sixteen years ago.

Clifton is the finest part of Bristol ; and the Clifton suspension bridge over the deep Avon, banked on both sides by high wooded hills, is a fine sight. We were also shown some of the finest manufactories in this busy town. We visited with a large soap and candle manufactory, a great tobacco manufactory, —one of the largest and best known in Europe, —some galvanized iron manufactories, and a place for making wire nets. The machinery in this last place is splendid, and there is one machine in the tobacco manufactory which knocks off about 240 cigarettes in an hour.

Bath is one of the prettiest and finest towns in England, and is embosombed within an amphitheatre of beautiful green hills, some of which are wooded. Its

streets are cleanly and spacious, its houses are fine and comfortable, and its history is associated with the memories of the greatest names in England. For Bath was the great health-resort and the fashionable retreat of the last century, and Dr. Johnson and his friends, Sir Walter Scott and some other eminent Scotchmen, the great Pitt and Lord Clive and a host of other great men lived here.

Bath was a fashionable health-resort in Roman times, and the citizens are deservedly proud of the ancient Roman Baths and antiquities which have recently been discovered and which were explained to us at great length. The Abbey Church of Bath is a fine structure, and is known as the "lantern of West England" for its many beautiful windows. When coming out of this church I met an old acquaintance of mine, an Indian Civilian whom I had not seen for fifteen years! He is making a home for himself in the healthy and beautiful suburbs of Bath, which are a favorite resort of retired Indians, and he introduced to me his son whom he intends, of course, to get into the Indian Civil Service.

Wells is a much smaller town but is famous for its Cathedral. There was a long dispute (the history of which was explained to us at great length!) as to whether Bath or Wells would be the cathedral town, and the dispute was at last decided in favour of the latter; and the magnificent structure of Wells certainly deserved the honor. Close to it we saw the Bishop's palace,—once an ancient moated castle. From Wells we took a drive to the ruins of the ancient Glastonbury Abbey, which was built on the spot of a more ancient place of worship

of the ancient Britons. The place is associated with the name of Arthur, and it was in these western confines of England that the Britons made their last stand before the invading Saxons who at last exterminated them, or drove them off to Wales.

Before returning to Littlehampton I paid a hurried visit to that most lovely of English rivers, the Wye, called the "Rhine of England." Within the limited time at my command I could go only as far as the celebrated Tinturn Abbey, the most beautiful ruin in England, and celebrated by Wordsworth in his "Excursion." The scenery here, the wooded hills and rich green glades on both banks, and the beautiful stream between, defy description. On our return we drove as far as Chepston, mostly along the bends of this beautiful river and admiring its beautitul valley. From Chepston we returned by train.

On my way back to Littlehampton I visited the famous Cathedral of Salisbury. From Littlehampton I went with my family to spend a fortnight in Paris,—an account of which will be found in another Chapter.

After our visit to Paris it was my intention to make a somewhat long tour into Germany, Austria and Italy. It was impossible for my wife with all the children, one of them only four years, to accompany me in this hurried tour, so that I wished to leave them in London before starting on my journey. A gentleman whose acquaintance I had made before leaving London expressed himself willing to take my family into his house. He was

To London again.

himself a most worthy and good-hearted man and a profound Shakespearian scholar, and his wife whom my wife knew, was a most estimable lady. They had one son employed in the Bank, and another out in India in the Bombay Presidency, and they had a daughter at home, a good-hearted young lady. They had taken a fine and spacious house, not far from the Kensington Gardens. We came over from Paris to London early in October. My two elder girls rejoined their school which had opened after the summer vacation, and I also put my young boy to a Kindergarten school. And early in November I started on my continental tour from which I did not return to London till the middle of December. An account of that tour will be found in another Chapter.

Two sensational cases.

On the 15th December, as I have said before, I returned after my continental tour to London. The public mind was then greatly exercised about two sensational but dirty cases. One was the case of Lord Colin Campbell, full details of which were then appearing in the daily papers. This was the second case of the kind, the first being that of Sir Charles Dilke. Why are the accounts of the divorce court published for the edification of the public? All English Courts are public courts to be sure,—but surely an exception might be made in the case of divorce courts. No sensational novel of the day is so greedily devoured by the public as were proceedings in these cases, and no reprehensible French novel can be more disgusting than some of the details which came out in these cases.

What healthy purpose does it answer to publish these details for the perusal of *millions of Englishmen and Englishwomen ?*

The depravity of these cases were exceptional, but what specially struck the public in these cases was the amount of false swearing with which the parties supported their cases. Men and women in respectable positions in life came forward to swear to lies in court, and brought witnesses to support such lies.

Young men who go out to India without much experience of English Courts are often disgusted—and rightly disgusted,—with the perjury committed in Indian Courts, and often judge the nation's character from falsehood uttered in courts. Men, however, who have experience of Courts in England say that the offence is by no means rare here. London newspapers occasionally complain bitterly of the amount of perjury committed daily in the English Country-courts. The parties to a case generally support their respective cases by two entirely different accounts of a disputed transaction, —the court has to decide which is the true version.

Moral—Judge not a people by experience derived in courts.

Return Home.

The period of our stay in Europe was nearly up, and my people were very desirous of seeing a little,—even a week,—of real English winter before we left. For we had come to England when the bloom of spring was still in the country and the trees in London and in the country were robed again with new young leaves. We

had passed the hot days of summer in London and in the sea-side. and the dark cheerless foggy days and frequent rains of autumn had succeeded. Luckily our wish was fulfilled, and we had just a week of real English winter before we left !

On the 16th December it was so foggy at midday that it was necessary to light lamps. The next day it became intensely cold, and it snowed in the evening. A hard frost succeeded which remained for four or five days. Squares and housetops, parks and trees were all white ! Evey drop of water in the wayside was frozen into ice, and the cold was intense. In two or three days the Serpentine and other ornamental waters were frozen over, and there was skating in St. James's Park. My children watched the hundreds of skaters with great delight, and every morning we had a walk over the snow covered parks, and occasionally over the frozen waters ! My little boy used to put out his tumbler of water outside the window every evening, and the first thing he called for in the morning was his ice !

On the 23rd December we left London. We had no storms in the way, but there was a heavy swell on the sea both in the Bay of Biscay and in the Mediterranean, and our steamer rolled a good deal. We had smooth sea, however, after we left Malta.

In the Red Sea I saw for the first time those large patches of red which have given the sea its name. The color is due to a kind of minute substance of reddish color which floats about sometimes for miles together, but whether it is animal or vegetable substance has not, I

believe, yet been ascertained. It is not always visible, and I saw it for the first time during my fourth voyage through the Red Sea.

Aden and then green Ceylon and then dreary Madras, and then we were in beloved home again, among dear relations and rejoicing friends! So ends the story of my travels.

CHAPTER VI.

NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

SHALL we not leave the crowded and dusty streets of London and travel about a little this summer? The thermometer is over 80° in the shade, and the houses are so closely packed and the rooms so small in London, there is such an absolute want of all appliances to keep off the heat, that London at 85° in the shade is more trying than Calcutta 100°. Thousands of Londoners are leaving the town for the country or the seaside, for Scotland or the Continent. The London season is over, the Academy and other annual sights have been seen, the Parliament has been prorogued, educational Institutions have been closed, the shops have nearly finished their great clearance half-price sales. On the other hand, the country is charming in its summer verdure, and shooting will shortly commence. There is a general stampede from London therefore, and by the end of July the great metropolis of England will be emptied of its "Society." It really reminds one of the annual migration of birds!

Well, we too are regular migratory birds,—myself and my two friends hailing also from India,—had we not better stretch our wings also? Shall we not make the best of our visit to Europe,—in the way of travelling? Tried travellers and true, my companions were as enthusiastic in their desire to roam in foreign climes and new

scenes as need be. One of them, my brother, was an antiquarian and a poet and a traveller,—all rolled into one! He had visited every classic spot in Nothern India, from Janakpur in Nepal to the hills of Jummu and Kashmir, and had now taken a bolder flight across the seas with the same unabated rage for travelling. The other Mr. B. L. Gupta, had been my friend and companion in my first visit to Europe, we had lived and toiled and won the prize together, we had returned to India together and had worked in the same service, and now we had taken our furlough and meant to do a little globe-trotting together!

Well, then, we resolved unanimously to leave London and do a little travelling;—but, like many a meeting that comes to a unanimous resolution, we found a difficulty in carrying out the resolution. And the difficulty was this, whither shall we go?

America? It is a country well worth a visit! A vast continent, with its magnificent lakes and primeval forests, its boundless prairies and wonderful natural features, its Mississippi, its Niagra, and its young and vigorous civilization! But to see this great country to any purpose, one must study it well,—and that requires more time than we have at our disposal now. We must leave America, therefore, for a prolonged visit on some future occasion.

Shall we go to Italy or France then? Italy and the south of France are best seen in September or even in October. And we may take Austria and Germany too on our way to Italy.

Scotland we have seen. And, besides, it is invaded by shoals of cockneys about this time of the year. Even Ellen's Isle must lose much of its charm under such trying circumstances! Switzerland too we have seen. Let us try something new in its way.

And there *is* something quite new and attractive in its way! Cook and Son are organizing a grand tour to Christiania, Stockholm, St. Petersburg and Moscow,—to the great fair of Nijni Novgorod, and on to the Volga River and the Caspian Sea,—and thence back to Constantinople, to Greece and to Italy. That surely is a wonderful programme, enough to satisfy the most inveterate traveller! To go through the remote villages in the interior of Russia, to steam down the Volga, to walk by the ancient ruins of Athens and Rome,—why, this surely would be the realization of our most cherished dreams!

And yet stop one moment. There is one serious difficulty in the way. The trip will take two months and a half, and I did not wish to leave my family by themselves in London for such a length of time. And the trip will cost each of us £134, which means two thousand Rupees at the present rate of exchange!

I was informed at Messrs Cook and Son's office that they despaired of taking out a party according to the scheme, because they could not get ten people to come forward. Six persons had come forward, and if I and my two friends joined, the party could set out at once,—otherwise the scheme must be dropped. The temptation was very great, but we resisted it. I could not possibly join it, and so the scheme fell through.

What scheme should we adopt then? What land should we visit? The answer suggested itself as we went over the advertisement of the season. Let us go and see the Land of the Midnight Sun! Let us go and see the wild and rugged coast of Norway, the wooded moutains and magnificent valleys and picturesque fiords and the quaint old timber-built towns of that country. Let us work up our way through the rocks and islands on the west coast to the North Cape where the sun never sets beneath the horizon for over two months! We are yet in time to see the midnight sun on the 29th July. Within two or three days after that the sun will set under the horizon.

The temptation was too great to be resisted. Berths in the steamers were secured by telegram, and on the 22nd July 1886, five hour's journey by rail brought us from London to the great seaport of Hull in Yorkshire with its extensive docks and shipping. We left the Hull by the steamer "Hero" the same night, and saw the lights from the docks streaming over the waters for miles together. The next morning (23rd) we found ourselves in the open sea. The weather was fair, and the sea was not rough, and altogether the day was pleasant.

On the 24th there was a thick fog in the morning, and our steamer went half speed for nearly six hours, whistling every now and then. The weather cleared up, however, in the mid-day, and a bright sun shone above us.

In the afternoon we saw the mountains of Norway from a distance. Days became longer now as we pro-

ceeded northwards and the sun set a little before 9. P. M. On the 24th I remained on deck till 10-30 P.M. and there was light enough for one to read a book at that hour.

Allesund.

The next morning, 25th, we found ourselves in the quiet harbour of Allesund, a pretty little port on the western coast of Norway. We did not stop there long, and as soon as we came out to the open sea, we felt the cold north wind blowing full on us. The wind had sprung up on the previous day and had made the sea somewhat rough, but it was much worse this morning. The sky was cloudy and the tops of the Norwegian mountains were shrouded with mist. The thermometer in the saloon stood at 58°, but it was much colder on the deck where the strong wind blowing from the Arctic seas feathered the ocean and made it uncomfortably cold. The steamer pitched and rolled a good deal, until we got behind some islands and in still water. Nearly the whole of the west coast of Norway is thus protected by innumerable rocky islands, and the water between the line of islands on one side and the main land on the other, is pretty smooth, and navigation comparatively pleasant. The rocks on both sides are quite bleak and barren, very unlike the wooded mountains in the interior, and in sheltered spots.

Christiansund.

We reached Christiansund at about 1 P. M. The town is a quaint and picturesque place along both sides of a creek, and the houses, as in most Norwegian towns, are all of timber and look very clean and picturesque. The wea-

A Norwegian Fiord.

ther continued cloudy, and we could not catch a glimpse of the sun during the whole day. Fine weather for tourists going to see the midnight sun !

Trondjem.

In the evening we entered the Fiord of Trondjem also called Drontheim. Cloud and mist still hung on the hill-tops on both sides of us and spread like a canopy over our heads, and a cutting north wind still blew over the sea, accompanied by a little drizzling rain. The Fiord, like numerous other Fiords, in the west coast of Norway, runs from the sea far inland, like a long narrow lake between the mountains on either side. The Fiords are thus better protected from wind and cold than the open coast, and from excellent harbours for vessels ; towns and fishing villages spring up on their shores, and there are more farms and sings of cultivation than in the open coast. We reached Trondjem after 10 P. M. and went to the steamer "Capella" destined for the North Cape. She is a fine steamer built in Bergen (in Norway) only six months ago and beautifully fitted. We weighed anchor soon after midnight ;—midnight I can hardly call it for it was neither dark nor night ! During the eight days we spent on the "Capella" in going up to the North Cape and returning, *we had not a single hour of night,—it was daylight all through !* And we tried to get such sleep as we could for a few hours in this daylight !

Starting for the North Cape.

26th July. A floating tower of Babel this steamer "Capella" with about fifty or sixty tourists belonging to

all nationalities of Europe! The American tourists of course predominated in number as they do everywhere, but there were English and Germans and French and Swiss and Norwegians and Swedes and Dutch and Hungarians, all bound for the North Cape to see the midnight sun! The presence of three tourists from far off India in these northern seas struck many on board. A Norwegian, who is an English consul, exchanged cards with us remarking that he had never met, and probably may never again meet people from Calcutta in his own native country!

The weather continued cloudy and misty, and a cold cutting wind blew from the Polar seas. The thermometer stood at 55°, but the open deck where the wind blew was much colder. We threaded our way the whole day through the creeks and islands which form the principal feature of this west coast. The rocks were barren and bleak, but occasionally in a sheltered spot we found traces of cultivation and isolated farm-houses. These seas are famous for cod and herring which are dried and then exported. The great season for cod-fishing is from December to March or April, while herring is caught later. Timber is the only other important article of export from Norway, and we saw numerous boats laden with timber sailing down towards Christiania and Bergen.

Torghatten.

At 5 P. M. we reached Torghatten, which literally means a Market Hat. It a is rock much of the shape of an old Terai Hat, but the peculiarity about it is that there is a hollow

right through it from one side to the other, so that one can see the sky on the other side from this side of the hill. We landed and walked up to the hollow. Little Norwegian girls had brought milk and a kind of fruity lemonade for sale, and we found them very refreshing after our walk.

Alsteno.

More interesting than the "Market Hat" were the "Seven Sisters of Alsteno," which are seven high peaks in one mountain chain rising 3800 ft. from the sea. Patches of snow rested on these peaks and the bashful sisters were slightly veiled with mist, and looked imposing indeed from their august heights as we passed them at 11 P. M. Many humourous stories are told about them in Norway. "Between which two peaks is the distance the greatest?" You are asked. As the distances between the peaks are pretty equal you take some time to answer the question,—examining the distance between A and B, between B and C, between C and D, and so on to G. At last you guess an answer;—say, the distance between B and C. "No" the Norwegian says in reply "the greatest distance is between A and G *i.e.*, the two peaks at the two extremes." A story is also told that these peaks were proud sisters—and they were so proud that no one could approach them or win them as brides. And so there they still remain, as very proud maidens often do, still waiting to be married.

It was nearly midnight when we went to bed and I could read the smallest type in my guide-book in the twilight! The light began to broaden into daylight soon

Arctic Circle.

after midnight. At 2 A.M. we passed the Arctic Circle,—and now we were in the Arctic region! "Rather a widish range" from the tropics, in the words of a fellow passenger!

27th July. "What lovely weather!" "What a fine morning!" Such were the words which resounded in our saloon on the morning of the 27th. For the clouds which had obscured the sky for three days had disappeared,—or perhaps we had passed through the cloudy zone,—and a bright sunlight streamed through the windows into our beautiful saloon. I wish I could describe in a few words our daily breakfasts and dinners in the saloon. We dined at 2 P. M. and about fifty to sixty persons from the different countries of Europe sat down together. The continental people are not so reserved and taciturn as the English, and a confused murmur of many voices rose (as at a genuine Hindu feast!) when we sat down to dinner.

To our left a group of robust Germans vociferated in right gutteral accents! In front of us two or three Frenchmen talked and talked so glibly, that all my attempt to follow them was in vain! At some distance were groups of ladies and gentlemen hailing from America, some of whom made themselves heard, and their presence felt, from one end of the room to the other! One spirited young lady hung up an American flag over the spot where she sat.

Our English friends.

The Sheriff of London and his wife and niece were of our party; and among the other Englishmen who were on board there were two who were members

of Parliament before the election of 1886, but both of whom had lost their seats at that election. One of them was connected with a great firm in the west of England, had made a fine country house for himself with grounds all round, and was now travelling in Norway with his wife. He took an enlightened interest in Indian matters, as many educated Englishmen are beginning to do, and we had long conversations on India which country he expects to visit shortly. The other ex-member of Parliament who was a monied man and a London banker had also studied some Indian questions.

In speaking of the Englishmen on board the "Capella" I must not forget to make some mention of a very clever and very witty and very sarcastic retired solicitor, whose conversation and spicy remarks on various matters gave us infinite amusement during the whole journey. He was a strong conservative, and had settled down in a sea-side town after retiring from his work. Among the other English passengers was an engineer from the Bombay Presidency.

Numerically the Americans were the strongest on board. The raw-boned, globe-trotting Americans with their somewhat free and easy manners and their brag about their free institutions are often ridiculed by English writers, but when one comes to know them, he takes and esteems them. There was one American gentleman among us who was travelling with his wife and two pretty daughters. He was thoroughly courteous and gentleman-like in his manners, had seen various parts

Our American friends.

of the world, was well read and well informed, and gave us much valuable information on various subjects. His daughters, though very young, were thoroughly up in French and German, and had been travelling and residing in those countries to perfect their knowledge of those tongues. Another American party consisted of a father and son from Chicago. The father was a Swede by birth, but had emigrated to America when young. He was from the ranks, but it is wonderful how little distinction there is in America between the different ranks in society. This grower of flowers and seeds, for such he was, was a thoroughly enlightened and well-informed man, had completed his education by travels, and his son was now in college, spoke several languages, and had vistited several countries of the world. An Indian cannot help feeling humbled when he sees the liberal system of education as it prevails in Europe and in America. While we spend the best part of our school and college days in mastering the difficulties of one European language, in Europe they learn the English, the French and the German as a matter of course, and what is of far greater importance, they perfect their education by travels.

Speaking of travelling there was one old American lady of our party who is probably the most enthusiastic traveller that I have seen. She had travelled all over Europe, even in Spain; and as she candidly said, she would feel miserable if she was not travelling, and would rather die travelling! This I think is carrying it to excess. But every educated man ought to travel to some extent

if he can. Travelling opens up our mind, broadens our ideas, enlarges our sympathies, and makes us better fitted to receive new impressions and new incentives to work. For us, who are born and educated in India, it is also of incalculable advantage to see with our own eyes and to study with care the results of modern civilization in Europe and America, and to assimilate what is good in them with our own national progress. And if yet another plea for travelling was necessary, the pleasure of seeing the varied sceneries of the earth in various parts, and the interest one derives in examining the customs and manners of different races and nations would afford a sufficient plea. Why should we, by a senseless and self-imposed disability, preclude ourselves from one of the greatest sources of instruction and pleasure, when all the world around us benefits by it?

I will speak of only one more American party. It was a famly party including a young lady who was the affianced bride of a young man who was also travelling with the party. The young lady was open and candid in her manners, often loud in her conversation. Judged by the English standard her ways would scarcely be styled polished, and yet I do not know why that somewhat artificial standard should be applied universally, and why people capable of more joyousness should not openly and candidly enjoy themselves in their own way. However, I am not going to set up as a writer on manners. It is enough to state that I found them extremely nice people at heart. They were open and

candid in their conversation, genuine in their sympathies, and wishing well to all, while they desired to enjoy themselves in their own way. I had much pleasure in sketching a plan of tour which the young lady wished to make in India in the following year.

Our German friends.

Next to the Americans the Germans were numerically the strongest of our party. Germans have of late developed somewhat suddenly a rage for travelling, and I have met them in large numbers everywhere in the continent. Self-assertion, too, of a somewhat boisterous description is sometimes imputed to them, and I have heard many Englishmen complain that the Franco-Prussian War has spoilt the Germans, and they have grown bumptuous and self-asserting since! Englishmen of all people, however, have the least reason for bringing this charge, as it is identically the same charge that was brought against *them* two or three generations ago, when they were a great continental power. And if the Germans, having now secured for themselves the first place among the military nations of Europe, are sometimes prone to self-assertion, the failing is natural.

However that may be, the little colony of Germans on board our steamer certainly signalized themselves by their loud joyness and "obstreperous hilarity!" The saloon rang with their voices at dinner time, and it was amusing to contrast their lively conversation and gesticulations with the quiet talk of phlegmatic Englishmen! And sometimes at evening the sound of German songs, sung in chorus by all who could join, startled the echoes

of the Arctic hills! Good-hearted, genuine, honest fellows all of them, and we liked them very much.

Among the Germans there was a Professor of Chemistry from Berlin who had travelled a good deal and had been to Calcutta and to Ceylon. He spoke in raptures about the lovely and enchanting scenery of Ceylon and described it as a paradise on earth. When I told him that his great fellow-countryman Haeckel had also described Ceylon in equally feeling terms, he surprised me by saying that Haeckel was one of his most intimate friends, and had mentioned his name in his work on Ceylon. He was a great admirer of Bismark and talked enthusiastically of the recent organization of the German empire and of the united German people. Bismark, he said, had more sense in his little finger than all the members of the German Parliament had in their heads put together!

Our French friends.

The two or three Frenchmen on board were completely put to the shade by the strong German party. One of them belonged to a high family and gave me his Paris address, hoping to see me there, and all of them were extremely polite and elegant in their manners as Frenchmen always are. They were generally taciturn, however, in the presence of the Germans, and on the whole I do not think they much enjoyed the trip in such company! Once or twice a remark escaped them that these Germans were rough and unsympathetic. I could quite understand their subdued feeling,—a feeling which all Frenchmen share and will continue to share till they

win back Alsace and Lorraine or cease to be Frenchmen.

Other friends.

There were some Swedes and Norwegians among us, and three Dutch ladies, who generally formed a group of their own; and there were one Swiss and one Hungarian and some Austrians I believe,—who all mixed with the German party. Such were our companions during our voyage to the North Cape!

Lofoden Islands.

On the morning of the 27th we found ourselves in the quiet town of Bodo; and we left that town for the Lofoden islands, the famous group of islands on the north-western coast of Norway. We rounded several of these beautiful islands and then entered into the Rafter Sund, when a magnificent panorama of hills, valleys and winding creeks burst upon our sight. Never have I witnessed a finer scenery than this wild panorama of fantastic and precipitous rocks and hills, islets and bays, creeks and valleys, which met us at every turn. Snow rested in patches over the hollows and crevices of these hills, glaciers sparkled in some places under the golden beams of the sun, and beauteous rills descended from rock to rock like streaks of sparkling silver. High hills rose precipitously from the sea, while little creeks winded at their foot. Farms and dwelling houses dotted the valleys, and green cultivated fields checkered the birch-covered hill sides. There is nothing like a regular village in the whole Norwegian coast, only scattered farms and houses,—three or four at one place,—and

patches of green fields indicated the habitation of man.

When we came out of this beautiful Rafter Sund we saw regular Arctic scenery on all sides of us. A still cold sea, bleak rocks on all sides, snow and glacier resting on the rocks! We gazed and gazed on this wild characteristic scenery until it was past 10 P.M. The sun still lingered among the hill tops when we retired.

Tromso, and Norwegian Lapland.

28th July. Early this morning we found ourselves in the harbour of the town called Tromso, and after breakfast we went on shore and walked along the Tromsodale (Tromso valley); we saw an encampment of Lapps and reindeer about two miles off. We were now in Norwegian Lapland, the region which was at one time almost entirely populated by the Lapps. The number of this strange people has however now gone down to only 30,000 *i.e.* about 18,000 in Norway and 12,000 in Sweden and Russia. When we reached their encampment we were much impressed with what we saw. The Lapps are a very short people scarcely over 5 feet in height, and men and women all clothe themselves in reindeer skins. We went into a Lapp tent built of birch barks and sods of grass, with a hole in the top for the admission of light, and to allow the smoke to escape. A kettle was boiling in the fire, and a couple of babies were sleeping in cradles. And such cradles! The poor babies were tightly encased and wrapped in skin cases of the shape of canoes, so that

they could move neither arm nor leg! Their faces only were visible when not covered with cloth.

The Lapps have high cheek-bones like the hill people near Assam, but they are shorter than any people I have yet seen. Reindeer milk is their chief means of subsistence, and reindeer is their sole property. There was a glacial time when this strange animal lived in the south of Europe, but it is extinct now except in Lapland. We saw a herd of them in this encampment. Some of the Lapps speak Norwegian—and they had brought skin purses and boots and horn-spoons and knives (their own manufacture) for sale among the passengers.

Photographing is a mania in Europe, and there are amateur photographers everywhere. When we were coming from Hull to Norway a clergyman photographed us with his wife and child and kindly gave us some copies of the photograph which he printed on board. On the "Capella" one of the ex-members of the Parliament, of whom I have spoken before, photographed us with a number of other passengers. And now here in the Lapp encampment the German Professor photographed all of us with a few of the Lapps and their reindeer also. Some professional photographers of Tromso too had come and took us all, and they told us the copies would be ready for sale by the time we returned from the North Cape.

After dinner we strolled in the town of Tromso, looking at the furs and skins of polar animals exposed for sale, and buying some photographs of the Midnight Sun—as we hardly expected to see it as the weather had

turned cloudy and misty again! The museum of Tromso specially interested us. We saw there stuffed specimens of the Polar Bear, the Northern Wolf, the White Fox, the Whale, the Shark, the Walrus. the Grampas, the Eagle, the Seagull, various kinds of Ducks and many other birds seen in the Arctic seas. We left Tromso in the evening. On our way we saw a splendid glacier all along the slope of a high hill.

Hammerfest.

29th July. Early in the morning we found ourselves in Hammerfest, *the most northern town in the world.* There are isolated huts or churches further north, but no town in this high latitude. I need hardly say that this place as well as Tromso and the whole of northern Norway, town and country, hill and dale, are covered with snow in the cold season, and sledges are then about the only means of conveyance. When we went snow rested only in patches on hills, and the thermometer this day was 50° F. at midday. We went down at Hammerfest, a place which smelt of fishing and dried fish, and which contains over 2000 inhabitants.

The day was cloudy and misty as before, and after leaving Hammerfest we steamed through Arctic seas and bleak hills to a place called Bird's Rock, because myriads of Seagulls inhabit and whiten its sides. The sound of cannon discharged from our steamer disturbed these birds and we saw clouds of them whirling all ronnd the rock. I never saw such clouds of birds anywhere before, and it is wonderful they have made their habitation in this bleak remote point beyond the habitation of man.

North Cape.

Two hours more brought us to the celebrated North Cape, rising boldly and precipitously out of the sea to a height of nearly a thousand feet. Europe terminated here, and the billows of the cold and sublime Arctic Ocean stretched from the foot of this noble hill far, far into those Polar regions which man knoweth not and has not seen! As one gazes and gazes over this sublime and limitless ocean,—beyond the last frontier of human habitation—beyond the last traces of man's handiwork,—he almost feels himself removed from the round of human actions and feelings, and remembers human life but as a troubled dream, and he contemplates this vast earth as a speck in the limitless universe spreading through limitless space and through endless time.

I shall never forget the feeling of enthusiasm and exultation with which, after finishing a substantial supper, we all began our ascent of the North Cape by daylight at 10 P. M. on the 29th July, 1886. One or two passengers only remained in the ship. One of the ex-members of Parliament of whom I have spoken above condemned the attempt as foolish, and with very good reason too, (because he weighed about 18 stone!) and his wife also remained behind. One of my Indian friends also felt too lazy after the supper to attempt the task at first, but he changed his mind suddenly as if moved by an electric impulse, and the impulse carried him on fairly to the top of the North Cape!

Behold us then all scrambling up the famous North Cape—(famous in our school-day Geographies!) by a

narrow and somewhat precipitous path winding along the side of that steep hill. The stout Germans took the lead, and the stentorian voice of the German Professor resounded from rock to rock as he shouted to his companions far above him or far below him; and sounds of merry laughter and of stray bits of song disturbed the echoes of the night! The Swiss gentleman, of whom I have also spoken above, was as vigorous at his age—probably over fifty—as a young man of thirty, and soon left me, a very poor mountaineer, far behind. We called him Napoleon, because he kept a beard in the style of Napoleon III., and we used to be considerably amused by the partiality he always manifested for a real good substantial dinner,—reading out day after day the bill of fare with great gusto and self-satisfaction! American parties also came up one after another, and the merry laughter of fair ladies rung in the stillness of that lonesome hill.

At last we were fairly on the top of the hill, after having passed several large patches of snow hanging in crevices The sun was above the horizon, but it was impossible to see it through the mist which rose and gathered that night, and we could therefore only imagine his solar majesty and know and feel his presence in the broad daylight around us. From the highest part of the North Cape we looked on the vast and limitless Arctic Ocean rolling under our feet. We had come to the end of our travels, we had reached the point where Europe ends, where the habitation of man terminates, and where the great unknown Polar Sea begins. It is impossible

to describe the exultation which the tourists felt as these ideas waked in their minds. Groups of Germans sang their national songs until the midnight air re-echoed their voice, and Americans hoisted their national flag,—stripes and stars,—over a stick, and drank to the formation of a universal Republic of Peace! I will not conceal the pain and humiliation which I felt in my inmost soul as I stood on that memorable night among representatives of the free and advancing nations of the earth rejoicing in their national greatness. Champagne was drunk on the top of the hill, and Germans and Frenchmen, Englishmen and Americans, pressed us to share their hospitality. I accepted their offer with thanks on my lips, but I felt within me that I had no place beside them. May we in the course of years progress in civilization and in self-government, in mercantile enterprise and in representative institutions, even as the young English Colonies in Australia are doing year by year. And may our sons' sons when they come to Europe *feel* that India can take her place among the great advancing countries of the earth. Let us trust to the future, but trust still more to our own honest work and hard endeavour. There is not a race in Europe or in the whole world but has gained its place by hard, severe, unremitted struggle and toil. And if we too, each individual among us, learn to work honestly and truly for our country, we cannot fail.

It was near midnight when we descended, and the descent, along a somewhat steep path moistened by some slight showers, was more trying than the ascent. We effected it, however, came to our steamer, changed

our wet clothes, and were at last comfortably in our berths a little after midnight,—of course it was broad daylight still.*

---

* I have spoken of my worthy brother who is somewhat of a poet and somewhat of an antiquarian as well as an inveterate traveller! My readers will no doubt be glad to read the following beautiful specimen of his poetry on the *Home of the Sun.*

I saw thee in my native skies
  Where fiercely shines thy summer ray,
I saw thee midst the palm trees rise
  And sink in Gunga far away.

I saw Aurora blushing bright
  Herald thy rise at early morn,
I saw thy fiery car of light
  Sink down at eve midst waving corn.

I wondered where thy home might be,
  Thy place of rest at dead of night,
In some green spot, midst wood and tree,
  Or in some mountain hid from sight.

I saw thee rising from the sea
  And dip into the sea again,
I wondered if your home would be
  Within the bosom of the main.

I followed thee from clime to clime,
  From fiery tropic to the pole,
And long I watched thy course sublime
  From mountains to where billows roll.

I watched thee o'er Himalay rise,
  O'er snow-capped peak and dark defile,
I saw thee in the groves of spice,
  Embosomed in green Ceylon isle.

And o'er Arabian hills of sand
  I saw thee shoot thy fiery ray,
And in the ancient Pharoh's land
  I hailed thee, radiant god of day!

Long did I seek, long did I roam—
  Alas! I sought and roamed in vain—
I could not find, O Sun! thy home
  In the blue sky or earth or main.

I need not say that the sun never appears in these regions in the cold season for more than two months together and that it never sets here in the summer for an equal length of time, from the middle of May to the end of July.

30th July. We now commenced our return voyage south wards. It was cloudy and gloomy the whole day,

---

'Twas not in south Italian skies
Where brightly shines thy beaming face,
'Twas not where Spanish hills arise
In stately form and matchless grace.

'Twas not in cheerless English heaven,
There have I looked but looked in vain,
Where the dark cloud by cold winds driven
Incessant pours in tears of rain.

But I have found thy home at last,—
'Tis where the bleak and cheerless sea
Keeps music to the north wind's blast
Far in the world's extremity !

Here standing on Norwegian cliff
That peeps into the icy pole,
And where the wind blows cold and stiff,
And clouds and mists in masses roll.

I view thy home from this wild height
Yon mists and clouds and waves among ;
Hail god of day and god of night !
By Rishis as by Sages sung !

Hail deity of the infant earth,
Adored in every distant clime,
Changeless since creation's birth,
Changeless to the end of time !

Rest, rest on yonder icy main
Until it is thy time to rise.
A few short months, and back again
I'll hail thee in our Indian skies.

and rain poured in torrents. The thermometer stood at 48 degrees. I believe, it stood at 78 degrees in London and at 98 degrees in Calcutta about this time of year! We left Hammerfest (the most northern town in the world) early in the morning and in the afternoon we entered into a magnificent fiord called the Lingen Fiord. Like most of the Norwegian fiords it runs from the sea about 20 or 30 miles inland, and seemed like a long winding beautiful lake with magnificent rocks on both sides rising abruptly from the water to a height of thousands of feet. As we steamed through this fiord the scene changed every instant, and new combinations of rocks and valley struck us at every moment. In some places magnificent rocks rose precipitously from the water to a height of three or four thousand feet and towered in the sky—bleak, bold and sublime. In other places the retreating rocks left before us a basin where streamlets collected from all sides. Snow rested in every hollow and crevice in large white masses. Streamlets leapt from crag to crag and descended in silver tresses along the bold rocks at every turn that we took, while in many places large glaciers hung on the slopes of high rocks in their lovely bluish color and superb crystal beauty. Glaciers are streams of ice slowly descending from mountains and hanging on the slopes of those mountains from century to century. The white mass gradually descends, but so slowly that its progress is imperceptible to the eye. But as it descends and the lower parts melt, fresh ice forms in the upper part, and the great mass, therefore, remains the same

Lingen Fiord.

in bulk. The slow and eternal descent of these hard fields of ice crushes the rocks beneath, and the glacier water, therefore, is mingled with powdered rocks and is whiter than the blue sea-water. It rained the whole afternoon, but the scene before us was so beautiful, so varied and continually changing, and so lovely with its sublime rocks, its beautiful sparkling waterfalls and its fine glaciers, that we gazed on it eagerly during the whole time we were in the fiord, unwearied, unsatiated. We came out to the sea about 11 P. M. and we went to bed after midnight which I need hardly repeat was still light as day.

31st July. We were in Tromso early in the morning and found that the photographers who had taken us at the Lapp encampment a few days ago had brought printed copies of the photograph. Everybody on board bought them, and all the copies brought were soon sold off. Leaving Tromso we steamed the whole day through sheltered creeks, and as we came southwards we saw farms and houses and cultivated fields again. Our whole way seemed to lie through one long continuous lake with fine wooded hills on both sides of us and little clusters of houses at the foot of the hills here and there. In the afternoon we came near the charming Lofoden Isles again, and steamed down leaving those islands to our right and the mainland to our left. I cannot describe how lovely those islands looked in the rays of the setting sun. Some of the peaks which caught the rays of the sun shone like molten gold, while a soft blue color shaded and beautified the entire range

of island-rocks in all their fantastic and variegated forms. The sun gradually hid itself behind those mountains after 10 P. M. and the glow of the sunset still rested in the western sky at 11 P.M. when we went to bed. I could not sleep for some hours, the twilight shone through my cabin window; and while I was still trying to compose myself to sleep at about 2 o'clock, I saw the eastern sky all aglow with the beams of the rising sun!

Glacier of Svartsen.

1st August. We came to the famous glacier of Svartsen this morning. This is one of the finest and largest glaciers in Europe, being no less than 80 miles long! It is in fact a river of ice hanging on the tops of hills and slowly running into the sea. We landed here and walked over the glacier as far as we could.

A little after 2 P. M. we crossed the Arctic Circle and came back into the temperate zone. In the evening, we saw another pretty fiord, and then we passed by the Seven Sisters which we had visited before on our way up.

2nd August. We reached Trondjem this afternoon after a tour of 8 days in the "Capella." During these 8 days we had travelled 8 degrees, from 63 degrees to 71 degrees north latitude, and back again; and as I have said before, we had not, during all these days, had night's darkness for a single hour.

Return to Trondjem.

The town of Trondjem is famous for its ancient Cathedral built in the 12th, 13th and 14th centuries of the Christian Era, over the site of St. Olaf's grave. Crowds of

pilgrims used to come to this spot in those olden times, and the Kings of Norway used to be buried here. Under the present constitution of Norway (1814) all sovereigns are required to repair here to be crowned in this Cathedral. It is a fine building but has been undergoing restoration since 16 or 17 years past, and the process is likely to go on for 40 or 50 years more. The restorers are wisely preserving all the designs of the olden times, replacing the materials only where necessary.

From Norway to Sweden by Railway.

3rd August. We left Trondjem for Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, a distance of 530 miles. For sometime after leaving Trondjem we went along the shores of the beautiful Fiord of Trondjem, and then entered into a narrow valley with high pine-covered hills on both sides of us, and with a mountain streamlet winding below. The western coasts of Norway, as I have already mentioned before, is more or less bleak and bare, but in the interior the whole Scandinavian peninsula may be said to be one magnificent forest of pine and fir which constitutes the beauty and the wealth of this kingdom. We threaded our way through these dark pine-covered mountains, until the valley widened itself at Merakar, the last station in Norway. The little town is prettily situated in the valley and on both sides of a meandering stream. Cultivated fields and low hills stretched on all sides and cheered the eye. Above and around them the dark pines shaded the sides of high mountains whose tops were bleak and

bare, and were covered with patches of snow. Leaving this beautiful town our train rapidly ascended until we crossed the Kionlen mountains and the frontier between Sweden and Norway, (about 2000 ft. above the sea-level) and reached Storlien, the first station in Sweden.

We had our dinner here, and I must pause for a moment to describe the novel and primitive fashion in which they supply dinners at this Railway stations. There is nothing like ordering things or being attended upon by waiters. There is plenty of good things heaped on the central table, and each must help himself as best he can in the general rush and confusion ! One has first to find a plate and spoon and knife and fork, and when he has done that, he helps himself to some soup and then to some meat and potatoes and vegetables. Fruits, cakes and cream there are in profusion on the table,—specially cream which is rich and plentiful in Norway,—and the only difficulty is to get at them in the crowd ! When all is done, you go to a counter on one side, pay the price of the dinner and get a ticket, which you hand over to the man waiting outside on leaving the place. I rather liked this kind of arrangement, being specially blessed with a good appetite and a strong partiality for cream !

Leaving Storlien we went through the most beautiful scenery. Dark pine-covered hills stretching in varying forms on every side of us, rushing mountain streams with frequent waterfalls clattering on their stony beds, and here and there a beautiful lake surrounded by hills and reflecting on its bosom the dark woods around.

We seemed to be gazing on a perfect picture as we passed through this beautiful country. Population is sparse, and the wooden houses and villages looked quaint and beautiful. We passed Dufed which is about two hours from the beautiful fall of Tannfors. We then passed Are at the foot of the Areskutan mountain, 5380 feet high. There are copper mines here. We then crossed several small lakes and streams and in the afternoon reached the beautiful town of Ostersund situated on the northern bank of the Stor lake. The lake, the island in its midst, and the picturesque town on its bank looked beautiful indeed.

4th August. Our train passed through unending pine forests and wooded hills by night, until we found ourselves at Bollnäs in the morning. Our journey lay the whole day through beautiful scenes, like what we had seen on the previous day. We crossed the Dalelf, the historic frontier of Dalarne, and came to Krylbo, and soon after reached Sala, a town founded by Gustavus Adolphus in 1622 A.D. and famous as the principal silver mine of Sweden. The yield was considerable before, but has decreased to 2,300 lbs only a year now. Lead-ore and letharage are the minerals chiefly worked here now. The country now began to be more and more flat, and at 3 P. M. we reached Upsala, the historic University town of Sweden. We left the through train here in order to pass a few hours in this celebrated place.

Upsala.

The Cathedral of Upsala was commenced in the thirteenth century and completed in the fifteenth, and is a high and

imposing building in the Gothic style. Among the objects of interest which we saw in the interior were the sarcophagus of King Erec IX, the Patron Saint of Sweden, who was killed by the Danes in 1160 A.D., and the burial Chapel of Gustavus Vasa, containing marble figures of himself and his two wives, and fresco paintings of scenes from his life. Far more interesting to us were the grave and monument of Charles Linnæus, the father of modern botany, and probably the greatest scientific man that Sweden has produced. The monument is of porphyry with a Bronze medallion on it.

The magnificent new University building of Upsala is one of the finest buildings of its kind in the world. The University of Upsala was founded in the fifteenth century and was richly endowed by Gustavus Adolphus and has about 1700 students. The new University building was commenced in 1877 and has not yet been quite completed. The grand concert hall is decorated in the finest style of workmanship, and the lecture rooms of the different faculties are also exceedingly fine. The stairs are of green Swedish marble, and the ceilings of all the rooms are tastefully decorated with designs in gold.

Not far from the University building is the Carolina Rediviva, a handsome building containing the valuable library of the University, 23,000 volumes. The chief treasure of this library is the famous Code Argenteus, being a translation of the four gospels into Meso-Gothic by Bishop Ulphilas in the 4th century of the Christian era. It is written on 188 leaves of parchment in gold

and silver letters on a reddish ground. The value of this work consists in the fact that it is the sole relic of the Gothic language of that age, and antiquarians are exclusively indebted to it for their knowledge of that language. The M.S. was captured in the thirty years' war and was presented by Queen Christiana to Vassius, her librarian, and was purchased from him for 400 crowns by De la Gardie, the Chancellor of the University.

Not far from the library is the castle named Slott, founded by Gustavus Vasa in 1548 but never completed. From the top of this rock we could see at a distance of about two miles the three Kungshogur or Tumuli of the ancient kings, each about 58 ft. in diameter. They are named Thor, Odin and Freyr after the Scandinavian gods. One of them was opened in 1845 and another in 1874 when evidence of their having been thrown up by human hands was found.

We left Upsala at 7-30 P. M. and reached Stockholm at 10 P. M. Some Germans, one Hungarian and one Swiss gentleman had been travelling with us all the way since we came to Norway,—to the North Cape and back again, and now to Stockholm. All continental nations are remarkable for their extreme courtesy to strangers, and I will always bear pleasing recollections of the many acts of courtesy and kindly assistance which these friends rendered to us throughout our journey.

Stockholm.

5th August. Stockholm has a population of about 200,000, *i. e.*, about one-fourth the population of Calcutta and

Suburbs, and about one-twentieth the population of London. But it is much finer than either of those towns, and is in fact, one of the prettiest towns in the world. Its situation on a cluster of islands at the junction of the Lake Malaren and the Baltic Sea gives it a natural advantage in point of beauty which it is difficult to conceive without visiting the place. The Staden and other islands on which the city is built lie in a line, west and east, but the modern town has extended both on the northern bank of the sea called Normalmen, and the southern bank called Sodermalmen.

We were stopping in a hotel on the northern bank, and after breakfast there crossed the fine Norrbro bridge and came to Staden island, and visited the Palace. The Queen's apartments were magnificently fitted up, and so were those of the King's, the Crown Prince's and the Crown Princess's. But finest of all were the state apartments with the fine "grand gallery" 52 yards long, the great banqueting room 45 yards long, and the magnificent ball room.

Not very far from the palace is the celebrated Ridderholm Kyrka, which may be called the Westminister Abbey of Sweden. For centuries this Church has been the burial place of the kings and the most celebrated great men of Sweden. The remains of the great Gustavus Adolphus rest in a sarcophagus of green marble executed in Italy, and facing that is a black marble sarcophagus containing the remains of the greatest of Sweden's warriors and conquerors, King Charles XII. Both these sarcophaguses are surrounded by banners and drums

and old relics of the wars fought by these great kings. A lion's skin in brass, with a crown, a sword and a sceptre are placed on the sarcophagus of Charles XII. Many other kings and queens and members of the Swedish royal family are interred here.

Leaving the islands behind we now came to the southern bank of the sea *i. e.*, to Sodermalmen or the southern part of the town. This part of the town is built on high rocks considerably higher than the other parts, and a lift has been constructed for the convenience of the people which in less than a minute raised us to the top of Sodermalmen ! The view from this height was splendid. The Baltic with its busy traffic and countless steamers and launches lay at our feet ; Staden island with its colossal palace, as well as other islands stretched east and west before us as we looked to the north ; and beyond these islands extended the northern portion of the town with the National Museum towering boldly over the other buildings.

We had now roughly surveyed the northern town, the central island, and the southern town. This was a good day's work. But we were so delighted with what we had seen of Stockholm that we rushed out again after dinner to visit parts of the town yet unexplored. Djurgarden island boasts of delightful gardens and places of amusement. The Hasselback restaurant was brilliantly illuminated and fitted up, seats and tables for visitors were placed under trees in a garden, and a band discoursed music to the assembled people. Paris has set the example of these open air cafès which are so pleasant and delightful in summer, and there is not a capital city

in Europe now which has not got its open air cafès and places of music. From this place we went to another garden beautifully illuminated with Chinese lanterns from one end to the other and presenting entertainments of various kinds to visitors. There was a stage erected at one end, and we listened there to some beautiful singing.

6th August. The National Museum of Stockholm contains a noble collection of pictures. The picture which struck me most was that of Charles XII. killed at Fredrikshald and borne back from that hostile fortress by his veteran soldiers, some of them wounded and bleeding, over a rocky path all covered with snow. It is done by a Swedish painter. There is also a splendid collection here of pre-historic flint and bronze weapons as also relics of early and mediæval times.

Gustavsberg. Glimpses of Swedish life.

In the afternoon we went in a steamer to a place called Gustavsberg, about 10 miles to the east from Stockholm. The Baltic Sea here is not an open sea, but is almost blocked by a thick cluster of rocky islets of every possible shape and form, and covered with luxuriant woods; and during the whole of our voyage, therefore, we seemed to be threading our way through a winding lake, or rather through a succession of lakes embosomed in the midst of wooded hills. Sometimes our way seemed to be almost land-blocked, and the steamer slowly threaded its way between high rocks on both sides; while at other times the passage expanded into a beautiful lake. The scene was lovely, but its loveliness was not owing entirely, or even mainly, to the

beauty of the natural scenery. For it was the glimpses of simple and happy rural life amid these primeval woods and hills that shed a charm over the scene. Every here and there quaint and picturesque wooden villas and cottages, lovelier and more picturesque than what I have ever seen even on canvas, peeped from among the green foliage of the unending woods. Green lawns and flowering creepers and neat parterres beautified these sylvan and solitary habitations. As the steamer neared some landing stage, young girls in quaint attires ran from neighbouring villas, old men and prattling children rushed forward with fond greetings, and smiles and signs of kindly recognition were exchanged from those on shore and those on deck. The whole wooded country round Stockholm is thus studded by country villas belonging to the well-to-do people of the town, and numerous steamers ply from Stockholm in various directions. Our steamer stopped frequently, and passengers went down to their villas or came on deck. Often, it seemed to me, the waving of a handkerchief on the landing stage was the signal for the steamer to stop, while groups of children cheered the steamer as she slowly winded along the creeks.

The politeness of the Swedes and the Norwegians.

I do not pretend to be a judge of a people's character after a few weeks' residence among them, but there are some remarkable features which even a stranger cannot fail noticing in the Norwegians and the Swedes. The artificiality of civilized life and of social manners almost disappears

among these simple people, they seem contented and happy as children ! Their face and features are not unlike those of Englishmen,—only there is no pride or reserve in their deportment or expression, in their manners or conversation. And they are so obliging, so really anxious to do a kind act to a stranger ! A busy man will leave his office and walk a considerable distance to show the way to a stranger, and he takes off his hat and bows when he is thanked. Nor is this merely outward politeness,—the Swede or the Norwegian is really happy when he can do a little kind act to help one. He always wears a smiling face, and his smile is never assumed, it is the true reflexion of a kindly disposition. Such are my own personal impressions ; I learn from books that in the noble qualities of true honesty and integrity the Swedes and Norwegians stand high among the nations of Europe, that thefts are almost unknown here, and crime is rare. An English lady, who has travelled much, informed me, that a stranger is as safe and as free when travelling in Norway and Sweden as he is in England, and in fact freer.

I do not wish to prolong this story of my travels, but it is a pleasure to me to record a few instances of the kind of courtesy which I daily witnessed and received. In Trondjem I wanted to go to a steamer office to get some information, and by mistake went to a wrong office. Without suspecting my mistake I made my enquiries, and the official, nothing shocked at my intrusion, tried to answer them as best he could for several minutes together. At last I learnt that I had come to

a wrong office, and then he left the office and accompanied me to the next office to show me the way. At Upsala the great University library was not open when we reached there. But when the persons who had custody of the library learnt that strangers had come to the town and were anxious to see the famous Code Argenteus, they procured the keys from the proper quarters and with an unassuming kindness which I cannot sufficiently admire shewed us through the halls. At Stockholm a gentleman learnt that we wished to go to a certain place. He took us to the gate, explained what we wanted, got our admission, accompanied us to the proper place, and then bowed and took off his hat when we thanked him. Does any one meet with kindlier help and greater courtesy than this in any part of the world? Do we receive greater attention than this when we are travelling in our own country and among our own countrymen?

After a voyage of an hour and half or more we reached Gustavsberg. A proprietor of a porcelain manufactory there shewed us through the manufactory. The earth is got from Cornwall in England, and we saw the different processes by which it was ground and mixed and made into paste. The paste was then shaped as plates or cups, jugs or basins, and then fired on huge ovens. The articles were then painted and glazed and fired again. I was much interested in what I saw. In the evening we returned to Stockholm.

7th August. We saw the Northern Museum which contains a collection of various articles illustrating the

life and habits and industries of the people of the different portions of Sweden and Norway, from the Lapps in the North to the people living near the Baltic Sea. We also saw the new National Library of Stockholm recently completed, and the fine statue of Charles Linnæus in front of it. After exploring these and other places in the northern part of the town, and visiting the church which contains the tomb and monument of Descartes the philosopher, we went by steamer to the summer place of the King at Drotningholm. We were as usual led through the different rooms of the palace, but the furniture and paintings looked rather tame and poor in comparison with the gorgeous furniture of the Stockholm palace. A Chinese Pagoda in the Park is a still poorer affair, but the park itself is fine and extensive, and the gardens in front of the palace well laid out.

8th August. This morning we visited the Swedish parliament, the upper house and the lower house, and then left Stockholm for Gottenburg. We went by steamer through the famous Gota canal which runs east and west right through Sweden, and so connects the Baltic Sea with the North Sea at Gottenburg.

Gota Canal.

Leaving Stockholm we entered the Malaren lake, and after a voyage of some hours due west, we suddenly turned to the south, passed through a lock and a bit of artificial canal and came out to the Baltic Sea. It is not open sea here, but quite an archipelago of small rocky islands, uninhabited and unfit for cultivation or for any vege-

tation except the hardy but stunted firs and pines which covered and beautified them. We threaded our way through these islands so that for the most part our way seemed to be through a beautiful and winding lake, and it was difficult to believe that we were in the sea. Sometimes, however, the islands almost disappeared and we had a view of the open sea, but soon we entered into a maze of islands again. We left the sea, and turned inland again at night.

Lake Rosen to Lake Boren.

9th August. Early in the morning we found ourselves in the beautiful lake Rosen, and by 8 A. M. we reached Berg at the west end of the lake. Here the steamer was to pass through about 15 locks, ascending about 150 ft. within half a mile! It was very interesting to watch the ascent; gate after gate was opened in the front and closed in the rear, and at each step the vessel rose about 10 ft. It took us about two hours before we had passed all these gates. From Berg to Lake Boren our route lay through a beautiful country. The canal was embanked on both sides with high earth-work shaded by rows of beautiful trees which gave the place a park-like appearance. On both sides of us we could see extensive cultivated fields, with stretches of rye, oats, wheat and barley. Farmers' residences and stables and barn houses dotted the country, while the poorer huts of labourers also appeared in view. The scene was pleasant, and it was a change too after the unending pine forests which we had seen in the more northern parts of the peninsula. Cultiva-

Swedish Peasantry.

tion is practised still more extensively on the more southern parts of Sweden, where the soil is less rocky still, and repays the toil of man. Both in Norway and Sweden the land belongs not to landlords but to farmers who live in their own domains and cultivate them. Small farmers own perhaps a hundred acres, or even less, while larger farms extend over three or four or five hundred acres, up to a thousand acres. The farmer pays the king's taxes, but no rent to any superior holder. He, of course, employs labourers to help him in cultivation, and these labourers are the poorest classes in Norway and Sweden. When they are young and unmarried, they generally let themselves out by the year, live in the farmer's house and take their meals there as members of the family, and get about 200 kronas (*i.e.*, about £11 in English money) the year as wages. But when they get married they build little houses of their own, and often plant out plots of small land with potatoes, and eke out the produce of their land by letting themselves out, say, at 1 krona a day. The Swedes are a patient and hardworking but a poor race, and hence large members of them emigrate annually to America. In fact the largest number of emigrants that America receives are from Germany, Sweden and Ireland. Rye, oats, wheat and barley and potatoes are the principal produce here, as I have stated before; the sea swarms with cod and herring, and the land yields an inexhaustible supply of pine timber. Milk too is plentiful and there is a large export of butter to other countries of Europe. Iron is also largely exported.

About 1 P. M. we came to the picturesque lake Boren,

and after we had left it behind we entered another canal. After passing through some more locks we ascended to Motala which is a large manufacturing town situated on the river Motala,—"Motalastrom,"—which was also the name of our steamer. There are large iron works and an engine factory here, and Swedish matches manufactured here are largely exported to India and elsewhere.

Vettern Lake.

Leaving this place behind we soon came to the fine Vettern lake, the finest of the large lakes of Sweden. The water is exquisitely clear like that of the sea, and the hills Vaberg and Omberg rise on opposite banks to a height of about 580 feet.

We stopped for about two hours at Vadstena, a town on the shores of this lake. Leaving that town we crossed the lake Vettern, and came to the pretty little town of Karlsburg and its fortress, the only fortress in the interior of Sweden. After we left that place, our route lay through a small winding lake surrounded by pine-clad low hills, and dotted with pine-clad islands. All was quiet and still over the dark and solitary forests, as our steamer slowly threaded its way over the still waters sleeping under the beautiful moon. The scene reminded me strongly of the still lonelier scenes I had seen in my own country when travelling by moonlight through the vast solitudes of the Sunderbans. We then began to ascend again through some locks and at night at last reached

Viken Lake.

the Viken lake, which is the highest sheet of water within our route, being over 300 ft. above the level of the sea.

10th August. We had now passed the highest point, and in the morning we found ourselves descending through a succession of locks until we reached the Venern lake, the largest of the inland lakes of Sweden. It took us the whole day to go over this spacious lake, specially as we touched at some places of which Lidkoping was the largest. It is a fine town with broad parallel streets and neatly built wooden houses some of which had a fine appearance. Not far from this town we saw the Kinnekulee, one of the most interesting hills of Sweden both geologically and in point of scenery. The hills rise gently in the form of different terraces, each of which generally marks a different geological formation. The rocks consist of granite, sandstone, alum-slate, limestone, clay, slate and lastly trap at the top, which has forced its way in a liquid condition through all the strata below it. With its cliffs and valleys and forests, its pastures, and little villages, Kinnekulee forms a little world of its own, and cherries and apples grow wild here.

Venern Lake.

11th August. We came to the magnificent waterfalls of Trolhattan this morning. The weather was not propitious as it was pouring in torrents, and leaving the steamer in this weather at 5 A. M. in the morning was anything but pleasant. But we could not miss that sight after having come so far, and so on we went through wind and rain! And when we came to the falls we were amply repaid for our toil. A vast volume of water, the river Gota, was rushing through a mountain gorge and be-

Trolhattan Falls.

tween walls of rock on both sides covered with pine. It rushed down in about half a dozen different falls, over a rocky bed, and the sight was grand indeed. It is the enormous volume of water that makes these falls so imposing, and in this respect the falls are unsurpassed in Europe.

We came back to our steamer from these falls, and we descended through some more locks to the level of the river Gota below all these falls. We then came down this river until we reached the busy and prosperous commercial town of Gottenburg, the largest and busiest port in the west coast of Sweden.

Gottenburg.

Gottenburg is a modern town founded by Gustavas Adolphus in 1621. The town has a remarkably pleasing appearance with large cleanly streets and handsome buildings, and the peculiar form of its canals and streets is due to the Dutch settlers of the period when the city was founded. When the seaports of Europe were closed o English trade in 1806 under the orders of the great Napoleon then supreme in Europe, Gottenburg formed the great depôt of English trade in the north, and received a fresh impulse in trade. It has an excellent harbour always crowded with ships, and the port is seldom blocked by ice in winter. The Baltic Sea near Stockholm is on the contrary blocked with ice every winter, and trade becomes well nigh impossible.

At the time that we reached Gottenburg there was an annual fair held in the town, thousands of people come from different parts of Norway and Sweden and also from

Holland, were present there. Linen was the principal commodity sold and bought in this fair. We saw the beautiful horticultural garden in this town and also walked through the pleasant avenue which goes all round south and east of the town. We visited also the Lorensburg Park where music and entertainments of various kinds delight the Gottenburgers every evening, and they assemble in large numbers.

12th August. We left Gottenburg by steamer for Christiania this morning, and came down the Gota river to the sea, (5 miles). We then turned northwards and went along the western coast of Sweden. The coast here is lined with clusters of small rocky islands, but unlike the islands in the Baltic Sea on the east coast of Sweden those of the west are almost destitute of all vegetation, and are bleak and perfectly bare. Large masses of rocks rise abruptly from the sea in every conceivable form, and we winded our way through these bleak islets. It is this bleak coast between Gottenburg and Christiania which was one of the principal resorts of the Vikings of old, and the present inhabitants of this coast are, my guide book tells me, "descendants of the ancient Vikings who have left representations of their exploits. * * At many points on the coast there are still remains of ancient castles, tombs, stone-chamber (*valar*), and monuments (*bautastenar*) so that this region (Bohuslan) is justly regarded as one of the cradles of the early Sagas of the North."

Besides fishing villages, towns have been erected on this coast, as people come here from all parts of Sweden

for sea bathing. Marstrand was the first bathing place we came to, visited annually by about 2000 bathers. The town has a handsome cleanly appearance, and opposite the town rises the fortress of Karlesten, called, I do not know why, the "Gibralter of the North." Leaving Marstrand behind we came to the still busier bathing place Lysekil. The baths are handsome, and there are many beautiful villas in the town.

A rough voyage in the sea of the Vikings.

The wind was blowing strongly from the morning, and when we left Lysekil, we had to pass through a bit of the open sea for about an hour and a half. The steamer which was a very small one began to roll uncomfortably. The wind rose higher every moment, and high waves came sweeping across the open sea and dashed against the little boat and sent her spinning along almost on one side! To stand on the deck was impossible,—to sit was difficult without holding fast to the rails! I saw the Captain looking uncomfortable, and the crew were also watching the sea with some anxiety on their face, and I confess that, however much interested in ancient history, I hardly relished the idea of laying my bones with those of the ancient Vikings in the bottom of these bleak seas. I had seen much worse weather and rougher sea before,—but not in such a small boat as this,—and we were all glad therefore when after half an hour of really bad rolling, (such as I would not like to experience again!) we neared land at last and entered a harbour near another seaport town. After some passengers had landed there the Captain hesitated

to go out to sea again. He took out the steamer to the mouth of the harbour and paused there for a moment. The wind was still rising, the waves were dashing with fury on the rocky coast, and our way lay through a number of rocky islands where navigation is always difficult. The captain thought discretion was the better part of valor and turned the vessel back again into the harbour, and we remained moored there the whole afternoon and the night. The wind whistled through our rigging, and it became worse and worse as the day declined.

However glad we were to stay in the harbour in such weather, we were not without anxiety. For we were to leave Christiania for England the next day (13th August), and had already secured berths in the "Angelo" by telegram from Gottenburg. Should we be able to reach Christiania before the "Angelo" left? If we could not reach Christiania in time, we should have to stop another week in Norway against our previous plans. With such apprehensions we went to bed.

13th August. This was the birth day of one of our party, and happily it turned out a lucky day for us. There is usually a lull in the weather after midnight, and the Captain took advantage of this and left harbour at 3 A. M. A little rolling at 4 A. M. made me conscious in my bed that we were again in the open sea, —but the rolling at that hour of the morning was nothing like what we had experienced the day before. The wind began to rise again as the day advanced, but after mid-day we were entering the Christiania Fiord. The Fiord is over

forty miles long and as we came higher and higher the scene looked picturesque. On both sides the pine-covered hills were dotted with little farms and villas and patches of cultivated ground at their base, while here and there a little village or a little town slept on the margin of the waters. We passed by Oscarsburg and its little fort, and reached Christiania before 4 P. M. The "Angelo" was to start at 5 P. M. so that we had an hour's time to take a hurried drive through the capital of Norway.

Christiania.

Christiania is a modern town built in 1624 by Christian IV. and named after him. The older town Olso was founded by Harold Hardrada (contemporary of Harold, the last Saxon King of England) in 1050 A.D. and became afterwards a depôt of the Hanseatic league and the capital of Norway. It was burnt down in 1567 by the inhabitants to prevent its falling into the hands of the Swedish besiegers, and was again destroyed in 1624 when this modern Christiania was founded. Norway and Sweden were always on hostile terms until the present century. From the commencement of authentic history there were continual wars between the two nations until the famous Margaret, the "Semiramis of the North" united the two countries and Denmark in 1398 A. D. by the union of Kalmar. This however was practically the subjection of Norway and Sweden under Denmark, and Sweden shook off this subjection under the famous Gustavas Vasa in 1523, *i. e.* 125 years after the union. Gustavas Vasa had illustrious successors

like Gustavas Adolphus and Charles XII., and Sweden created for herself a place and a name in Europe. But Norway remained united to Denmark, and Norwegian heroism displayed itself repeatedly in defending the country against Swedish invaders. Charles XII., the most warlike king of Sweden, died in a vain attempt to take the Norwegian frontier town of Fredrikshald. It was only in the present century, in 1814, that Norway was separated from Denmark. The allied powers who conquered Napoleon coerced Norway into an union with Sweden in 1815. But Norway still has now a separate parliament, a separate language, and a separate administration of her own, and is in every respect a separate country except that Norway and Sweden are under the same king and form one military power in Europe. For the rest, nearly the whole area of the two countries is, as I have said before, one unending pine forest, and population, in spite of the fishing, is sparse. Only about 10,000 spuare miles in Sweden, and only a thousand square miles in Norway are under cultivation, though the area of the two countries is nearly 300,000 square miles. And the population of the two countries does not much exceed five millions, *i. e.* a little over the population of London!

We saw the King's palace in Christiania, beautifully situated on the top of a hill rising by a gentle slope from the surrounding town, and surrounded by beautiful gardens. In front of the palace is an equestrian statue of Charles XIV., with his motto inscribed on it, meaning—"The people's love is my reward." We saw the Parlia-

ment house of Christiania, half Romanesque and half Byzantine in style, and much finer than that of Stockholm, though Christiania cannot as a town be compared for a moment with the capital of Sweden, either in its beauty or in its extent or population. The population of Christiania is only about 125,000. The most interesting things, however, that we saw in Christiania were two old sea-going vessels of the old Vikings supposed to date from the 9th century, which have recently been excavated from the graves of Viking chiefs and have been carefully preserved in two sheds behind the fine University building of Christiania. My antiquarian brother who had read a good deal about these boats and was hunting about for them ever since we reached Christiania, was deeply interested in these ancient relics of a bygone age. For all through the perils of our voyage from Gottenburg he had been dreaming of these Vikings' Boats, and their sight at last cheered his heart and rewarded his toil! We then drove through some principal streets of the town and came on board the "Angelo" which left the harbour at 5 P. M. The last scene that I witnessed in Norway created a deep impression in me. The same steamer which was taking us to England was taking in the 2nd class about 90 emigrants from Sweden and Norway to America. They were to go to Hull in this steamer and thence in another steamer to America. Nearly a thousand persons had assembled on the Quay to bid good-bye to these emigrants. Friends suppressed their sorrow and repeatedly cheered their parting friends, sisters waved their handkerchiefs to their parting brothers, mothers burst

out into convulsive sobs as they bade a long, long farewell to their sons whom they might never see any more. Women with swollen eyes came rushing on deck to say good-bye once more to their nearest and dearest relations, and there were some among them who were unable to speak a word and only put the handkerchief to their eyes and sobbed convulsively. The clock struck five, friends and relations, were torn from each other, and the steamer steamed off the quay. Long—long as I could see the shore, I saw handkerchiefs still waving in the far hazy distance, and they spoke of a pang too deep for words. It is a hard world we live in,—toil, hard unremitting toil is our lot, and often the dearest cherished affections and love have to be sacrificed to smooth the path of progress and to fulfil our destiny. It is on such sacrifices as these,—manfully made borne,—that true progress based.

CHAPTER VII.

PARIS.

I. *The Islands.*

THERE is but one Paris in the world,—and that is Paris! It would be difficult in any other part of the world to find such a crowd of public monuments and magnificent public buildings and fine specimens of architecture. It would be difficult to match her splendid Boulevards with spacious footpaths and fine rows of trees, and brilliantly lighted cafés on either side, thronged with people until midnight! The Bois de Boulogne is a perfect forest turned into a Park! The limpid Seine with her numerous bridges is a perfect picture, seen from any eminence. And as the visitor standing on such eminence surveys the whole town of Paris under his feet—surveys on the south of the Seine the double tower of Notre Dame, the domes of the Pantheon and the Sorbonne, the gilded spire of La Chapelle, and the gilded dome of the Hotel des Invalides—as he runs his eye towards the west over the Arc de Triomphe and the twelve beautiful avenues stretching in different directions from the Arc,—as he admires the Champs Elysé, the Place de la Concorde, the gardens of the Tuileries, and the magnificent palace of Louvre, all in one line along the north bank of the Seine,—and as he sees a forest of beautiful houses and fine streets stretching far away from

that river to the north, as far as the heights of Montmatre and La Villette,—he can scarcely believe that so lovely a picture is not the vision of a dream, that a view so noble and so perfect can be a busy crowded city, the centre of busy traffic, and swarming with two millions of busy, hard-working men and women !

But the distinguishing and unique beauty of Paris consists not so much in her numerous palaces and noble churches and fine public buildings and streets, as in the harmony and proportion in architecture which strikes the observer in every street that he turns into. There are grander hotels in the world than the Grand Hotel of Paris,—but it is only in Paris that the Grand Hotel is matched and fronted in every direction by houses which in style and architecture correspond with the hotel. The new Opera of Paris though one of the most magnificent buildings in Europe has its rivals in other cities,—but it is only in Paris that such a building is set off by lines of buildings on every side, six or seven storeys high, worthy of the Opera. The Place de la Concorde is perhaps the finest square in Europe—but its beauty consists not only in its fine statues and fountains and the Egyptian obelisk in the centre, but on the perfect symmetry of architecture in every direction. The gardens of the Champs Elysé to the west correspond with the gardens of the Tuileries to the east, and the beautiful Church of Madeleine to the north corresponds with the Chambre des Deputés across the Seine to the south ! And this is what strikes the visitor everywhere in Paris. In every street and Boulevard there is a uni-

formity and harmony in architecture which adds considerably to the beauty and magnificence of the houses and buildings.

I reached Paris on the night of the 25th September, and a fortnight was scarcely sufficient to enable me to go through this labyrinth of lovely sights and fine buildings which makes Paris the queen of modern cities in the world.

How shall I begin an account of this wonderful city? Where shall I find a starting point in this labyrinth? Probably an account of Paris should begin naturally with that portion of it which was historically the first commencement of this great city and which is still considered its centre, and called the "cité."

The Seine flows east and west, and modern Paris stretches to the north and south of this river. But in the far remote past Paris did not extend to either bank of the river but was confined to the two islands in the Seine which are now known as the cité or Old Paris. It was in these two islands that the Parisii, a wandering tribe of barbarians, settled themselves some centuries before the time of Julius Cæsar and of the Roman conquest. When the Romans conquered Gaul they made these two islands their head quarters for two or three centuries together, but in the fourth century Constantius Chlorus founded on the south bank of the river a palace, the remains of which still exist at the Hotel de Cluny of which I will speak hereafter. The wood hovels of the Parisii had by this time been replaced in the islands by

History of Paris.

stone houses and these houses gradually extended on both banks of the river.

Long after the Romans had left Gaul, the two islands still remained the centre of Paris, and indeed the town scarcely extended far beyond these islands. The Merovingian kings and the Carlovingian kings resided in these islands, and when Rollo the Ganger and other Norman chiefs sailed up the Seine and invaded Paris, the timid citizens vainly attempted to defend themselves within the walls of these fortified islands. The hardy Normans repeatedly sacked the islands although unable to keep possession of them. At last Hugh Capet the founder of the third dynasty in France restored order in the kingdom, and built a new palace in one of the islands, and his successors continued to live in it for centuries after. It was not till the twelith century that Louis the Big left these historical islands and built the first palace on the north side of the Seine, on the site of the modern Louvre, and the great Philip Augustus, the companion of Richard Cœur de Lion of England in the third crusade, erected a circle of fortifications round it. An account of Paris therefore should naturally begin with an account of these two historical islands in the Seine.

And these islands have a very different appearance now from what they had at the time of the wandering Parisii or even at the time of the Romans. Conspicuous among the many edifices that are crowded upon these islands stands the noble Cathedral of Notre Dame the finest Church in Paris, if not in France. It was built in the 12th century, and is 417 ft. long and 158 ft. broad

and its fine square towers in the front and its beautiful spire can be seen from miles beyond the limits of Paris. The whole of the exterior of this splendid edifice is beautifully carved, while the general effect of the interior is solemn and imposing. Seventy-five lofty and graceful columns raise the vaulting to a height of 110 ft. while the long cloisters running all round make the view imposing indeed. The organ in the Cathedral is one of the finest in the world and has 5000 pipes, and I do not think I have ever heard anything finer or more imposing than the service in the Notre Dame on one of the Sundays I passed in Paris.

Notre Dame.

Almost fronting the Notre Dame is the noble pile of buildings called the Palais de Justice which is a Court house, a Police office and a Prison, and also encloses within its walls the ancient Cathedral of La Chapelle. The greater part of this Court house has been built since 1871, when the older structure was almost entirely destroyed by the communist incendiaries. The Galerie des Merciers contains the statues of the four French kings who have distinguished themselves as legislators, *viz.*, Philip Augustus and St. Louis, Charlemagne and Napoleon Bonaparte. The Conciergerie contains almost all that is left of the historic towers where Marie Antoinette were imprisoned before her execution.

Palais de Justice.

La Sainte Chapelle is one of the most beautiful little churches in existence and was erected in 1245-48 by St. Louis of

La Sainte Chapelle.

France as a palace chapel and also as a shrine for sacred relics, *viz.*, a portion of the so-called true cross and of the crown of thorns purchased according to tradition from the king of Jerusalem for 300,000 franks. Irrespective of its supposed sanctity this church is on account of its beauty justly regarded as one of the most valuable treasures of France, and during the war of 1870, the church was carefully packed in wood with a layer of earth between the wood and the structure. The Palais de Justice all round the church was burnt down, but the church was thus saved from destruction, and when disentombed was found quite uninjured!

II. *The North Bank.*

Northern Bank.

We will now cross over to the north bank, where as I have already stated Louis the Big built the first palace as late as the 12th century of the Christian era. The Great Philip Augustus built a fortress on this very spot in 1204 A.D. Over three hundred years later, the munificent Francis I. commenced here the renowned palace of the Louvre which was added to by successive kings and which has been the centre of European politics for over three hundred years. The magnificent pile of buildings commenced by Francis I., in 1541 was finally completed by Napoleon III. within the memory of living men. The entire area covered by this palace is nearly fifty acres,—and the palace on the whole is among the most sumptuous buildings in existence.

France is a republic since 1871, and kings and

Louvre.

emperors reside in this palace no longer. But the Louvre fulfils a higher and nobler destiny, and contains the richest and most magnificent collection of art treasures in the world. The picture galleries are on the upper floor, and I walked for hours and hours through the ornamental galleries, the walls of which were hung with the finest productions of the greatest painters that the world has produced. There is a profusion of pictures by Rubens, while Van Dyke and the other Flemish and Dutch masters are not unrepresented. Further on are the productions of Murillo and the Spanish masters and then come Leonardi di Vinci and Titien and Raphael and the other immortal painters of Italy. The world renowned painting of Leonardi,—the last supper of Christ—is here. But the Salon Carrè is the most important room in the Louvre. Raphael's celebrated Holy Family and the Belle Jardiniere and St. Michael overcoming the enemy distinguish these walls. Murillo's Immaculate Conception which every lover of painting has admired in copy or photograph, was purchased for the Louvre for £24,000, and is here. Paul Veronese is represented in large canvas,—his marriage at Cana is the largest picture in the Louvre. Corregio's Jupiter and Antiope, Titien's Entombment and La Maitresse and several productions of Leonardi Da Vinci adorn the walls of the Salon Carrè.

Then comes the fine gallery of Apollo beautifully ornamented and decorated, and then a succession of other rooms where the French school is represented.

I shall never end if I begin a detailed account of the art treasures of the Louvre, and I will therefore conclude by saying that the sculpture of different nations is represented in the lower floor as painting is in the upper. One can spend days and days usefully amid the monuments of an ancient world,—monuments from Egypt with their hieroglyphics, 2,500 years before Christ, monuments from Assyria and Babylon with their cuneiform inscriptions 1,500 years before Christ, and the marble monuments of Greece and Rome never since equalled in their nobility of form and grace. The original Venus of Milo is here—and is among the noblest productions in marble which modern world has inherited from ancient Greece. India alone among the ancient countries of the world is not represented in the art museums of Europe, because India, distinguished by her ancient poetry and philosophy, never cultivated sculpture until in comparatively recent times.

I have already stated that the Louvre took some centuries in completion and gradually extended along the north bank of the Seine from the east to the west. To the west again of this historic palace stood at one time the scarcely less celebrated palace of the Tuilleries, but which alas! exists no more. Cathríne de Medici constructed the palace in the sixteenth century and for three hundred years the palace had an eventful history. The great Henry IV. and Louis XIII. resided in the Tuilleries from time to time, and the "Grande Monarque," Louis XIV. also resided there during the commencement

Tuilleries.

of his reign, but he left it for Versaillies afterwards, and the Tuilleries were abandoned for about a century. It was in the year of the French Revolution in 1789 that the populace of Paris went *en masse* to Versailles,—the market women of the Halles forming a large portion of the crowd,—and brought the unfortunate Louis XVI. back to the Tuilleries. On the 10th August 1792 the populace armed in thousands, attacked the Tuilleries, massacred the faithful Swiss guards, took the palace, wrecked the apartments and destroyed its valuable contents or carried them to the Hotel de Ville. The poor king who had taken refuge in the riding school was after two days carried to the Temple where he remained till his execution.

The Tuilleries were again attacked and taken by the mob in the revolution of 1830 and of 1848. Napoleon III. on his accession restored and adorned the Tuilleries and "many men not beyond middle age have frequently seen him leave the Tuilleries with the Empress and the Prince Imperial, in state, escorted by soldiers and surrounded by thousands of enthusiastic spectators." But the storm of 1870 swept away the imperial dynasty of France, and what the war spared was destroyed by the vandalism of the Communists who rose in Paris after the Germans had left it. The Palace of the Tuilleries which had witnessed successive revolutions was finally destroyed by fire by the Communists of Paris on the 24th May 1871, and for ten years after that date all that remained of this magnificent palace was a pile of blackened and mouldering ruins! In my last visit to Paris in

1871, I saw these sad ruins along with the ruins of many of the finest and fairest edifices of this lovely city. For ten years after that date "the clock dial of the Pavillon de l'Horloge remained attached to the facade,—the hands marking 12-30,—or half an hour after noon of the 24th May 1871, that being the hour when the work of destruction planned by the commune was fulfilled." At last the municipality decided on the removal of this momento of ancient royal pride and of modern popular vandalism. The ruins were sold by auction and were carted away,—and not a trace now exists of the palace of the Tuilleries where the kings and ambassadors and the great ones of Europe were at one time proud to find a place by the side of the Royalty of France.

The Palace of Tuilleries stood to the west of the palace of Louvre, and to the west again of the Tuilleries stood and still stands the celebrated Jardin of Tuilleries. Extend the same straight line further westwards, and you come to the Place de la Concorde, then to the gardens called the Champs Elysees extending far westward as far as the towering and magnificent Arc de Triomphe. The arrangement is so perfect and the line is so straight and unbroken, that standing on the Louvre you see straight before you the gardens of the Tuilleries, the obelisk of the Place de la Concorde, the lovely gardens of the Champs Elysees and far off the magnificent Arc de Triomphe closing the view.

Place de la Concorde.

The Place de la Concorde is one of the largest and finest Squares in Europe, being 390 yards long and 235 yards

wide. The Seine flows by the south of this square, and beyond the Seine is visible the Chamber des Deputes with its fine Corinthian pillars. The Rue Royale stretches to the north, terminating in the Church of Medeleine corresponding in its noble architecture with the Chambre des Deputes. The gardens of Tuilleries bound it on the east and those of the Champs Elysees on the west. In the centre of this noble square is the Luxor obelisk, an Egyptian monument of 1500 B. C., and presented to Louis Philippe by Muhammad Ali Pasha of Egypt. North and south of this obelisk are two noble fountains, representing the rivers and the sea respectively, while all round the square are eight fine statues representing Bordeaux and Nantes, Rouen and Brest, Marseilles and Lyon, and Lille and Strasbourg respectively. Since the loss of Strasbourg in 1871 the statue representing that town has been draped in mourning, and the following significant inscription is written under it:

"QUI VIVE? FRANCE!"

Such is the Place de la Concorde now, but it has a long and mournful history to tell. In 1763 the place was first levelled and the statue of Louis XV. was raised in its centre by an enthusiastic and loyal people;—nineteen years afterwards that statue was melted and coined into pennies and the title of the square was changed into Place de la Revolution! In the next year Louis XVI. was guillotined on the very spot where his father's statue had been erected twenty years before! For two years the fearful instrument did its bloody work on this spot, and 2,800 persons, some of them the bravest and noblest

that France has ever produced, were decapitated on this gloomy spot. I have only to add that this square has been a silent witness not only of the crimes and cruelty of Frenchmen but also of their humiliation and shame. Prussian and Russian troops occupied this place in 1814 and the allied Powers again occupied it in 1815. And after the disastrous war of 1871 the German troops bivouacked on the same historic ground.

Champs Elysees.

From the Place de la Concorde stretchés far westward the magnificent road of the Champs Elyseés with the celebrated gardens of the same name on either side of it. Morning, noon or night, this is a delightful and crowded resort. Equestrians are seen in it by scores in the morning, on their way to the Bois de Boulogne. In the afternoon the broad Avenue is thronged by an array of carriages such as not even the Rotten Row in London can equal! On the south side of this Avenue is the Palais de l'Industre where various industrious products are exhibited all through the year, and where besides, the annual *Salon* or exhibition of modern paintings is held from 1st May to the 15th June. On the north side of the Avenue is the Palais de l'Elyseés celebrated in French history and now the official residence of the President of the Republic.

Arc de Triomphe.

The Champs Elyseés stretch westwards as far as the Arc de Triomphe de l'etoile which is the most superb triumphal arch in the world, and commemorates the triumphs and victories of the greatest military genius that the world has

yet produced. The design of the arch was prepared by order of Napoleon Bonaparte to commemorate his matchless victories,—but the work was not taken in hand till the time of Louis Philippe who constructed it in 1836 at a cost of £400,000. The arch is 67 ft. high and 46 ft. wide,—but the total structure is 160 ft. high and 146 ft. wide. The facades of this arch are decorated with vigorous groups of collosal statues, and the victories and triumphs of Napoleon are engraved on the walls.

It derives its name "Etoile" or star from being the centre whence rediate twelve of the finest avenues of Paris in twelve different directions! One or two of these deserve special mention. The Avenue des Champs Elyseés which comes from the east is continued westwards under the name of the Avenue de la Grande Armé, because Napoleon's grand army passed by this Avenue. Another road called the Avenue de Bois de Boulogne extends south-west from the Arc and is almost a park in its beauty and its width. It was laid out by order of Napoleon III. and was called Avenue de l'Imperatrice until the fall of the empire. The procession of equipages which enter the Bois by this fine Avenue is one of the sights of Paris.

Fortification.

Both the Avenue de la Grande Armé and the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne lead from the Arc to the fortifications of Paris which like a circle surrounds the town in every direction and which kept back the great German army from Paris until hunger forced the citizens to surrender. Beyond this circular rampart, and to the west lies the

Bois de Boulogne.

celebrated Bois de Boulogne which was originally a forest and a game preserve and is now one of the loveliest and best wooded parks in the world. It covers 2250 acres of ground and is covered with timber of various kinds. It is intersected by broad roads and rides under drooping trees and is adorned by sheets of ornamental water. Two lakes were excavated here during the empire, and an artificial cascade having a fall of over 40 feet is the delight of Parisians and well as of strangers. A part of the Bois is enclosed and made into a Zoological garden, and called the Jardin d'Acclimatation. It has a fine collection of animals and birds.

We have taken our readers westwards from the Louvre and the Place de la Concorde to the Bois de Boulogne. Let us now go eastwards from the Place de la Concorde by a new route, the Rue de Rivoli. As we stroll down this street eastwards, we have the Tuilleries and the Louvre to our right and we pass by several places of interest to our left. Before we have gone very far we see to our left a fine street leading to the celebrated Colonne

Vendome Column.

Vendome a magnificent trophy of the victories of the great Napoleon. "The idea of melting 1200 cannons taken in battle from the Russians and Austrians and constructing of them a bronze column 142 ft. in height and 13 ft. in diameter crowned by his own statue, was worthy of the man whose ambition was not limited to the subjugation of Europe, but who aspired to be the conqueror of the world like Alexander the Great." This great column was completed

in 1810 to celebrate the victories of 1805. The figures on the column are faithful representations of the troops engaged, and the reliefs on the pedestal represent the uniforms and weapons of conquered armies. Napoleon's statue which crowns the column was not constructed till 1831. The Communists of 1871, laid their vandal hands on this noble trophy,—and when I last visited Paris in 1871, the column had been cast down from its pedestal. It has been since restored to its place.

Joan of Arc.

Walking a little further eastwards by the Rue de Rivoli, we find a humbler monument dedicated to another inspired soul who loved France and saved her in the hour of danger and foreign invasion. The small statue of Joan of Arc riding a horse is not worthy, either in design or in magnitude, of the inspired maiden who put on armour and spurs in the hour of her country's danger, and beat back the stubborn English invaders from post to post and fortress to fortress until she recrowned her King and fulfilled her mission. By her king's order she still persevered in the work, and fell in the attempt, —and the burning of this heroic and inspired girl who loved and fought for her country is among the most shameful chapters in the annals of England's wars.

Palais Royal.

Walking further eastwards by the Rue de Rivoli we next come to the historic Palais Royal, constructed by the great cardinal Richelieu. There is now a garden inside the palace, which is surrounded on all sides by a series

of Jewellers' shops, the like of which can be seen in few other places in the world.

Market Place.

Not far from the Palais Royal,—and to the east are the Halles Centrales,—the central market place of Paris. Like most old buildings of Paris, even this market place has a history of its own. For the market women of this place who in vigour and volubility have always surpassed the market women of other parts of the world, have sometimes played an important part in French history. In 1791, they issued in a body and marched to Verseilles with the male rioters, and forced the unfortunate Louis XVI. to come to Paris. In 1871, again, it was the *Dames de la Halle* who wanted the priest of St. Eustache Church (who had been arrested) to be restored to them. Even Communists were not a match for these ladies, and the priest was given up. It is a sight to walk through this very extensive market with viands and fruits and flowers and fishes of all kinds exposed for sale in the innumerable stalls each marked with the name of the stall-keeper. Frogs will be seen here in large quantities, exposed for sale ! Lively scenes are not unoften witnessed in these markets, for French women are keen bargainers, and when the Parisian house-keeper meets the *Dames de la Halle* comes the tug of war !

St. Eustache Church.

Mention is made in the preceding paragraph of the Church of St. Eustache. That church is situated immediately to the north of the market, and is largely frequented by the market people and the lower classes. It is one of

the largest mediæval churches in Paris, 348 ft. long and 144 ft. wide, while the great height of the nave (104 ft.) and the beauty of the surrounding chapels give the interior a noble and imposing appearance. When royalty was done away with in France in 1793, the revolutionists in their madness celebrated the Feast of Reason in this spacious Church !

St. Germain Church.

To the south of the central market is another church of a very different character. It is the church of St. Germain L'auxerrois, situated immediately to the east of the Louvre. It was a church founded as early as the eleventh century, but for the most part restored in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. This ancient church has a sad and mournful association,—for it was the bell of this church which rang the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholemew ! Thousands of French protestants were massacred on that occasion and hundreds of thousands of honest hard-working Huguenots were afterwards expelled from France. Is it a wonder that when the reaction came, an attempt was made to do away with religion altogether in the neighbouring church of St. Eustache ?

Hotel de Ville.

As we walk down the Rue de Rivoli further eastward, we come to the celebrated Hotel de Ville, perhaps the finest Town Hall in the world. But the present building is not old but only a reproduction of the magnificent edifice which was completed in 1628, but was destroyed by the infamous Communists in 1871. When I visited Paris last,

the Hotel de Ville was a blackened and mouldering pile!

Leaving this fine building behind we travel a little further eastward and northward and arrive at the celebrated Place de la Bastille,—replete with the most thrilling associations. It was at this spot that in the middle of the fourteenth century was erected the fort of Bastille,—one of the strongest points in the fortifications of the city. But like the Tower of London it soon ceased to be used as a fort, and was long used as a prison and a political dungeon, closing its awful gates on all who incurred the displeasure or suspicion of a despotic monarch! For more than a century it remained an awful monument of Royal despotism, until the people rose against it like the waves of an angry sea, and surged in thousands against its solid walls. They rose and besieged and captured this fearful dungeon and razed it to the ground in 1789, and despotism in France was crushed and buried,—never to rise again. There is a panorama, not far from this place, which paints this scene of the taking of the Bastille. It shews at a glance the whole of Paris as it was in 1789, with its churches and towers and sea of houses on all sides and with its thousands of angry people pouring in torrents against the solid walls of the Bastille,—the hated monument of royal despotism.

Bastille.

The Bastille is no more, and in its place now stands a column raised to commemorate those who fell in the Revolution of July 1830. It is a column of bronze and bears the names of 645 persons who fell in the Revolu-

tion. In the Revolution of 1848, a strong barricade was raised here and was bravely defended, and was only forced after the storming of several days. And again in 1871, the Communists strongly barricaded themselves there, and were only dislodged after a long and desperate struggle.

We have now travelled the whole distance from the Place de la Concorde to the Place de la Bastille, by the Rue de Rivoli, (with its continuation Rue St. Antoine,) which is almost a straight line. Let us now travel the same distance again, *i. e.*, from the Place de la Concorde to the Bastille, but not in a straight line but by the line of Boulevards which describes something like a semicircle having the Rue de Rivoli for its cord or base. A preliminary word about the Boulevards is necessary.

Boulevards.

The circle of the Inner of Great Boulevards with the beautiful rows of shady trees on either side, with their rich shops, brilliant cafés and spacious foot-paths are perhaps the finest streets in existence and justly excite the envy and admiration of visitors of all nations coming to Paris. But the Boulevards, as their name implies, were at one time not streets but simply a circle of fortifications enclosing the town. It was Francis I., the founder of the Louvre who built this circle of fortifications round the town as it then stood. But the city soon outgrew even this wide circle—and in the reign of Louis XIV., the town had grown so much that the Boulevards no longer served their original purpose as enclosing fortifications. Louis XIV. therefore removed the fortifica-

tions, made them into spacious roads and planted them out with trees, until they became what they are now—the finest and most spacious streets in Europe.

Madeleine Church.

Starting again from the Place de la Concorde along this circle we first come to the Church of the Madeleine, a modern Church commenced in 1764, but completed only in 1830. It is a superb and magnificent structure after the pattern not of Christian churches but of Greek temples and measuring 354 ft. in length and 141 ft. in width, and 100 ft. in height. It is flanked on all sides by sixty massive Corinthian columns which add to its imposing appearance. I attended high mass inside this Church on one of the Sundays I passed in Paris.

Opera.

Leaving the Madeleine behind we stroll eastwards by the Boulvard de Capucines and soon come to the new Opera of Paris, the finest theatre-house in the world. It was commenced in 1861 in the palmy days of the empire, but the republic did not neglect its completion which took place in 1874. It covers the site of 400 or 500 houses which had to be destroyed for the construction of this superb building! The land alone cost £5,00,000, and the building £1.500,000. The costliest materials were used in its construction, and the staircase alone built of fine stones of different colours is a sight to see. The "Cid" was acted on the night that I was in the opera, and the music and the scenic decorations were good.

We proceed further eastwards by the Boulevard des Italiens with its splendid shops and brilliant cafés and

unending stream of carriages. It is worth seeing the Boulevards by night when the electric lights from the Opera house and the thousand jets of gas from the shops and cafés on both sides, and the stream of lively Parisians strolling along the street or sitting by the tables outside the cafés and sipping their "Absynth" or "Grenadine" make it a festive scene indeed.

Bourse.

As we stroll further eastwards we come close to some buildings which though not on the Boulevards require mention. Only a short distance to our south is the famous "Bourse," the stock exchange of Paris. It is a modern building, constructed in 1826 and is architecturally not unlike the Madeleine Church. Like that Church it stands on a platform and is surrounded by massive Corinthean pillars. The large clock over the front entrance is the standard by which Paris time (8½ minutes ahead of Greenwich time) is regulated. The hall inside is busy as may be imagined.

Bank.

Not far from the Bourse is the Bank of France, established in 1803, and said to contain within its secure vaults nearly a hundred million pounds sterling in gold. It is said that these vaults can be flooded with water at any time, and it is certain that sand is stored here in large quantities to bury and save the gold and silver of the nation in the event of the superstructure being burnt down.

Library.

Not far from the Bourse and the Bank is a superb building of a different description, the great library of the nation.

The books number between three and four millions—which is I believe double the number of the books in the British museum of London! The entire pile of buildings between four streets on four sides,—Richlue, Colbert, Vivienne and Petits Champs,—is hardly sufficient to contain this enormous collection.

Arches of Louis XIV.

Coming back now to the Boulevards and proceeding to the east again, we soon come to the arches of St. Dénis and St. Martin, built by Louis XIV., to celebrate his victories,—but since eclipsed by the loftier and finer Arc de Triomphe, built to commemorate the grander victories of Napoleon.

We continue our eastward journey by the Boulevards and soon come to the fine statue of the Republic. Not far from it is the Place de la Bastille of which we have spoken before.

Montmatre.

We have now finished our account of Paris north of the Seine, except that one or two places to the extreme north and east deserve a passing mention. The heights of Montmatre, are at the extreme north of Paris, and being the highest part of the town are visible from every other part. These heights have played an important part in French history. The last struggles of the French army against the allied armies of 1815, took place here, and here again in 1871, the Communists began that insurrection which deluged the town in blood and ruined her finest buildings and treasures.

From the Butte Montmatre is visible in the far east the Butte Chaumont, another hill in the north-eastern part of Paris.

Chaumont.

The Butte was formerly a chalk pit, and the hill was known as Montfancon and was used for many centuries as a place of public execution. It is said that as many as 100 bodies were sometimes suspended at one and the same time. For a long time the whole neighbourhood was a den of thieves and robbers and the worst characters in Paris. It was Emperor Napoleon III. who has architecturally done so much for Paris, who cleared the place and laid out a beautiful park here with lakes, and gardens, fine walks and beautiful hills.

South from this hill is the celebrated burial ground called Pere la Chaise. It occupies an area of over 100 acres, and contains over 20,000 monuments. The most interesting spot for the antiquarian is the tomb of Heloise and Abelard, over which a Gothic canopy has been raised. Wreaths are still offered and placed on the grave of these gifted lovers of the Middle Ages. I also saw the grave of Cousin and the monument to Thiers, the graves of the Hugo family, and of Racine, and those La Fontaine and Moliere who sleep side by side. A host of other writers, thinkers and warriors sleep in this common platform of death. Cuvier and Auguste Comte, Sieyes and Talleyrand, MacDonald, Ney and Massena and many others of the greatest and best of Frenchmen sleep in this cemetery.

Pere la Chaise.

III. *The South Bank.*

Champs de Mars.

We begin our account of southern Paris from the extreme west, and commence with the Champs de Mars which from the most ancient times, has been the scene of military exercises in Paris. It is an immense rectangular piece of sandy ground on the banks of the Seine. In more recent times it was here that the unfortunate Louis XVI. and the members of the National Assembly swore fidelity to the constitution of 1789. The constitution did not last very long and many successive scenes in the drama of the Revolution were enacted here, until Napoleon assumed the imperial power, and held his fetes and demonstrations on this extensive ground. The exhibitions of 1867 and 1878 were also held here, and it was at the latter exhibition that the superb palace of Tracadero was built on the opposite bank of the river. It is of magnificent and unique construction in white stone, and its two lofty towers 230 feet high are visible from miles beyond the limits of Paris. I went up one of these towers in a lift and had a splendid view of Paris from there.

Napoleon's Tomb.

Not far from the Champs de Mars, and to the east is a spot which Frenchmen of all sects and denominations regard with mingled feelings of pride, and of sorrow. The gilded dome of the Hotel des Invalides can be seen from miles outside the limits of Paris, and under this dome rest the ashes of the greatest of warriors and of conquerors. The "Hotel" was founded by Louis XIV.

for providing a home for old or mutilated or infirm soldiers who had shed their blood for their country. There is accommodation for 5,000 soldiers, but the number who live there now does not probably exceed 500. There are a Court of Honour, a Library, a Council Chamber, a Museum of artillery and an Armoury here, but the most interesting spot is of course the tomb of Napoleon the Great. The visitor as soon as he enters the mausoleum is struck with the scene. Before him is a superb altar supported by twisted marble pillars standing on a marble platform and surrounded by a marble balustrade—and the whole lighted by golden light streaming through stained windows. Around him are chapels containing monuments of Turenne and other eminent men. Above him is the lofty dome rising high in the air whose gilded outside is visible for miles round. And below him, just under the dome, is a circular crypt of polished granite nearly 40 yards in circumference, and seven yards deep. In this crypt,—surrounded by marble statues and the very flags which he captured in battles, and on a marble pavement on which are recorded in stone his principal victories, lies Napoleon Bonaparte in a sarcophagus of prophyry. "Everything around seems to betoken the final resting place of one of the greatest men whom the world has ever produced. Lofty, spacious and majestic, there is an air of repose and tranquillity which cannot fail to impress the least susceptible mind."

Close to this place, and further to the east is the beautiful modern Church St. Clotilde. At some distance to the north of this Church and on the banks of the

Parliament House.

Seine is the Corps Legislatif, the Parliament of France. It was commenced by a Duchess of Bourbon and was completed in 1807 and was then known as Palais Bourbon. On the eventful 4th September 1871, it was here that the Assembly discussed the capitulation of Sedan. The excited mob burst into the hall and dispersed the assembly and clamoured for the abolition of the empire which had landed France in defeat and disgrace, and for the proclamation of a Republic. Gambetta, Jules Favre and the other leaders of the times left the assembly and repaired with the excited multitude to the Hotel de Ville of which I have spoken before. It was on the steps of that Hotel that the Republican Government was proclaimed, a Government which has now lasted and given peace and rest and strength to France for twenty years.

Near the Corps Legislatif, and towards the east is the Palais de la Legion d'Honneur. Further to the east is the Palais des Beaux Arts which is both a museum and a school of painting, sculpture and architecture, and numbers over a thousand students. Further to the east, and on the banks of the Seine, is the historic Institute of France with its lofty dome and spacious wings. It was founded in the 17th century by cardinal Mazarin as a College but during the Revolution it was converted into a prison! At present it comprises within its precincts

French Academy.

the celebrated French Academy which was founded by Richelieu and which has since has time shaped the language and the literature of France. Besides this historic Academy

there are four other academies within this building, *viz.*, the Academy of Belles Lettres, the Academy of Sciences, the Academy of Fine Arts and the Academy of Moral Science. Not far from it is the Mint of France.

We have hitherto travelled from west to east, along the south bank of the Seine, from Champs de Mars to the Boulevard de St. Michel. We must now pause awhile near the important Boulevard and note the places of great interest on either side of it or close to it.

Before we have gone very far south along this Boulevard, we have on our right a number of historic buildings. The Palace Luxembourg was constructed in the seventeenth century by Marie de Medicis, widow of the Great Henry IV. Close to the palace is the spot where the bold and gallant Marshal Ney was shot, and a statue of the intrepid soldier marks the place.

Luxembourg Palace.

Further to the north-west of the palace of Luxembourg is the Church of St. Sapplice with its lofty but unequal towers, and further west again is the Church of St. Germain des Pres, the eldest church in Paris. The nave is said to be that of a church of the tenth century, and the choir belongs to the 12th century, *i. e.*, to the Norman period. The windows however were restored in a later, *i. e.*, in the Gothic period. The appearance of the Church from outside is distinguished from all the other Paris Churches, by the massive plainness of the Norman period.

Old Churches.

Cluny.

But the museum of Cluny is the most ancient of all the ancient monuments of Paris. It is almost the sole relic of the Roman period in Paris, and the building was the palace of Emperor Chlorus Constantine, A. D. 292, *i. e.*, sixteen hundred years ago! It contains collections of prehistoric flints, Celtic antiquities, Roman pottery and sculpture, ancient French tapestry, French, Flemish, Dutch and German wares, and carriages, arms and furniture of different periods of French history. Many curious things are kept here and are shewn to visitors.

Sorbonne.

Leaving Cluny we go further south along the Boulevard de St. Michel, and come to the historic edifice of Sorbonne associated with the literature and the genius of France! The famous Sorbonne University was founded in the reign of St. Louis of France in 1250 and it soon became the chief institution of school-men and theologians who promulgated their opinions so boldly as not untrequently to oppose the spiritual authority of the Pope himself. In later times Guizot and Victor Cousin and a host of eminent thinkers delivered their famous lectures here. A medallion figure of Cousin is prominent in the courtyard, and a street in front of the building is named after the philosopher. It is needless to say that this building with its lofty dome is the centre of the University and schools and colleges of Paris which are extending on every side,—and thousands of college students and ardent school boys receive their training under the shadow of this venerable edifice.

Another venerable building is close by,—the famous Pantheon, dedicated to the Great men of France! The noble height of its dome; and the magnificence of its structure seem to mark the veneration in which Frenchmen hold their great men! The dome is 272 feet high, and is the most conspicuous object on the south side of the Seine, next only to the gilded dome of the Invalides.

Pantheon.

The interior of this noble structure is simple and majestic. The walls and the dome are ornamented by fine paintings and frescoes. The graves of the great men are down below in the underground vaults,—and it is here that the visitor is disappointed. Unlike the Westminster Abbey of England where the visitor strolls among the thick graves and mounments of thinkers and writers, kings, warriors and statesmen, and is absorbed in the noble associations of past greatness, the Pantheon has few graves of great men to shew, and shews them to the least advantage. The visitor is conducted in the midst of a crowd by a conductor through dark vaults in which he can see next to nothing, and is shewn some graves of men about whom he knows little, as a rule. The most important tombs are those of Voltaire and Rousseau, but the remains of those great men are not here, but were removed elsewhere by impious hands in revenge of the desecration of the Royal tombs under the convention!

Victor Hugo the greatest of French poets has recently been buried here, and his tomb is ever loaded with fresh wreaths brought by a grateful people.

Further east from the Pantheon, and on the south

Jardin des Plantes.

bank of the Seine is the Jardin des Plantes which is not only a garden open to the public but is also a famous place of instruction in the Natural Sciences. It contains a Botanical Garden which rose to importance when the illustrious Buffon was appointed director in 1732. The great Humboldt added 3,000 new specimens to this department in 1805. The Jardin also contains galleries of Natural History which are the completest in Europe, and close to them is the gallery of comparative Anatomy founded by the immortal Cuvier. There are also a Gallery of Zoology, one of Geology and Mineralogy and one of Botany, besides a library, an Anatomical museum, &c., &c. Gratuitous lectures are delivered here by eminent men on scientific subjects.

We have now finished our rapid survey of Paris, beginning with the two islands in the Seine and then traversing the north and the south banks of that river. But an account of Paris is not complete without some mention of *subterranean Paris* if I may so call it. The wonderful drainage system of Paris is unique in the world, and branches into a hundred ramifications underground as the streets of Paris branch in all directions above ground. And the vast catacombs of Paris,—also unique in the world,—contain the skulls and bones of about twenty millions of human beings, and stretch for miles together, like a city of the dead, under the city of the living!

Drainage.

The underground drains of Paris are lofty arched passages running for miles and miles together in different direc-

tions through which one may walk or go in boats! They are only for the discharge of rain or other water, and nothing noxious is allowed to run into them. The contents of these drains were originally discharged into the Seine close to the Boulevard de Sevastapol, but this connexion has been stopped, and the water is now discharged, several miles down the river. As we walked through these drains, each with a lantern in his hand, and saw the long lines of subterranean passages running in all directions under the town, we were struck with wonder. The greater portion of this drainage system was done under Napoleon III.

Catacombs.

The Catacombs are still more remarkable. These vast underground galleries were formerly quarries of soft limestone. As the stone was quarried from age to age for building purposes, the underground excavations increased in size, until they undermined an entire district! In 1784, the Government finding the quarries were unsafe caused piers and buttresses to be erected to support the roof, and shortly afterwards transferred into these galleries all the bones from the "Cemetery of the Innocents" which was then closed. And thenceforward the galleries were called catacombs and were used as such. Thousands of bodies were thrown in here pell mell during the French Revolution, and were arranged subsequently, in 1810. The skull of the celebrated Madame de Pompadour was thrown in here during the Reign of Terror. Bones from other churchyards have since been from time to time removed to this wonderful depository of human remains.

We walked through these gloomy vaults—each holding a candle, amidst millions and millions of human bones carefully piled and arranged on both sides of us. Holes in many skulls indicated death by bullets in battle or in scenes of violence, and short moral passages engraved on stone monuments reminded the visitor here and there of the instability of human pride and human life.

CHAPTER VIII.

Holland and Belgium.

It was a fine day, the 2nd November 1886, and at 10 A. M. I left the white cliffs of Dover, and our steamer crossed over a perfectly smooth sea, to Ostend in five hours. Ostend is now one of the finest and busiest watering places in Europe, and has long been the gate to Belgium from the west. I took this route on my way to Germany, and as I passed through Belgium and Holland, I will speak of those countries before I begin my account of Germany.

History of Flanders.

The little kingdom of Belgium has a chequered and eventful history of its own. For Flanders *i. e.*, the south-western portion of modern Belgium, rose to great importance in the Middle Ages owing to the industries of its inhabitants and the activity of its trade; and early in the 13th century Bruges was the centre of the famous Hanseatic League. Venetian and Lombard merchants exposed here to the gaze of astonished and rude barons the famed manufactures of India, and the carpets and silk of Persia; and rich argosies from Genoa and Constantinople were unladen at this place. The bold traders and citizens of Bruges and Ghent fought hard and long against the supremacy of France and at last secured complete independence under the Courts of Flanders. But at the latter

end of the 14th century, in consequence of the failure of the male line of the house of Flanders, the State became annexed to Burgundy by the marriage of a daughter of the Flemish house with Philip the Bold of Burgundy.

In the next century Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, died without male issue, and Flanders passed over to Maximilian of Austria (afterwards the Emperor of Germany) by his marriage with the daughter of Charles the Bold. The celebrated Charles V. inherited the Netherlands which thus came in the 16th century under the subjection of his son Philip II. of Spain. Spanish bigotry and opression soon drove both Holland and Belgium to rebellion. Holland shook off the hated yoke before the close of the century and began her career of foreign conquest and colonization, but Belgium was unable to do this, and declined in subjection.

In the 17th century Belgium passed to the house of Austria, then reverted to Spain, and at the latter end of the century was conquered by the great Louis XIV. of France who gained here some of his signal victories against the English. In the 18th century it was again ceded to Austria, but towards the close of the century was again conquered by the French Republicans, and remained under Napoleon Bonaparte.

After the fall of Napoleon, the French yoke was shaken off and Belgium and Holland were united under the name of the kingdom of the Netherlands. The union however was distasteful to the Belgians, who since 1830 have formed a separate kingdom of their own.

Ostend.

The line of fine buildings on the shore makes an imposing appearance, as the steamer approaches Ostend. To the extreme south is the royal palace, where the king of the Belgians stops when he comes to this favorite sea-side place. Further north is the magnificent casino (Kursaal) just where the land juts out into the sea, and further north is the mouth of the harbour with a light-house. The Digue, a stone Dyke or bulwark 33 yards broad and 33 feet high runs along the entire length of the coast and forms a favorite and busy promenade where visitors from all parts of Europe crowd in the season.

Bruges.

Leaving Ostend I came to the ancient town of Bruges which as noted before was once a prominent trade centre of Europe, and was long the seat of the independent Counts of Flanders. "In the 14th century the commerce of the world may be said to have been concentrated in it; factories or privileged companies of merchants from 17 kingdoms were settled here as agents; 20 foreign ministers had hotels within its walls, and natives of many distant countries of which little was then known but their names repaired hither annually." When the queen of France visited it in 1301 A.D. she was struck with the rich and stately dresses of the ladies of Bruges, and is said to have exclaimed, "I thought myself the only queen here, but I see a thousand about me!" The town continued thriving under the Counts of Flanders and then under the Dukes of Burgundy and in the latter

end of the 15th century it is said to have had 200,000 inhabitants. The population in the great European towns has doubled or quadrupled or increased ten or twenty times since then, but the glory of Bruges is over, and the present population is less than 50,000.

The perfection to which the inhabitants of Bruges carried the manufacture of wool in the olden days is a matter of history. Edward III. invited many Flemings to England to teach the English in the art of weaving; and Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, instituted in 1430. A. D. in this very town the order of the *Golden Fleece*. Little of that manufacture is left to the town now. Lace is the only manufacture of importance, and that is on the decline!

History of popular freedom in Europe.

The railway station of Bruges is situated on the site of the old Marché du Vendredi where on the 30th March 1128 (over seven centuries and a half ago) the proud burghers of Bruges hurled defiance at the king of France and told his deputies,—"Go, tell your master that he is perjured; that his creature William of Normandy (usurper of the sovereignty of Flanders) has rendered himself unworthy of the crown by his infamous extortions; that we have elected a new sovereign and that it becomes not the king of France to oppose us. That it is our privilege alone, as Burghers and Nobles of Flanders to choose our own master." The story of the battle for popular freedom is an old one;—in the middle ages it was first fought by the free towns of Italy and the free towns of Flanders. And though after a severe

struggle of centuries the people succumbed under the growing power of Feudalism and of Royalty, still this was for a time only, and the battle has been recommenced and won all over civilized Europe within the last two hundred years.

Cathedral and Notre Dame.

The cathedral of Bruges is a lofty Gothic brick structure of the 13th and 14th centuries. The interior is remarkable for its fine proportions and contains many fine paintings by Jacob Van Oost and other Flemish masters. But more interesting than the cathedral is the Notre Dame of Bruges. It was built in the 12th to 15th century, and its magnificent and lofty tower 390 feet high was restored so late as 1858. As in the cathedral, there are many fine paintings here and a group in marble of the Virgin and Christ, ascribed to the chisel of Michael Angelo. But the most interesting objects in Notre Dame are the tombs of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy and his daughter Mary, wife of Maximilian of Austria.

Hospital. Flemish painting.

Close to the Notre Dame is the Hospital of St. John where sisters of charity have nursed and attended on the sick for upwards of five centuries! In this hospital is a collection of the finest paintings of Memling, one of the earliest of the Flemish masters. Many of his pictures seem to shew how the commerce of the 13th to 15th century directly inspired the Flemish art of the 15th century, and how the mind of the painter drew its first impressions and ideas from the varied costumes,

and the manifold types of faces which were witnessed in the thronged marts of Flanders. Though the subjects of these pictures are Biblical, one can find among the groups, faces of weather-beaten mariners, well-nourished and well-shaven priests, burly citizens, and sagacious traders! All Memling's Virgins have a peculiarly beautiful oval face and high forehead.

Belfrey.

Within ten minutes' walk to the east from the Notre Dame and the Hospital is the famous Belfrey of Bruges which is the subject of one of Longfellow's happiest compositions. It is 350 feet in height, and the visitor can survey from its top the country for miles and miles all round. The bell of the belfrey has the finest chime of any bell in Europe, but I am not sure that the good people of Bruges do not get too much of this music,—as the bell chimes four times in the hour!

Hotel de Ville.

The Belfrey stands to the south of the famous market place of Bruges. The Hotel de Ville of Bruges was built in the 14th century, but recently restored. To the west of the Hotel de Ville is the famous and beautiful Chapelle du Saint Sang with its stained glass windows having portraits of the Burgundian princes down to Maria Theresa and Francis I.

Ghent.

Ghent is the capital of east Flanders as Bruges is of west Flanders. As a trade mart of western Europe, Ghent does not figure so early as Bruges, and indeed the trade of Ghent was still in its infancy when Bruges was taking

the lead in the Hanseatic league. But Ghent soon rose in importance and power, and the twin towns fought side by side the battle of popular freedom against Feudal and Royal authority. Indeed Ghent soon excelled Bruges in power and importance, and in the 13th and 14th centuries the capital of east Flanders wielded a power which many a crowned potentate might have envied. In 1297 the Ghenters repulsed an English army of 24,000 men under the warlike Edward I. and in 1302 they defeated a French army under Count John of Namur in the famous battle of the Spurs. The warlike Edward III. of England was glad to obtain the alliance of the famous Jacques Van Artevelde, Brewer of Ghent, and flattered him by the title of "dear gossip." For a time Artevelde induced his fellow-citizens to remain faithful to Edward against France and the Count of Flanders; but the politic English king sought through his "dear gossip" to obtain a real hold on Ghent. The people of Ghent were too wide awake to allow this, Artevelde's proposal that Edward's son should be elected Count of Flanders was rejected by the Ghenters, and Artevelde was slain in his own house,—a martyr to his friendship to his "dear gossip," Edward III. of England.

His son Philip Van Artevelde was appointed dictator in the civil war against the Count of Flanders, and defeated the Count in a pitched battle at Bruges. But this was only the precursor of ruin. In 1383 Charles VI. of France marched against Ghent, and defeated her army at Rosebek where 20,000 Ghenters are said to have perished on the field. The turbulent city now submitted to

the Count of Flanders, and after his death to the house of Burgundy. The turbulent Ghenters rose sgain in 1448 against the Duke of Burgundy and carried on an unequal war for no less than five years. But feudal power triumphed for a time and in 1453 the people were signally defeated at Gavre and left 16,000 dead on the field.

The town and the whole of Flanders passed to the house of Austria by the marriage of Mary Burgundy with Maximilian—which marriage took place in Ghent in 1477. In 1500 the celebrated Charles V. was born in Ghent and during his reign Ghent progressed so greatly in wealth and population (175,000 souls) that Charles V. is said to have boasted jestingly to his rival Francis I. "Je mettrai votre Paris dans mon Gand" (glove.) Unlike Bruges, Ghent has succeeded in keeping a considerable trade within her limits to the present day. Her present population is not much under 150,000, her streets are populous and her houses are fine and imposing in apearance. Cotton and linen goods are her principal commodities, and her engine factories have multiplied of late years.

Cathedral.

The magnificent cathedral of Ghent with its lofty tower can be seen from miles outside the limits of the town, while in the interior it is one of the most richly decorated churches in Belgium. The crypt was constructed so early as the 10th century and the choir in the 13th century. The last chapter of the order of Golden Fleece was held in the nave of this cathedral by Philip II. in 1559.

Of the numerous paintings of Flemish masters which this cathedral boasts of, two are of more than ordinary importance. One is the celebrated "Adoration of the Immaculate Lamb" by the two brothers Van Eyck. It is said to be the most extensive and imposing work of the Flemish School. The two wings of this picture are at Berlin and Brussels, respectively.

Belfrey.

Not far from the cathedral is the celebrated Belfrey of Ghent which in the remote past often called the hardy and turbulent sons of the town to arms. One of the oldest and heaviest bells in the Belfrey bears the significant inscription which in English is,—"My name is Roland, when I am rung hastily then there is fire ; when I resound in peals, there is storm in Flanders !" The total height of this Belfrey up to the point of the spire is 375 ft., and the spire is surmounted by a vane consisting of a guilded dragon 10 feet in length which was taken by Count Baldwin VIII. of Flanders from the church of St. Sophia at Constantinople in 1204 A. D. and presented to the Ghenters. There is a story told about the Belfrey of Ghent which is worth repeating. When the cruel and bigoted Duke of Alva proposed to the Emperor Charles V. that he should destroy that turbulent city which had caused him so much annoyance, the enlightened Charles is said to have taken Alva to the top of the Belfrey and pointing to the vast panorama of buildings and shops and churches all round, replied "Combien faudrait il de peaux d'Espagne faire un Gand de cette grandeur ?"

Side by side with this ancient Belfrey stands the magnificent Hotel de Ville of Ghent built in the 15th and 16th centuries. The eastern facade with its three tiers of columns is in the Renaissance style, but the facade towards the Rue Haut Pont is elaborately florid Gothic, and is considered one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in Belgium. I walked through the lofty council chamber and the gorgeous throne room, where in 1576, a congress of confederates drew up the famous Pacification of Ghent, resolving to expel the hated Spaniards from Netherlands.

Hotel de Ville.

A little way to the north of this Hotel is the still more famous Marhé du Vendredi, an extensive open square where, as on a vast stage the principal historical events of the town have been enacted ! When the Counts of Flanders ruled over Bruges and the whole of Flanders, it was here that the people assembled and paid homage to them in a style of magnificence unknown at the present day ; and here too the Counts swore to maintain the laws, privileges, freedoms and customs of the people. When Ghent sided with England against her lord, the Count of Flanders and king of France, it was here that the famous Jacques Van Artevelde incited his fellow citizens to arms. The popular leader fell with his policy as has been stated before and was killed. Domestic dissensions were often witnessed in this square, and in a famous broil between the weavers and fullers of Ghent, no less than 500 men were killed. And lastly when Ghent and

Market Place.

all Netherlands groaned under the terrible oppression of the Duke of Alva, it was in this square that his Auto da fe's were enacted and heretics burnt, and many thousands of Ghenters emigrated and left their city half untenanted. A statue of Charles V. stood here till 1796 when the French republicans pulled it down,—and in its place has been erected a bronze statue of the powerful demagogue Jacques Van Artevelde, as if in the act of delivering his celebrated speech persuading his fellow-citizens to enter into an alliance with England, against their master, the Count of Flanders.

An old historical palace.

I saw another historical place in Ghent, and that is the gateway of the Feudal Palace of the Counts of Flanders. The massive and castellated gateway is all that remains of the castle, and is black with age, and seems to look out from its old feudal time into the panorama of modern life and civilization ! It was in this castle that Jacques Van Artevelde sumptuously entertained the English king Edward III. and his queen Philippa and it was here that Edward's son John of Gaunt (*i. e.* Ghent), was born in 1340.

Brussels.

Brussels has been beautified after the fashion of Paris and some at least of the buildings of Brussels excel the corresponding buildings of Paris in beauty of architecture. As in Paris, a circle of Boulevards encloses the central and important portion of Brussels, and like the Parisian Boulevards these Boulevards were really ramparts at one time, and were levelled and converted into pleasant avenues to-

wards the beginning of the present century. The real town is inside this circle of Boulevards. The most important road in the upper town is the Rue Royale, with its continuation the Rue de la Regence. If we follow the line of this road, we will have seen most of the remarkable buildings in the upper *i. e.* the eastern half of the town.

Palais de Justice.

Let us commence from the extreme south, *i. e.* where the Rue de la Regence terminates and the magnificent pile of the Palais de Justice towers on the view. It looks, from its vastness and grandeur, like an ancient Assyrian or Egyptian monument. The massive pile stands on a square 590 ft. by 560 ft., arises in successive sections gradually diminishing in bulk, until the edifice ends in a small dome and a cross on it, the top of which is 400 feet from the pavement.

The interior of this vast edifice is no less imposing. The flights of stairs ascending to the vestibule are adorned with colossal marble statues of Domosthenes and Lycurgus on one side and of Cicero and Ulpian on the other. Entering the door I looked on the large hall with broad massive pillars rising on all sides, majestic in their simplicity and vastness. I seemed to be looking on some great Doric or Ionic temple of bygone ages, where Herculean men came to worship Titanic gods in silence. After almost losing my way amidst a number of silent and dimly lighted passages and going up and down several spacious flights of marble stairs I found my way into a court room where astute advocates were

gesticulating and a crowd of men, mostly of the lower classes, were standing outside the railing. My spell was broken, and I left the great court edifice in all haste! This vast building was inaugurated in 1883 at the Jubilee (50th year) of Belgium's existence as a separate kingdom, and its construction cost two million pounds sterling.

Monument.

Travelling northwards by the Rue de la Regence I came to the monument of Counts Egmont and Hoorn. The monument consists of colossal figures in bronze representing Egmont and Hoorn on the way to execution, which took place under orders of the cruel Philip II. of Spain as every reader of Motley knows.

Further north along the Rue de la Regence is the Place Royale one of the finest parts of Brussels. To the right stands the handsome Palais du Comte de Flandre, the heir apparent of Belgium; and on the left is the new Palais des Beaux Arts, a building in classical style with four enormous bronze figures in front, representing Music, Architecture, Sculpture and Painting. To the west of this is the present Royal Library and museum where there is a large collection of modern paintings.

Museum and Library.

Palace.

Place Royale ends here, and Rue Royale begins. To the right are the Royal Palace and the park stretching in front of it; and at the north end of the park is the Legislative Assembly of the nation. At a short distance from the park is the famous Cathedral of Brussels, an imposing Gothic struc-

Cathedral.

ture built in the 13th century. Inside the church the lofty and massive stone pillars are majestic in their simplicity, and the lofty windows of stained glass are remarkably fine. The altar also shews exquisite carving on wood for which Belgium pulpits are famous. Opposite the Cathedral is the handsome Banque Nationale of Brussels. Proceeding further north by the Rue Royale we come to the Colonne du Congress to our left, a Doric column 147 feet high and surmounted by the statue of the king in bronze, erected to commemorate the congress of 1831, by which the present constitution of Belgium was established. A little further northwards we come to the point where the Rue Royale meets the circle of Boulevards spoken of above. But the Rue goes beyond this circle, further northwards, as far as the lofty and gilded church of Sante Marie de Schaerbeck which closes Rue Royale in the north, as the Palais du Justice closes its continuation the Rue de la Regence in the south.

Congress Column.

These are the most conspicuous places in the eastern or upper town. The western portion of the town is on a far lower level and all the streets therefore from the east to the west go down hill. The Flemish language is still spoken in the lower town while French is generally spoken in the upper town.

The most interesting spot in the lower town is the historic square and structure of the Hotel de Ville. The Hotel de Ville of Ghent is a noble and fine specimen of Gothic architecture, but that at Brussels has a still nobler appear-

Hotel de Ville.

ance, while its graceful tower, 370 feet in height is considered to be the finest tower in Belgium. This magnificent structure was built in the 15th century, and its elaborately decorated niches on the facade towards the square are splendid specimens of the decorated style of the period.

The square in front of the Hotel de Ville has witnessed many a stirring event of past times. It was and is still a market place 120 yards by 74 yards, and it was here that the Duke of Alva committed his atrocious butcheries during his reign of terror in the Netherlands. Lamoral, Count Egmont, and Philip de Montmorency, Count Hoorn were among his noblest victims and were executed here.

Opposite the Hotel de Ville is the Maison du Roi built in the 16th century and then used as the seat of Government authorities. Close to the Hotel de Ville are also the old hall of the butchers, the hall of the brasseurs, the hall of the archers, the hall of the skippers, the hall of the carpenters and the hall of the tailors. Each profession in those days had a guild of its own, and the members were bound by a strong esprit de corps which formed the strongest guarantee of their safety and welfare in those troublesome times. In India alone such trade-guilds have degenerated into hereditary castes.

One or two other places in Brussels deserve a passing mention. Of the old fortifications round the town the Porte de Hal is now the sole remnant, and a museum of antiquities has been established here. It is lofty and

imposing in appearance, and was used by the cruel Alva as a Bastille or political dungeon. The Museé Wertz contains a collection of pictures of that eccentric painter. Brussels boasts of a fine Botanic garden, and the Bois de Cambrai, a part of the old forests of Soignes, is to Brussels what the Bois de Boulogne is to Paris.

From Brussels to the battle-field of Waterloo is only 40 munites by rail, and no tourist who comes to Brussels leaves it without seeing that great battle-field. That great battle has been described a hundred times, not only by military authorities who are entitled to speak on the subject, but also by tourists who are like myself profoundly ignorant of the science of war, but who nevertheless when standing on these undulating fields cannot help recalling the events of the memorable day of battle. I will then follow this favorite practice, and note down some events of the day in order to explain the sites which I visited.

The battle was not fought at Waterloo but further southwards. The allied army under Wellington had its centre at Mount St. Jean over a mile to south of Waterloo village, while Napoleon had his centre at Belle Alliance, another mile further south, but his army was disposed in a semicircle, almost surrounding the allies in the east, south, and west. Wellington had 68,000 troops, only 24,000 of them English, 30,000 Germans, and 14,000 Netherlanders. Napoleon had 72,000 troops. Napoleon therefore was stronger in his forces until the Prussians came from the east and changed the fortunes of the day.

Mont
St. Jean
Haye Papelotte
Sainte
Hougomont
Belle
Alliance
Plancenoit

Waterloo.

The allied army with its centre Mont St. Jean held three advanced posts, if I may so call them. The Chateau of Hougomont which with its massive buildings and gardens and plantations formed an excellent little fort was held by the English. I saw its ancient walls riddled with bullets, and still bearing marks of the eventful day. And inside it I saw the chapel where a fire broke out and was happily extinguished, and the well in which hundreds of dead bodies were buried after the battle. The loopholes too made by the English in the garden walls also exist to this day. The height of Haye Sainte was held by the Germans under Major Von Baring. Here I saw on the wall a tablet dedicated to the brave Germans who fell in defending this place. Papelotte etc. to the east were also held by the Germans under the Duke of Weimar.

The battle began at 11 A. M. and Jerome Bonaparte, Napoleon's brother, precipitated himself against Hougomont Chateau which continued to be the scene of desperate fighting and of fearful slaughter all through

the day. Several times the French burst inside the enclosure and into the orchard, but the English aided by the strength of their position gallantly defended the Chateau and it was never taken. At two o'clock Marshal Ney attacked the centre of the allies, intending to break through the centre and take the left wing of the allies in the rear. The French took possession of the garden of Haye Sainte and stormed Papelotte, when the indomitable Picton came forward with his division and forced back the French, and died in the endeavour. Somerset's Household brigade came up to the scene, and the gallant Highlanders dashed into the enemy supported by Col. Ponsonby's Inniskillens, Scots Greys, and Royal Dragoons, and they pushed back the French almost to Belle Alliance, where the English were in turn checked and repulsed with fearful slaughter.

The English and the Germans now formed themselves into squares and the French cavalry hurled itself impetuously on these famous squares, and thinned their ranks but could not break them. Both in the centre and in the east however the French gained considerable advantages, they stormed La Haye Sainte after a heroic resistance by the Germans under Major Von Baring, and they also stormed Papellote. This was about 5 P. M. The victory of the French was now a matter of certainty.

An event had happened however which dashed the hopes of the French to the ground. At 4-30, the Prussians approached the battle-field and began their cannonade from Frechemont, near Papellote, in the extreme east. Henceforward Napoleon tried the impossible task

of beating the English and Germans in front of him, and beating the Prussians towards the east. For nearly four hours Napoleon fought this desperate game, hurling his troops on the English and Germans in front and sending battallion after battallion eastwards to keep the Prussians from advancing. The attempt was futile because it was impossible. At 7 P. M. Napoleon hurled his imperial guard, commanded by the indomitable Ney against the English and the Germans, while another wing of his army under Lobau was still desperately fighting against the Prussians who had advanced as far as Plancenoit. The double game could not succeed and did not succeed. The English and the Germans gallantly received and drove back the Imperial Guards, while the Prussians pressed harder and harder on Plancenoit and captured it soon after 8 P. M. All was lost then, and Napoleon and the French fled from the field.

Such was the battle of "Waterloo" which popular English writers of the day described as exclusively their victory, which the Prussians mainly attribute to *their* desperate and heroic fighting, which the Germans claim as *their* victory as well as that of the English and the Prussians, and which the Netherlanders have celebrated by building a huge mound or hill on the battle-field with the Belgian lion on the top of it, looking towards France!

There was a fearful loss of life on that eventful day, and the number of the killed and wounded shews pretty clearly the share that each nation had in securing the victory. The English head the list with the frightful

loss of 6932; the Prussians too lost nearly as many, *i. e.* 6682, and a fitting memorial has been erected for them at Plancenoit. The Germans lost 4494, and the Netherlanders some thousands. The French must have lost over 20,000 in fighting simultaneously against the allied nations.

There have been greater victories in modern warfare, but probably none more important. For in that battle ended the glory of the greatest conqueror of modern times, and the greatest man that the world has ever produced. Alexander conquered vaster kingdoms, because he fought with vast undisciplined forces, and Cæsar won his laurels and victories too against defenceless barbarians. The spectacle of a general fighting against nations equally great and civilized, equally rich and powerful, equally brave and disciplined as his own, fighting them all round with a matchless celerity which baffled all combination, fighting and beating them in every single instance for nearly 20 years, has only once been presented by the world and that was in Napoleon! At Moscow he met his first disaster, at Leipsic he received his first defeat,—at Waterloo he fell, never to rise again.

If any readers find the above account of the battle somewhat tourist-like, I can only inform them in explanation that it was penned, in an atmosphere of smoke, in a humble inn at Waterloo,—in the midst of a running conversation French (and very bad French on my part) with the elderly but amiable landlady who knew all about the battle of course! As soon as it was time for

the train to start, I paid her for tea and cigars, thanked her for her courtesy and left for Brussels.

Antwerp.

Antwerp rose in importance as a place of commerce as Bruges fell in the 15th century, and in the 16th century Antwerp is said to have been the most prosperous and wealthy place in Europe, surpassing Venice itself! "Thousands of vessels are said to have lain in the Schelde at one time, while a hundred or more arrived and departed daily. The great fairs held here attracted merchants from all parts of the civilized world."

The terrors of the Spanish regime so graphically described by Motley were the principal cause of Antwerp's fall. Thousands of industrious manufacturers left their home and fled to England where they established factories and stimulated the trade of England. In 1576 the Spanish soldiers killed about 7000 of the inhabitants of Antwerp, and during the fourteen months after the capture of the town by the Duke of Parma the population dwindled rapidly.

As Antwerp declined under these circumstances, commercial prosperity left her and travelled northwards to Holland as it had previously travelled from Bruges to Antwerp. As the Dutch shook off the Spanish yoke and rose in power, they took care to divert all the trade of Antwerp to their own ports. Amsterdam rose as Antwerp fell, and in 1648 it was resolved that no sea-going vessel should ascend to Antwerp!

After over a hundred and fifty years, Napoleon Bonaparte tried to receive the prosperity of this place.

He deepened the river, enlarged the harbour, strengthened the fortifications and spent two million pounds sterling in the construction of docks and basins The prosperity of the town revived under these enlightened endeavours of the great conqueror, and received a fresh stimulus when Holland was united to Belgium in 1815 and Antwerp was allowed to trade with the Dutch colonies. It suffered during the revolution of 1830-32 and the separation of Holland from Belgium, but has been rapidly reviving within the last quarter of a century.

Antwerp is now the arsenal of Belgium and is one of the strongest fortresses in Europe. But its fame throughout the civilized world rests neither on its past history nor on its present strength, but on the immortal works of the master painter Rubens, many of whose best paintings as well as those of Van Dyck are in Antwerp. The town is redolent of their fame.

Cathedral.

The cathedral of Antwerp is pronounced to be the largest and the most beautiful Gothic building in the Netherlands. Its magnificent and elaborately decorated tower rises to a height of 405 feet and the workmanship all over the exterior is elaborate and delicate. The interior is imposing in its simplicity, all its previous decorations having been removed and destroyed during a famous popular revolution in the 16th century described by Motley in one of his most striking passages. Three of the finest paintings of Rubens form the most valuable treasure of this cathedral; *viz.*—The "Descent from

the Cross," the "Elevation of the Cross" and the "Assumption of the Virgin."

Hotel de Ville.

The Hotel de Ville of Antwerp is in the Renaissance style but is not so fine as those of Brussels or Ghent. Close to the Hotel de Ville are the guildhall of the archers, the hall of the coopers, the hall of the tailors, and the hall of the carpenters,—all old historic halls of the trade guilds of the town. The most interesting building, however, in this place is the palace of Charles V. which is carefully preserved in its antiquated beauty.

A little to the south of the Hotel de Ville is the broad Schelde with ships of heavy tonnage, and a line of wharves full of the bustle of modern commerce. One relic of Feudalism still frowns however on the Schelde, and that is a portion of the "Steen," the old castle of Antwerp which the enlightened Emperor Charles V. made over to the people, but which in the reign of his bigoted son Philip II. was the seat of the Spanish Inquisition! The dark and subterranean dungeons and "Oubliettes" inside still bear witness to the dreadful history of the building. It is now used (like the Porte de Hall of Brussels) as a museum of antiquities.

Museum.

The museum of Antwerp contains a fine collection of the celebrated paintings of the Flemish school, and specially those of Rubens and Van Dyck. Rubens's Crucifixion of Christ between two thieves is the best, and his adoration of the Magi and Christ on Straw are also considered master-pieces. Van Dyck's Entombment struck me as

one of his finest; his Christ Dead, and Christ on the Cross are also very fine. Van Dyck was a pupil of Rubens as stated before. The master's pictures seem to indicate more power and life, but the pupil avoids his master's principal fault, *viz.*, heaviness in figure, and the massing of flesh. I also visited a museum of modern paintings and a private collection of some celebrated paintings. "The Annunciation to the Shepherds" by the French painter Ary Scheffer is the best of this collection.

On the 8th November I left Antwerp for Rotterdam in Holland. But before concluding my account of Belgium I must not forget to make mention of the wooden shoes of Flanders with which boys and girls, and men and women too love to clatter over the rough paved stone streets,—nor of the dogs of Flanders which in every town here draw small carts and tradesmen's waggons like ponies,—nor of the famous lace for the manufacture of which Brussels is famous all over the world. I visited a manufactory of hand-made lace and saw one woman in particular engaged in the intricacies of a bit of lace which she was making as she told me with 2000 pins and 4000 bobbins! I paid my fine of course in buying a bit of lace perfectly useless to me!

Belgium and Holland compared.

What a wonderful difference is observable as one crosses the frontiers of Belgium and comes into Holland! Belgium is under French influence and French in its appearance and associations. French may be said to be the language of Belgium, and even

the lower classes who speak Flœnish, speak French also. The great towns of Belgium like Brussels and Antwerp are beautiful imitations of Paris, the Belgian Cafés and Restaurants are like French Cafés and Restaurants, the beautiful and gorgeous cathedrals and churches of Belgium are like the magnificent French Churches, and preach the same Roman Catholic religion to the same Celtic people. In Holland the traveller is struck with a vast difference in all these respects. He suddenly comes amidst a vigorous self asserting long-headed Tuton race, speaking a Tuton tongue, living in the bustle of trade and activity. They don't make much show in the way of fine churches, and have not much pageantry in their religion, but they have by sheer industry,—by dykes and drainage,—won a great part of their country from the sea, they have intersected their fields by a system of canals which one would think was possible only in small gardens, and in their large towns they have as many canals as there are streets! These towns do not pretend to the beauty of Paris or of Brussels, but are merely systems of canals,—successions of quays, wharves and jetties, with hundreds of vessels and ships eternally unloading their cargoes from the far Indies! Towns with regular streets and uniform houses with canals and wharves and numerous heavy laden ships,—a country protected by dykes, intersected by a regular net-work of canals, and dotted over with thousands of wind-mills,—a population hard-working, pushing, self-asserting and selfish if you like—that is Holland! That is the tough Tuton race who have erenow contested with England

for the empire of the seas, and who next to England possess the finest and most flourishing colonies, and have in recent years, in war and in peace, obstinately pushed themselves forward and made England recoil before her in South Africa.

Historically the fall of Belgium was the rise of Holland. In the 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries when Bruges and Ghent were fighting the battle of popular freedom, Holland was scarcely known to history. The Counts of Holland who had their hunting grounds at the Hague (*Hedge* or Enclosure) united the fishing town of Amsterdam with it in the 14th century. Holland passed with Belgium under the house of Burgundy and then under Austria, and in the 16th century both the kingdoms groaned under Spanish bigotry and oppression. Here the glorious period of Belgian history ends and that of Holland begins. Belgium remained a Roman Catholic country, but Holland had embraced the new Protestant faith and was therefore principally an object of wrath to its Spanish rulers. The glorious battle of independence which Holland waged at the close of the 16th century under William the Silent has been worthily told by Motley in his Dutch Republic. Belgium remained under the Spanish yoke, and became the possession of the great powers by turns,—of Spain, Austria and France as has been stated before. Holland on the contrary threw off the Spanish yoke after a most heroic war, and her independence was recognized by Spain in 1609. Trade followed in the wake of independence, commercial prosperity which had left Bruges for Antwerp now travel-

led to Rotterdam and Amsterdam, and the commercial enterprise and naval power of Holland knew no bound! The vigor of Cromwell and the genius of Blake scarcely restrained that power, while in the time of Charles II. of England, the Dutch defeated the combined fleets of the English and the French in 1673. The foreign colonies and possessions of the Dutch multiplied every year,—and at the present date they are, next to the English, the greatest colonists in the world. Sumatra, Java, a part of Borneo, and the whole of Celebes and Mollucca islands in Asia own the Dutch rule and have a population of over twenty millions! And when it is considered that these results have been achieved by a people who have scarcely a country of their own to live in except what they have wrested from the sea by sheer industry and ingenuity, that their population in their motherland is only about 4 millions which is one-eighth of the population of the British Isles, the enterprise and activity and vigor of this hard-headed race can well be imagined.

Holland was a republic before the time of Napoleon. Napoleon conquered Holland and made his brother king of it. But that regime was overthrown in 1813 and Holland now had a king of her own in Frederick of the House of Orange. Belgium and Holland were united after Waterloo, as had been stated before, but the two nations were different in race, different in religion, and different in feelings and associations, and the patched-up union did not last long, and in 1830 Belgium was separated from the kingdom of Holland.

Coming from Antwerp to Rotterdam I came over the celebrated bridge over the Hollandich Diep. Thirteen stone buttresses, each fifty feet long, support fourteen iron arches with a span of 110 ft. each. Immediately after crossing this bridge the train came to Dordreht or Dort where in 1572 the first assembly of the independent states of Holland was held which led to the foundation of the Republic of the united Dutch Provinces. Shortly after leaving Dort the train crossed the Mass and came into Rotterdam situated on the right bank of that river. The Railway line runs northwards (towards Amsterdam) right through the town of Rotterdam over an iron viaduct,—another triumph of Dutch engineering skill.

Dort.

Except as a typical old Dutch town and as an immense place of commerce, Rotterdam is not very interesting. It has almost as many canals as streets, and draw-bridges over the busy canals are frequently going up and down to let the vessels pass below and the men above alternately. The streets are regular, and the town considering its trade, is a pretty cleanly one,—but there is little to see except a succession of quays and docks and shipping on every side which remind one unpleasantly of the east end of London. I saw the church of St. Lawrence which though an old Gothic edifice will not bear comparison with the Belgian churches. I also saw the great market with the statue of Erasmus in it. The Stadhuis or town hall is an ordinary large house with a fine Ionic portico. The best part of Rotterdam for the tourist is

Rotterdam.

the Park in the extreme west end which is very pretty indeed.

On Tuesday morning I left for the Hague which is a far prettier place and one far more interesting from a historical point of view. No town in Holland possesses so many broad and handsome streets, lofty and substantial houses and spacious and imposing squares as the Hague. There is little or no commerce here but the Hague has been from the 16th century downwards the political capital of Holland as Amsterdam is its commercial capital, and hence its beauty and cleanliness. The king's palace is here, as well as the upper and lower houses of the Parliament of Holland and most of the head Government offices.

Hague.

The celebrated Binnenhof of the Hague is of mediæval origin and was once surrounded and defended by a moat. Count William of Holland first built a palace here about 1260 and his son Florens V. enlarged it and made the Hague his capital in 1291. The brick building of the time of Florens V. called the Hall of the Knights still stands in the center of the Binnenhof. To the east of the Knight's Hall is the Geregtshof or the Court of Justice, while to the north and south of it stand the chambers of the States General, the Parliament of the kingdom of Holland. I saw the fine Treves Saloon, built as a reception room by Stadholder William III. who was king of England, and I also saw the Lower House, the Dutch House of Commons. The Upper House was closed to-day.

Binnenhof.

To the west of Binnenhof is Buitenhof which is now occupied by some Government offices; while between the Binnenhof and the Buitenhof, and a little to the north, stands the celebrated old state prison of Holland, called Gevangen Poort,—the scene of the tortures connected with the Spanish inquisition. It makes one's flesh creep to go through these dark chambers with the old instruments of torture carefully arranged therein. Finger-screws, thumb-screws and arm-screws, benches on which unfortunate prisoners were laid while their legs and arms were broken by an iron bar stroke by stroke, spiked girdles which held them fast while they were put under the lash, chains, and swords, and axes and the knife of the guillotine of more recent times are all arranged in one dark chamber. Another chamber in which prisoners were starved to death is shewn to visitors, and by an exquisite refinement of cruelty the window of this chamber is made face to face with the kitchen of the prison, so that the prisoners might see and smell the food through the iron grating of their chamber while they were being starved to death. Upstairs I saw the chamber in which the well known torture of the water-drops was inflicted on prisoners. The prisoner was fastened to a seat and water drop by drop fell on his head. The sensation was not unpleasant at first, but soon the drops caused an exquisite torture under which the prisoner groaned and yelled until he died after three or four days. A hole in the stone below, caused by the dripping of the

Buitenhof.

Instruments of torture in Europe.

water is shewn to visitors. What exquisite and ingenious inventions of cruelty,—what devices discovered by man to torture man! What tales of cruelty, of exquisite and frightful torture, of the breaking of bone after bone, of the wrenching of joint after joint, these cold dark vaults and chambers could tell if they could speak. Imagination shudders to think of what men and women have suffered day after day, month after month, in these dark vaults for the cause of righteousness and of liberty. Let us hope those dark days of ingenious cruelty are gone,—never to return again! Modern civilization has still much of wars and blood-shed, of conquests and cruelty to answer for, but the day of slow deliberate ingenious torture is, let us hope, gone for ever,—and it is in so far a gain in the cause of humanity.

I saw the room in which the famous Cornelius de Witt was imprisoned on a charge of conspiracy against William III. in 1672. His brother John de Witt, the Grand Pensionary, hastened to the tower to give him relief, but the infuriated populace who had been induced to believe in the guilt of the brothers forced their way into the prison, seized the two brothers and literally tore them to pieces with savage cruelty, maiming the dead bodies, ripping open the hearts and hanging them head downwards in the square outside. The scene is graphically described in one of Dumas's novels, the "Tulipe Noire," I think, but judging from the pictures one sees here of the scene, no description can sufficiently portray the horror of the scene.

Westward from this place is the Grootee kerk (church

Town Hall and Palace.

of St. James) a Gothic edifice of the 15th century, and near it is the Stadhuis, or Town Hall, a fine building in the picturesque Dutch style. Northwards is the king's palace,—a very ordinary building as it seemed to me.

Immediately to the east of Binnenhof is the house erected by Prince Maurice of Nassau, and therefore called Mauritshuis, and which is now the picture-gallery.

Picture Gallery.

It contains many remarkable pictures of the old masters, of which Rembrandt's School of Anatomy and Paul Potter's bull have a world-wide celebrity. The former represents the celebrated Anatomist Nicholas Tulp, a friend of Rembrandt, explaining the anatomy of the arm of a corpse lying before to a number of listeners whose faces portray the keen eagerness of listeners in various expressions and attitudes. The latter is a very realistic and life-like picture of bull, a cow, a sheep, a ram and a lamb with shepherd standing. They are both very fine and realistic pictures, but why they should have a world-wide celebrity is what professional connoisseurs alone can explain !

I saw two other picture-galleries, one the Municipal Museum and the other a private one in Baron Steengracht's house. West of Mauritshuis is an extensive square adorned with a statue of William I. the liberator of Holland, and to the north of the town is a fine park with an imposing national monument to commemorate the restoration of Dutch independence in 1813 after

the fall of Napoleon. Soon after I left the Hague for Leyden.

Leyden.

What Cambridge and Oxford are in England, what Upsala is in Sweden, that is Leyden in Holland,—the University town of the kingdom. It is sometimes called the Athens of the west, and in its reputation as a learned University it yields to no place in Europe. The eminent jurist Grotius and the eminent philosopher Des Cartes lived and wrote here.

Leyden has yet another claim to the interest of the student of history. For it was here that a great battle against oppression and religious bigotry was fought in 1574. The terrible siege of Leyden by the Spanish lasted from October 1573 to March 1574, and then a sort of blockade went on till October 1574. No account of a siege that I have ever read, not even Macaulay's graphic account of the siege of Londonderry is so thrilling as the siege of Leyden as told by Motley. William of Orange at last caused the dykes to be pierced and the country around being inundated, and he relieved the besieged by ship. The town was thus saved from the very jaws of the cruel enemy.

The traveller who comes to this place to see monuments and historical structures will however be much disappointed. Leyden is a quiet town with some canals and one or two important streets, and scarcely any superb buildings. The University building is quite a commonplace one and the lecture-hall about which Neibuhr has written

University.

in glowing terms would, in its size and appearance scarcely satisfy the second-year students in a second-rate college in Calcutta! I saw the celebrated hall however with the reverence due to its old associations as well as the different faculties of the University,—Medicine, Law, Literature, Theology, Mathematics, &c. The students of the University, about 800 in number, have a gathering place of their own, called the Minerva Club, which is a fine building.

There is a canal still surrounding the town, but the enclosing ramparts exist no longer. A very old circular edifice like a fort still exists in the town and is called the Burg. Its first mention in authentic history is in the 10th century and chroniclers connect it with the Anglo-Saxon conqueror Hengist.

Town Hall.

The Stadhuis or Town Hall of Leyden is a successful example of the Dutch style of architecture of the 18th century. An inscription on it is remarkable and in English would run thus;—"When the black famine had brought to death nearly six thousand persons, then God the Lord repented of it, and gave us bread again, as much as we could wish." This refers to the Spanish siege of 1574. The University was instituted soon after this siege, and it is said, was given as a reward to the people for their heroic resistance by William of Orange. The church of St. Peter is the largest in Leyden, but that of St. Pancras is the finest.

The most interesting object in Leyden however, next to the University, is its admirable collection of

Museum.

antiquities. The Egyptian Courts are specially rich, there being a large collection of stones and statues with hieroglyphics —a vast number of ancient papirii, dating from thousands of years before Christ, and also a large collection of sarcophagri and of mummies,—not only of human bodies but also of sacred birds, sacred crocodiles, sacred dogs, cats, monkeys, &c. Some of the dead bodies are exposed and one human figure still in good preservation and with features which are quite recognizable, date from 1400 B. C. *i. e.* over 3000 years! The Roman and Greek Courts are poor, but there is a curious collection of statues of Hindu gods and sacred bulls,—all obtained, from the Dutch possession of Java. Brahma with his four faces, Siva with his garland of skulls, Vishnu sitting in meditation, numerous statues of Ganesa with his elephant head, a large and well executed figure of the sacred bull of Siva, a spirited statue of Durga and many other statues of Hindu gods are preserved here. That all these should have been found in the shrines and temples of Java shews what an intimate connection must have subsisted between Java and India in ancient days when Hindus had not yet contracted the senseless prejudice against crossing the seas.

Haarlem.

Haarlem is on the way from Leyden to Amsterdam. In ancient times this place was the residence of the Counts of Holland, and the present stadhuis or Town Hall marks the site of the ancient palace. In front of the stadhuis stands the imposing and lofty church of Haarlem erect-

ed in the 15th century. In front of this church and in the centre of the market is the statue of Caxton, whom the Dutch claim to be the inventor of printing while the Germans claim that honour for their countrymen Gutenberg. Haarlem like Leyden sustained a terrible siege by the Spaniards for seven months, but the resistance though noble and heroic, was ineffectual. Ten thousand citizens are said to have perished in making the defence and even women led by the heroic Kenu Simons Hasselaar took a share in it. But the city fell at last and the cruel conqueror,—the son of the notorious Duke of Alva —executed the noble commandant, the whole of the Protestant clergy and 2000 of the surviving brave defenders! Such cruelty works its own ruin, and the Spaniards were driven from the town four years later.

Amsterdam.

At last I reached the capital of Holland. In the close of the eleventh century a small number of fishermen built their poor huts in the spot where the river Amstel flows into the river Y, and the united stream flows into Zuider Zee. Those huts were the commencement of one of the greatest trade centres of the modern world. The lord of Amstel built a castle here in 1204 and constructed the *dam* on the *Amstel* which has given rise to the name of the town. In 1311 the town was united to Holland and in the same century it gradually rose in importance as exiled citizens from the older trade centres in Belgium came to settle here. But it was in the 16th century when Antwerp was ruined by the Spanish war and the Spanish inquisition that the manufacturers and tra-

ders of the town sought asylum in thousands in Amsterdam, and the extent and population of Amsterdam were nearly doubled in the closing fifteen years of the 16th century. Early in the seventeenth century Spain recognized the independence of Holland, and Amsterdam took the lead in the vast commercial enterprises of Holland and the celebrated Dutch East India Company was started here. The armies of Louis XIV. in the 17th century did not reach as far as Amsterdam, but in the commencement of the present century the Dutch republic was dissolved and Napoleon Bonaparte's brother Louis Napoleon became king of Holland and resided in Amsterdam. But on the fall of Napoleon Holland became a separate kingdom as stated before, with Prince William Frederick as the king.

The capital of Holland does not boast of the beauty of Paris, or even of Brussels, but is a unique and wonderful city for its canals. The whole town may be described as a system of concentric canals dividing the city into 90 islands which are connected by means of nearly 300 bridges! A tourist therefore, having to go from the centre of the town to the outskirts has nothing but canal after canal to cross, and passes by hundreds of boats everywhere, even in the heart of the town.

But more wonderful than what you see in Amsterdam is what you do not see. These rows of houses which stretch on every direction alongside the canals in this vast city are not built on soild earth as in the other parts of the world but on piles of wood driven into the sand and loam under-

A city built on piles!

neath. It takes one completely by surprise when, looking at the forest of solid and substantial houses on every side of him in Amsterdam, he is suddenly told that every one of these thousands of houses is built on piles of wood, and that man lives here (as Erasmus of Rotterdam said in jest) on tops of trees, like rooks!

The loam and sand which form the ground of Amsterdam cannot support masonry buildings, and hence every house is built on piles driven into the sand. The vast solid-looking and substantial Royal Palace of Amsterdam rests on 13,659 piles! The magnificent Gothic New Church by the side of the Palace is built on 6,000 piles! The Exchange house of Amsterdam has a foundation of 3,469 piles! And so on with every other house here. It gives one a feeling of uneasiness to think that the magnificent and solid hotel in which he is stopping stands on thousands of wooden piles, and that it is within the range of possibility that the whole structure may sink under heavy weight as the great corn magazine of Amsterdam did in 1822, when stored with 3,500 tons of grain!

Palace.

Holland was a republic in the 17th and 18th centuries, and the present Palace of Amsterdam was therefore not a royal Palace but simply the Town Hall of Amsterdam. It is unfit to be a royal palace as it stands in the open market-place without any sort of enclosure or compound of its own. Otherwise it is a noble massive building, and the apartments which are shewn to the public, are richly adorned with sculptures in white marble and nobly furnished.

Churches.

The New Church which was built in the 15th century and restored after the fire of 1645 is one of the finest in Holland. The Old Church was built about 1300 A.D.

Museum.

The finest sight in Amsterdam, however, is the famous Ryks Museum, just completed and containing some paintings which have a world-wide celebrity. Foremost among them is Rembrandt's Night-watch which is allowed the place of honor in the Museum. It is Rembrandt's largest and most celebrated work, and represents a company of Arquebusiers emerging from their guild house on their nightly round. To the left of this room is a large room containing works of Flemish, German, French, Italian and Spanish masters. I noticed in this room some fine pictures of Guido Reni and Caravaggio, and also the celebrated painting of Rubens representing the old prisoner who was condemned to death by starvation, but whose life was saved by his daughter giving him her breast when she came to visit him.

Canals.

Holland is a country of canals, and Amsterdam is the centre of an extensive system of canals on all sides. The two most important are the North Holland Canal, 130 ft. broad and constructed in 1819 to 1825, and the North Sea Canal from 200 to 330 ft. wide and completed only in 1876. Both these canals were constructed to connect Amsterdam with the German Ocean. The North Holland Canal runs from Amsterdam northwards and meets the German Ocean at Helder. But this magnificent work,

46 miles long, was unable to meet the growing requirements of trade and the North Sea Canal was therefore excavated recently, running from Amsterdam due westwards to the German Ocean. Huge gates protect the entrances to both the canals, and keep the water in the required height, irrespective of the height of the sea.

North Holland.

An excursion from Amsterdam to Helder is very interesting. The Railway line runs through a uniformly level country (the province of North Holland) and crosses the North Holland Canal two or three times until both the Railway line and the canal terminate at Helder. A great part of this province (North Holland) is 12 to 15 feet below the level of the sea from which it is protected on the west (*i. e.* towards the German Ocean) by natural Dunes or sand hills carefully preserved and improved, and on the east side (*i. e.* towards the Zuider Zee) by lofty embankments. The province so carefully wrested from the sea is one of the richest in Holland, and the sheep here are the best that can be obtained in Europe both for meat and for wool. The process of draining marshes and lakes and so wresting new lands from the sea is still going on. The principal *Polders* (reclaimed lands) are the Beemster, Purmer, Schermer and the Polder of Haarlem. And it is now proposed to convert the whole of the Zuider Zee into a Polder or reclaimed land! If this magnificent scheme is realized, Holland will gain 700 square miles of country and the Geography of the World will be changed! Smiling fields and beautiful

pasture lands with thousands of wind-mills and quiet orderly villages will mark the site which is still a waste and a sea in our atlases!

Zandaam.

Leaving Amsterdam I came to the historic town of Zandaam within a quarter of an hour. What a forest of wind-mills here! What vast store-houses of timber here, what an industry in wood work and planks! An Emperor of a great country once came to this place and worked in disguise as a carpenter to benefit his kingdom! The very cottage in which Peter the Great worked is still pointed out to visitors. But Peter could not preserve his incognito long, and so went back to Amsterdam where he worked unmolested in the Dockyards of the company. The history of kings and princes does not often preserve episodes like this!

Alkamaar.

The next important station after I left Zandaam was Alkmaar meaning All-sea, as the place was, before human industry made it into a town. The town now contains a population of nearly 15,000 and is renowned in Dutch history for its stout and successful resistance against the Spanish in 1573. The place is now the centre of the extensive cheese trade of North Holland. The market meets on Fridays and is frequented by the whole of the peasantry of North Holland in their quaint dresses and gaily painted waggons.

Helder.

The last place on the line is Helder where the North Holland Canal terminates and runs into the sea. In the last century

it was merely a fishing village, but Napoleon Bonaparte saw the strategical importance of the place and in 1811 caused fortifications to be made here, which have since been completed by the Dutch. Helder is now a large town with a population of 20,000, and is also the naval arsenal of Holland. The capacious wharves and magazines of the Dutch navy and the naval Cadet school are here, and a part of the Dutch navy is always stationed here. The great Helder Dyke is worth a visit. It is 5 miles in length and 12 feet in width and descends into the sea to a distance of 200 ft. at an angle of 40. Fort Kykduin is at the highest point of this Dyke, and a lofty light house, not far off, is seen from miles out in the sea. The sea in its highest tides never reaches the summit of this wonderful dyke constructed of Norwegian granite and the people have some reason for boasting "God made the sea, we made the shore."

This spot, Helder, witnessed one of the noblest triumphs of the Dutch navy. It was here that Dr. Ruyter and Van Tromp signally defeated the combined fleet of the English and the French on the 21st August 1673. The English sustained yet another reverse close to this place. In 1799, 10,000 English and 13,000 Russians landed here to induce the Dutch to revolt against Napoleon's regime. The Russians were signally defeated at Bergen and the English were defeated at Castricum.

North Sea Canal.

The North Sea Canal as I have stated before is a direct and short cut from the Y near Amsterdam to the German Ocean

due west. It is a broad and splendid canal, and looks like a river broad and deep enough for ships and steamers of the heaviest tonnage. Nearly the whole of Amsterdam's trade with the world passes now through this canal. I went along the whole length of it, starting by a steamer from Amsterdam, and reaching the seaside port of Ymuinden in less than two hours. It so happened the mail steamer to the Dutch colony of Java left the same day, and I saw her passing. Mail steamers leave Amsterdam for Java once in every 10 days. There is a bi-weekly service between Amsterdam and London, and I saw the steamer for London lying in anchor in the canal.

At Ymuinden the entrance of the canal from the sea is protected by a magnificent lock consisting of three huge gates, the middle one being 72 feet wide, and the two sides one 36 feet each. Further out, where the canal actually meets the sea,—the place is protected by two solid extensive piers, ¾ miles long and running out into the sea, so as to make an extensive harbour. Two lofty lighthouses are erected on this spot.

Zuider Zee.

My last excursion from Amsterdam was to the Zuider Zee. Meuderberg is a pretty little watering place in the Zuider Zee 7½ miles to the east of Amsterdam, and I travelled this distance by a steam tram car. The bathing season is over and the cafés and hotels of Meuderberg are now deserted and the fine parks and oak gardens are now yellow in the approach of winter. I saw the embankment along the coast of the Zuider Zee, to protect the low

country on its shore. The Zuider Zee is an inland sea, though not very deep, I fancy, and its water is salt but not quite so salt as sea water. I have already alluded to the proposal of converting this vast sea into fine pasture lands and cultivated fields!

CHAPTER IX.

Germany and Austria.

A long day's journey brought me from Amsterdam to Hanover. Hanover is closely connected with English history and has given England her present reigning dynasty;—George I. and his successors were electors of Hanover as well as kings of England. Hanover was made into a kingdom in the early part of the present century, but was united with and reduced into a province of the kingdom of Prussia in 1866, so that Hanover has no separate existence now in the German empire like Bavaria and other principalities.

Hanover.

The new portions of the town of Hanover boast of fine streets lined with imposing edifices, but the older portions with their quaint old German houses are perhaps more interesting. The house of Leibnitz, the philosopher, is still pointed out to visitors. The market place and the old market church, built in the 14th century, and the Town hall erected in the 15th century are specially interesting. The church is an imposing brick structure with a tower 295 feet high. The large reception hall of the Rathhaus is finely decorated with frescoes.

Town Hall.

The palace of Hanover is of a later date, being built in the 17th century, but the decorations in the rooms inside are

Palace.

exquisite. The suites of chambers, the fine dining hall and the still finer ball room are well worth a visit. The inlaid wooden floor of different rooms that I passed through are the best of their kind that I have seen anywhere. Near the palace of Hanover of which I have spoken above is the spacious Waterloo Place at the further end of which rises the lofty Waterloo Column 154 ft. high, to commemorate the gallant assistance which the Hanoverians rendered in the great victory of the Waterloo. A fine avenue of lime trees over a mile in length and 120 yards in width leads from the town to the palace of Herrenhausen which was the favorite residence of George I. and George II.

Berlin.

To the great capital of the German Fatherland at last! Like all the great capitals of continental Europe, Berlin has in recent times been adorned and beautified after the manner of Paris, and is now one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Berlin was a small village of fishermen in the twelfth century. In 1250 it was made a city and in 1300 it was surrounded by a wall. In 1340 Berlin was still an insignificant member of the famous Hanseatic league in which the then flourishing and rich towns of Bruges and Ghent took the lead. It was in the 17th century that Berlin attained its modern importance under Frederick William, the "Great Elector" and the founder of the *Prussian Monarchy*. On the death of the "Great Elector" Frederick III. succeeded, and assumed the title of king Frederick I. in 1701. His successor was the celebrated Frederick the Great (1740-1786) who

consolidated and vastly increased the limits of the infant kingdom, and was unwearied in his efforts to embellish the capital with new buildings. The University, the Cathedral, the Royal library and many other fine buildings were erected by him, and the population of the town had risen to 1,45,000 by the end of his reign.

Berlin like every other capital in Europe suffered heavily from Napoleon's wars. Napoleon's victories at Jena and Austerlitz and the French occupation of Berlin had a depressing effect, but it was for a time only. Prussian patriotism never burned brighter than under the repeated disasters of the Napoleonic wars, and the Prussians finally avenged their disgrace in the hard fought battle of Waterloo. The present ruler of Prussia succeeded in 1861, and has after his glorious victory over the French in 1871 assumed the ancient title of the Emperor of Germany, and thus united Prussia and all the German estates under one vigorous administration. The population of Berlin has increased from 700,000 in 1867 to 1,300,000 in 1886.

The finest street in modern Berlin is the Unterden Linden so called from its avenues of lime trees, and is 196 ft. in width and nearly a mile in length, and lined on both sides by the handsomest houses that can be seen in any city in Europe. This fine street ends with the town at the Brandenburg Gate in the extreme west, and beyond this gate is the Thiergarten which is to Berlin what the Bois de Boulogne is to Paris.

To begin then from the Thiergarten in the extreme

Victory Monument. west of the town, the monument of victory is the most conspicuous object in the garden. It is a fine column 200 ft. and erected after the great victories over France in 1870-71. The massive square pedestal is adorned with fine reliefs in bronze. On the east side is represented the Danish war of 1864, on the north side the Austrian war of 1866, on the west side the French war of 1870. In six years the Prussians "settled" Denmark, Austria and France and rose to be the foremost power of Europe. On the south side of the pedestal is represented the return of the troops from France 1871 under their great ruler who had in that momentous and glorious year assumed the ancient title of "Emperor." On this base stands the column, the base of which is surrounded by an open colonnade, and on the summit of which stands a noble guilded statue of victory. Verily every German, as he beholds this noble and lofty monument, recalls with pride and exultation the glorious victories which culminated in 1871. Would that the victors had used their advantages with moderation in 1871. The peace of Europe would not have been eternally threatened, and Europe not turned into a camp, if Alsace and Lorraine had not been annexed.

Brandenburg Gate. Turning eastward from the park we enter through the Brandenburg Gate into the town. The gate is 85 ft. high (including figures) and 205 ft. in width, and has five different passages, the centre one being reserved for royal carriages. The structure was erected in 1789-93 in

imitation of the Propylea in Athens, and the figure on the top is a *Quadriga of victory*, the four horses of victory, in bronze. Napoleon took away this Quadriga to Paris in 1807, but it was restored to Berlin in 1814.

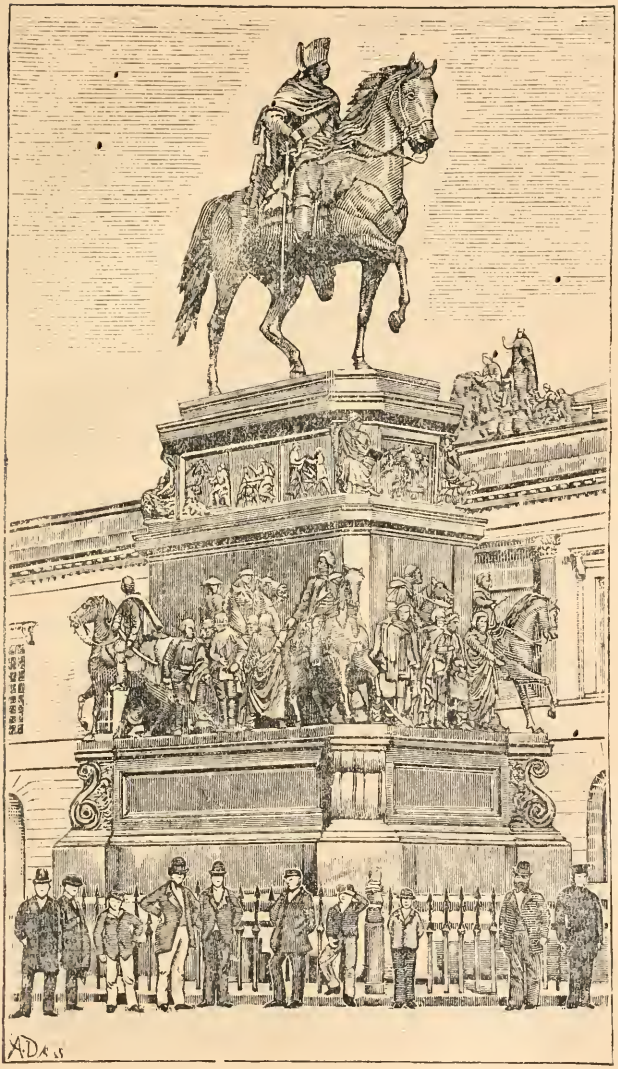
Paris Place.

Passing through this gate we come to an open square called Paris Place since the victories over the French in 1871. There are some handsome and noble buildings on both sides of this Paris Place. No. 2 on our right was Blucher's Palace, and is now the Austrian Embassy. No. 5 is the French Embassy.

Statue of Frederick the Great.

The fine street Unterden Linden begins from the Paris Place. Passing along this street we come to where the magnificent bronze statue of Frederick the Great stands, in the centre of the street. The groups of finely executed figures allegorical as well as historical on the pedestal and the noble and impressive attitude of the great warrior himself mounted on a horse, make the monument one of the finest of its kind in Europe.

As I was admiring this monument, I saw a great crowd at its foot. I could not for some time imagine what they had assembled there for, the statue itself was nothing to them, they had seen it a thousand times over. Nor were they looking at the statue, but at a perfectly plain and quiet looking building on the south side of the street. There were two soldiers on guard at the gate, and a flag was floating above. The truth flashed on me suddenly then,—this quiet and almost



The Statue of Frederick the Great. (*p.* 284)

humble house, less imposing than many of our houses in the Chowringee in Calcutta, is the residence of the greatest of living sovereigns,—the Emperor of Germany! The Emperor shows himself to the people at stated hours, and the crowd had collected outside the palace to have a view of their beloved and worthy Kaiser.

Emperor of Germany.

I stood amidst the crowd for a few minutes. In due time a white face of an old,—very old man, was seen behind the window. I had seen the Emperor's face a hundred times in photographs and pictures, but the face I saw now was whiter and older than what I had expected. The Emperor looked at the people benignantly for a moment, bowed to them three or four times and retired. The loyal people waved their hats and cheered the Emperor vociferously and repeatedly. And I too, though a stranger in this land, raised my hat to the most powerful of the sovereigns of the earth and to one of the best of men.

University.

In front of the Emperor's palace are the University Buildings with the marble statues of William and Alexander Humboldt in front. There are over 5,000 students in this University. Opposite the University and attached to the Emperor's palace is the Royal library with a collection of about a million books and about 15,000 manuscripts in all languages. Among the manuscripts I saw the Bhagavat Gita written in exceedingly small and beautiful character on scroll. I saw portions of the Rig-Veda and

Royal Library. Sanscrit Manuscripts.

other ancient Sanscrit works, and I saw the Koran and various Persian works beautifully illuminated. I was also shown the MSS. of Luther's translation of the Bible, and Guttenberg's Bible in parchment of 1460,—one of the first works printed on moveable types. Various copies of the Bible with corrections and annotations in Luther's handwriting are kept here.

The Germans are deservedly proud of the noble invention of printing, and still more proud of having swept away a gross form of superstition and given to the free and vigorous nations of Europe a healthy form of Christianity. They are no less proud of having expounded to modern Europe for the first time through the immortal Copernicus a correct notion of the world we live in and the worlds around us. The contributions of the German race to modern civilization and modern thought are thus of a very high order,—and if we can believe patriotic German historians, modern civilization and modern history are German civilization and German history! After the fall of Rome, and when Europe remained sunk in the weakness and demoralization which follow upon subjection, it was the Germans who infused fresh life to the continent and made progress possible. It was the German Franks who introduced new life in Gall, it was the German Anglo-Saxons who introduced fresh life into Britain, it was the German Visogoths who conquered Spain and checked and in time drove back the Moors. It was the Germans who conquered everywhere

The Germans as pioneers of modern civilization.

and sowed the seeds of civilization. Such is the boast of German patriots—and the boast is not unfounded.

Opera.

Opposite the Royal Library is the Opera house with its portico of Corinthian columns, and close to it is the Palace of the Crown Prince, finer and more imposing than the palace of the Emperor.

Arsenal.

Facing the Crown Prince's palace is the Arsenal, a vast square building, nearly 300 feet in length and one of the finest structures in Berlin. In the lower floor is a large collection of ordinance of all ages and countries, from the 14th century downwards. There are also models of old French fortresses, Lille, Theonville, Strasburg, Valencinnes, Cambray, Sedan, Paris in 1814 and other forts brought from Paris in 1814. In the open court yard are the pieces of cannon and numerous flags captured in the year 1870-71. Most of the cannon are inscribed with the letter N (Napoleon) or the letters R.F. (Republique Francaise). The upper story is a sort of Temple of Fame! In the centre of the Hall of the Rulers is a fine statue of Victory in marble, and behind it is a spirited picture representing the Resuscitation of the German Empire. Close to it is another magnificent picture of the Proclamation of the German Empire in Verseilles in 1871. The Emperor stands in the centre, the Crown Prince is beside him, Bismark and Moltke are before him, and a host of eager generals and warriors are hailing the new Emperor with pride and exultation. There are eight bronze statues

of Prussian rulers from the Great Elector to the present Emperor in the centre hall.

Here we come to the end of the Unterden Linden and we cross a bridge and come to an island formed by two arms of the Spree. In this island are situated the Museums and historic Palace or castle (Schloss) of Berlin.

Museums.

The old museum has a fine collection of the old paintings of the great masters, but cannot however be compared to the superb collection at the Louvre or even at Dresden. Rembrandt's picture of himself and of his wife Saskia, Ruben's St. Cecilca and Andromeda, Van Dyck's Pieta and the children of Charles I. of England and a number of other paintings fairly represent the Dutch and Flemish schools. Two or three Madonnas of Raphael, Titian's fine portrait of his daughter Lavinia, Guido Rene's Mater Dolorosa, Caravaggio's Christ, aad Corregio's Io and Leda are among the most important of the Italian paintings. There are also some pictures of Valasquez and Murillo of the Spanish school, but perhaps the most valuable treasure in this museum are the wings of that celebrated picture of Van Dycks, the main portion of which I had seen in the cathedral of Ghent. There is a splendid collection of Greek and Roman marbles in the museum.

The new museum also contains a large collection of statues and has a separate collection of northern antiquities and an Egyptian museum. There is beside this a National Gallery full of modern paintings including numerous spirited battle pieces.

Palace.

The Royal Palace or castle is a large imposing building, four stories high. The interior of this great palace is finely decorated and ornamented with historic portraits, including some of Frederick the Great. The visitor is taken through a succession of antechambers and reception rooms, until he comes to the old Throne Room gorgeous in its decorations. Then come the picture gallery, the Queen's chamber, the magnificent white saloon and last of all the Royal chapel. The dome above the Royal chapel is 240 ft. high.

Town Hall.

We now leave the island behind and crossing the other branch of the Spree, come to the old town. The finest building here is Rathhaus or Town Hall, a superb building of red brick with a tower which is the highest in Berlin and can be seen from miles around.

The Unterden Linden although the most spacious street in Berlin is by no means the only fine street in the city. On the contrary, the beauty of the town consists in its number of fine streets, all running straight, and lined with the finest houses that any town can boast of. Two of these streets, the Wilhelm Street and the Frederick Street are specially and remarkably fine. They both run north and south, and meet at the extreme south at a place called the Belle Alliance.

Bismark's House.

Wilhelm Street issues from the Parish Place of which I have spoken before and is lined by a succession of the finest houses in Berlin. House No. 77, somewhat humble in ap-

pearance, and with a small garden in front, is the historic house of Prince Bismark, where the celebrated Berlin Congress of 1878 was held. Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury came here as the representatives of England, and quietly effected in the council room of this house the conquest of Cyprus! Further on is the beautiful Wilhelm Place, with the palace of Prince Leopold to its north and the Kaiserhof to its east.

The Frederick Street similarly runs north and south, crossing the Unterden Linden and then the Leipzig Street. The Leipzig Street is one of the busiest streets in Berlin, and at night is lighted by electricity. A little way to the east of the Frederick Street is the majestic Theatre of Berlin with the marble statue of Schiller in its front, and the French church and the German cathedral on its two sides. A statue of Goethe is in the Thiergarten.

Theatre.

Both the Wilhelm Street and the Frederick Street meet at the extreme south, as I have said before. The place is called the "Belle Alliance," and a column with a statue of victory is erected here to commemorate the victory of Waterloo and the peace which was secured thereby. Four marble groups on four sides of this column represent the nations who combined together to queli the greatest warrior of the modern times. One group represents England, another the Netherlands, a third represents Germany, and the fourth Purssia. All the nations are proud of the great victory over Napoleon Bonaparte and have commemorated it in their respective capitals. London

Waterloo Monument.

boasts of its Waterloo Bridge and its Waterloo Place, and Brussels has the Belgian lion erected on a mound on the field of battle. Amsterdam has its Waterloo Place, Hanover has its magnificent Waterloo column, and Berlin boasts of the column in the "Bell Alliance." The five nations could not have given a higher compliment to the genius of the warrior whose fall they commemorated in this unanimous manner.

Dresden.

Dresden, the capital of the kingdom of Saxony, now a member of the German Emipre, is renowned for its porcelain, but is still more renowned for its magnificent collection of the paintings of the great masters,—a collection unequalled in the world except at Rome and at Paris. Berlin, Vienna and London are far behind in the race.

Zuinger Palace.

Augustus the Strong of Dresden who was a contemporary of Louis XIV. of France has done much to adorn and beautify Dresden as the Grand Monarque did to beautify Verseilles and Paris. He commenced the Zuinger, a magnificent palace in a part of which the picture galleries are located; he contributed largely to the collection of pictures which has made Dresden famous in Europe, and in his reign the manufacture of Dresden porcelain was invented or largely developed.

Raphael's Madonna.

The pride of the picture gallery is Raphael's Sistine Madonna which is said to be the finest picture ever painted by the hand of man! "A curtain has just been drawn back, and the Virgin issues as it were from the depth of heaven,

awe-inspiring, solemn and serene,—her large eyes embracing the world in their gaze." She bears the child in her arms, two saints look up to her in reverence and adoration, and two cherubs below look up from their full dark eyes with native child-like innocence and simplicity. The indescribable expression of innocence and purity in the Madonna's eyes and face constitutes the beauty of this famous painting.

I will not tire my readers with an account of the numerous other works of the great masters of the world which I saw in this magnificent gallery. Michael Angelo's Leda and Swan, Corregio's Repentant Magdalene, Cignani's Potiphar's Wife, and Titian's Christ and the Tax Collector, have been reproduced thousand times in a thousand manner and are known all over the world. Ruben's St. Gerome and Van Dyck's St. Gerome are also here, while there are some most impressive pictures of the Spanish school like Murrillo's Virgin and Ribera's St. Mary. The female faces of the Spanish school with their deep pensive eyes and jet black flowing tresses are more oriential, and strike me as lovelier and more powerful than even the master creations of the Italian school.

The Elbe and Saxon Switzerland.

A part of the route from Dresden to Bohemia is along the Elbe, between high ranges of hills and through a wild country which is known as the "Saxon Switzerland." The wild and magnificent scenery of the valley of the Elbe engrosses the attention and admiration of travellers, and is well worth a visit even after they have seen the matchless windings of the upper Rhine.

Prague.

Prague is the ancient capital of Bohemia and is redolent of the times when Bohemia was a separate and independent kingdom. The town stretches on both sides of the river Moldau, and has an antiquated appearance, as if it has scarcely yet emerged from the days of John Huss and Wallenstein to the peaceful civilization of the modern period.

The entrance to the town is through the ancient gateway of Pulverthurm, one of the eight towers which gave access to the town in olden times; and close to it is the old Royal Palace, now converted into a barrack.

Grosse Ring.

Not far off is the Grosse Ring or Great Square where Bohemian kings and knights held their fetes and tournaments, and where religious persecution too committed its blackest deeds in the era of the Reformation. From this square can be seen the fine old Church, in which the stout and valiant reformer John Huss thundered against the errors and vices of his age. Further on is the vast Clementinum, formerly a college of Jesuits, whom Emperor Ferdinand I. summoned to Prague in 1556 A. D. to oppose the protestant tendency of the University! And close to this edifice is the old Ghetto or Jew's Quarters in Prague,—a tortuous and narrow district where the Jews had a colony before they were expelled from the town.

The bridge over the Moldau is in keeping with the old and antiquated town, and to the south side of the river, the ground rises in a gentle slope to the hill which

Palace.

is crowned with the Palace of the Bohemian kings. The palace is well worth a visit, with its Throne room and Council room, and its two great dining halls, known as the French hall and the Spanish hall. They are over 150 ft. in length, and are lighted by 2000 and 3600 candles respectively! The Cathedral adjoining the palace contains the remains of the proud old Bohemian kings. At the foot of the hill is the palace of Wallenstein, a hero of the Thirty Years' War, and a greater man in his time than reigning kings and princes! His stables had 375 horses, and a hundred pages and numerous servants attended in his hall. His descendants still own the house.

Wallenstein's Palace.

The ancient glory and pride of Bohemia is gone since its union with Austria, but nevertheless there is a strong local patriotism among the Slav population of this country, and the integrity of the kingdom is still to some extent preserved. The Emperor of Austria is King of Bohemia, and is crowned as king in this ancient capital.

Vienna.

To Vienna at last! Every capital town in the continent of Europe has, within the last 20 or 30 years, been beautified with spacious streets and fine houses after the fashion of Paris, but the improvements made in Vienna are perhaps unique even in Europe. New streets and squares and gardens have been laid out, and palatial buildings constructed with a rapidity which is marvellous. Fine rows of houses, —palaces to all appearance,—line the spacious streets in every direction, and the visitor is bewildered in the midst

of this forest of fine architecture, which is modern Vienna !

The old town (Stadt) lying to the right side of the Danube canal was surrounded by a rampart which went like a semicircle having the Danube canal for its base. That rampart has now been removed and replaced by spacious streets like the Boulevards of Paris, and called Rings in Vienna. The finest new buildings of Vienna are along this spacious street, and I believe this semicircle will, in the splendour of the architecture which lines it on both sides, hold its own against any street of equal length in the world ! On all sides of the semicircle as well as beyond the Danube canal stretch the suburbs of Vienna, and the total population of the city with its suburbs was over a million in 1881, and has increased since.

To commence with the semi-circle where it commences from the Danube canal, we proceed along the Schotten Ring with many fine buildings. Proceeding further we come to Francis Ring which boasts of the finest buildings of Vienna. To our right are the superb new University buildings, (far excelling the University buildings of London, Paris and Berlin), the Hotel de Ville built in ornamented Gothic style, and the Parliament house of Vienna completed only last year. To our left is the new Theatre of Vienna. We pass by the Palais de Justice, and then go along the Burg Ring with the two lofty and imposing museums to our right, and the imperial palace

University. Hotel de Ville and Parliament.

Palace.

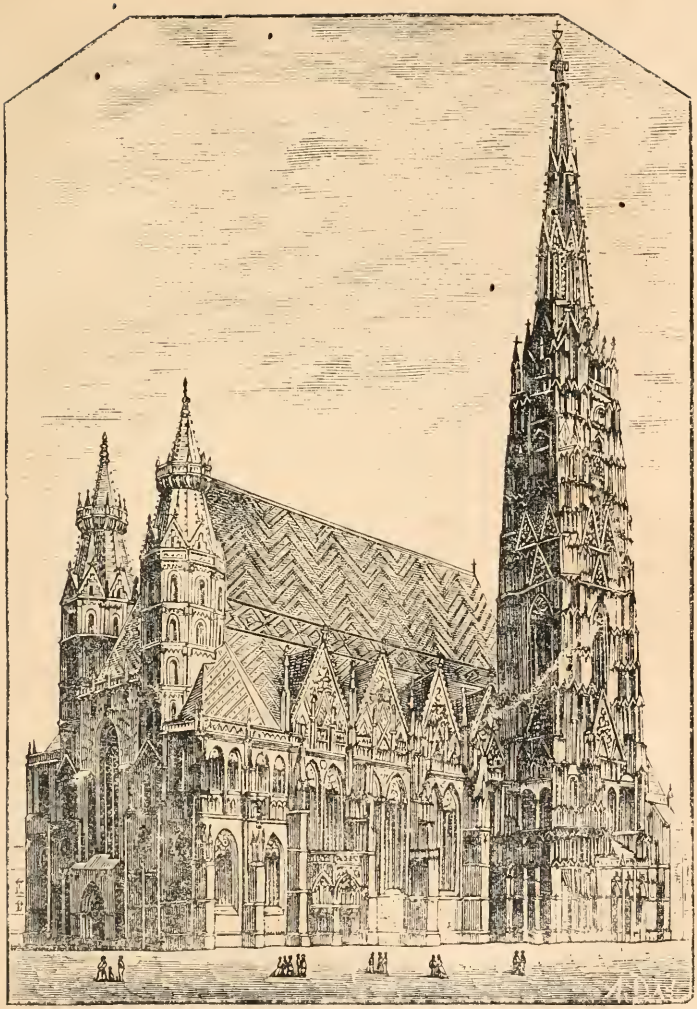
to our left. The imperial palace of Vienna is the only building unworthy of modern Vienna, —and the Vienese feel it and are building a new palace here which will be in keeping with its modern surroundings. The present imperial palace is an assemblage of straggling buildings of different periods. Its origin goes back to the 13th century, and the Gateway of the Swiss guards was built on the 16th.

Opera.

Leaving the Burg Ring behind we proceed along the Opera Ring with the splendid new opera house to our left—and a line of fine buildings to our right. We go along next by the Karuthner Ring and see on our right the splendid St. Charles's Church with its lofty dome and two lofty columns on two sides. We then come to the spacious and beautiful Shwarzenburg Place with a fine equestrian statue of Shwarzenburg in it. Further on is the Kollowral Ring, and then the Park Ring with a beautiful park to the right, and the huge barracks to the left. The Stubens ring completes the semi-circle and bring us back to the Danube canal.

Cathedral.

Within the semi-circle spoken of above, rises in its hoary pride an ancient building which far surpasses in grandeur and majesty the wonderful creations of modern art and wealth. The lofty cathedral of St. Stevens,—the pride of old Vienna, as it is of modern Vienna even with her hundreds of modern palaces,—dates from the 12th century of the Christian era. It was rebuilt in the 14th



Vienna Cathedral. (p. 296

century and completed on the 16th. It is 333 ft long and 220 ft. wide, and its magnificent ornamented tower, considered one of the finest examples of Gothic art, is 345 ft. high. I went inside this great cathedral, and listened to a solemn and imposing service.

Belvedere Palaces.

In the suburb of Wieden the two Belvedere palaces were built (1693-1724) for Prince Eugene of Savoy. The beautiful gardens and statues and ornamental waters are still kept up, but the palaces themselves have been converted into a museum. The picture gallery which was the only part that I visited contains a very good collection of the master works of Italian and Dutch masters ;—the collection is better than that of Berlin, but cannot be compared to that of Dresden or Paris.

Among Titien's pictures is his famous Danae and the shower of gold. Titien's Holy Family is also here. Caravaggio has some fine pictures in this gallery, and Guido Reni has his Christ crowned with thorns. Cignani's Pera suckling her old father in prison is well known, and Correggio's well known picture of Jupiter in clouds embracing Jo is the best of his in this collection. The Spanish school is very poorly represented. The Dutch and Flemish schools are represented by a large number of pictures, but most of them of little importance. But there is the famous picture of Rubens's second wife Hellen painted by Rubens himself. The old painter at 53 married a beautiful and sweet young wife of 16 ! This is odd enough, though intelligible, but what is scarcely intelligible is that the amorous old gentleman should

represent his lovely young wife as almost nude for the gaze of thousands of visitors of succeeding generations! In the same room is Rubens's holy family. Rubens's style is distinctly observable even in his religious pictures;—his virgin is not the saintly divine being of Raphael,—but a woman of flesh and blood with blooming cheeks and dark flashing eyes. In the upper story are modern pictures, and also pictures of the ancient German and Flemish schools. There are some known works of Albert Durer, the German painter of Nurenburg.

The imperial palace as I have stated before is a structure of different ages, and there is little uniformity about it therefore. The most interesting rooms are the treasury rooms containing trinkets, vases, cups, robes and jewellery used by historical personages during several hundred years past, and also containing the Regalia of Austria. A number of cases are filled with clocks and watches and vases and tankards of many curious designs and interesting as historic objects. Among them I saw a tankard of one piece of crystal which Empress Margarita Therasa brought from Spain, and a goblet also of the purest rock crystal used by Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy! Among vessels of gold and silver were several ornamental dishes and tankards of chased silver, masterpieces of Nurenburg workmanship of the 16th century. The collections of jewels are of course the most interesting objects, and are splendid. The imperial crown of Austria is of pure gold richly adorned with diamonds, pearls

Regalia of Austria.

and rubies. The imperial orb and the sceptre are similar. The diamond crown of the reigning Empress is magnificent and is worth more than half a million of florins. There are several orders of the Golden Fleece, all set with fine diamonds. The diamond necklace which the Empress Maria Theresa received on her marriage is superb. The Florentine diamond bigger than the size of a half rupee was once the property of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, and is one of the largest diamonds in the world.

In the same room are the regalia of a still older date, but modern scepticism has questioned much of what was hitherto believed. There is no proof that the sword shewn as the sword of Charlemagne ever belonged to that Emperor, or was received by him from Harounar Rushid. Nor is it now accepted as a fact that the Book of the Holy Gospel was found on the knees of Charlemagne's cropse when his tomb was opened in 997.

Stables.

The emperor's stables with its fine collection of horses of all sizes and breeds are well worth a visit. The carriage room contains a large number of sumptuous carriages, some of which are historical. The carriage used by Napoleon Bonaparte when crowned king of Italy, and the magnificent carriage used by the father of Maria Theresa, are among the most important. There are also carriages and sledges used by Empress Maria Theresa.

Prater.

The Prater is an extensive and beautiful park, being to Vienna what the Bois de Boulogne is to Paris.

On the 26th November I left Vienna for Salzburg in Tyrol due west from Vienna. It is not one of the least among the attractions of Vienna that one has only to leave the town and in less than half an hour travelling westward he is amidst beautiful wooded hills and primeval forests, which become wilder and wilder until they terminate in the gorgeous mountains of Tyrol. I could not however see much of this scenery as it grew dark in about an hour and a half after I left Vienna. At about 10 in the night I was at Salzburg in Tyrol.

Salzburg.

In the morning I was delighted to find myself surrounded by lofty hills and peaks,—covered in this season with snow! Salzburg is beautifully situated in the midst of these hills, and on the rapid stream Salza. Both banks of this river are banked by precipitous crags, and the greenish and crystal water of the river rushes between.

Bavaria.

After breakfast I left Salzburg and went further westward into the Kingdom of Bavaria. Southern Bavaria with its hills and woods and picturesque villages is a very pretty country. Long after leaving Salzburg aud entering Bavaria I could still see the Salzburg Alps, covered with snow in this season. I passed by Traunstein pleasantly situated above the Traun, and soon after came to the picturesque village of Bergen, beautifully situated amidst a vast amphitheatre of hills and pine forests. Soon after I came to the lake called Chiemsee with the village Prien situated on it—and with its three wooded islands seen at a distance. In olden times one of these islands

contained an Abbey, another a Nunnery and the third was a Kitchen garden for the Abbey and the Nunnery. Remote from the world the monks and nuns seem to have made a very comfortable arrangement for themselves in the midst of this beautiful lake! Leaving Prien behind we crossed the river Inn and reached Rosenheim an important city in Bavaria. I was now within 40 miles from Munich, the capital of Bavaria, but being pressed for time I could not visit that place. I shall always regret that I left it unseen!

Nearly the whole of the route from Rosenheim to Innsbruck, the capital of Tyrol, we followed the course of the Inn river. The valley is beautiful, narrowing itself into a gorge in some places and widening itself in other places, and admitting fine views as far as the snow covered mountains in the south.

Innsbruck.

Innsbruck (iiterally Inn-bridge) is the capital of Tyrol, and is a charming place situated in a valley surrounded on every side by lofty mountains, in this season covered with snow. The magnificent tomb of the Emperor Maximilian I. in the Cathedral of Innsbruck is the principal sight of the town. The sarcophagus is ornamented with 24 bas-reliefs in pure white cararra marble, the workmanship of which is wonderfully elaborate and beautiful. The scenes are taken from the life of the Emperor, and armies and battles, courts and camps, processions and religious festivities are sculptured with a skill and life-like truth, which are remarkable. Colossal bronze statues of 24 distinguished persons mostly of the

house of Austria surround this sarcophagus, while the bronze statue of the Emperor himself is on the top of the sarcophagus.

The palace of Innsbruck built by Maria Theresa in 1770 stands close to this Church, and upon the site of the old palace of the great Emperor Charles V. Innsbruck is famous for glass painting,—and I visited one of the best houses where this industry is carried on, and orders for painted windows for Churches, etc., are executed.

On the day that I left Innsbruck for Italy I saw in the newspapers the announcement that Bismark had asked the German Parliament for an increase of the army on peace footing by over 40,000 men. The German army (on peace footing) was about 4,20,000, and the increase asked for will thus bring it to close upon half a million. Germany is immensely strong as all the world knows; but the Germans themselves know but too well that they need be strong. No other nation in Europe is so surrounded and hemmed in by powers more or less hostile as Germany is by the gigantic power of Russia on one side and by France on the other, calmly preparing herself for the hour of revenge. In this critical situation, Germany must needs be strong, feebleness or disintegration would be national death. The genius of Bismark has in our times welded together the scattered German speaking races into one united nation. He first annexed Hanover, Frankfort, Wurtemberg and other northern states into the kingdom of Prussia, (1866), and he then

United Germany.

united all Germany into an empire and made Prussia its head, (1871). The southern states like Bavaria still silently resent their *subordination* to Prussia; the northern states like Hanover resent still more their *annexation* into Prussia. But nevertheless all the states feel that union gives them strength. Even in Hanover, which was annexed by Prussia in 1866, and which has therefore lost all autonomy as a separate State in the Empire, the national feeling is for the union rather than against it. Hanoverian Deputies in the Imperial Parliament often co-operate with the socialists to try and thwart Bismark; but the opposition loses force year after year.

"We were dreamers before," as a Hanoverian told me, "we are trying to be practical men now." There is more truth in this than one would suppose. The Germans though among the bravest nations of Europe have ever been somewhat of dreamers! With their matchless and ancient wealth of intellect they were wanting in the vigour of youthful political life. Prussia which formed itself into a kingdom in recent times exactly supplies this want. The Prussian Germans whose history during the last 200 years has been a history of vigorous struggles and unscrupulous annexations were exactly the people who could cement the scattered German races together with their young energy and vigour, into one great Empire. Germany represents the intellect, and Prussia the will of that great Empire. Goethe and Schiller, Kant and Hegel, and the two Humboldts were true born Germans. But the rough strong men who since the time of Frederick the Great downwards have by hard continuous strokes

shaped kingdoms and empires have been mostly Prussians. Union therefore is to some extent necessary, and should last if the Roman Catholic South Germans consent to continue under the Protestant North Germans.

United Austria.

But the union of the Austrian Empire is more precarious. Austria at one time was the master of Italy, the rival of France, and the head of the confederation of German races. But ever since the time of Frederick the Great, the house of Austria has had less and less influence with the German states, until in our time all such influence was finally extinguished in the field of Sadowa. Italy too with the help of France has thrown off the Austrian yoke, and modern Austria is very unlike Austria of the Middle Ages.

But it is not reverses in battle fields or the loss of territory that make Austria weak. It is the internal organization of the Dual Government which makes it weak. Modern Austria is composed of three different nations, differing in race, in language, in sympathies and interests. The tract of country from Vienna to the Adriatic Sea, including the Tyrol is peopled by Germans. Hungary, on the other hand, is inhabited by the Magayrs, a most curious race, and the only non-Aryan Christian race in Europe, being of the Turanian or Chinese family. Strong in will, vigorous in action, almost fierce in their patriotism, the Magayrs are determined to be consulted and heard on every question relating to the empire ; and they and the Germans therefore form the Dual Government of the empire. But there is still an-

other race, the Slavs, inhabiting Bohemia and many other parts of the empire, who have not hitherto had much influence in administration, but who are gradually awakening to a consciousness of their political importance. There are millions of Slavs under Russia, and the Slavs of Turkey are shaking off the Musalman yoke; so that it is easy to foresee, the Slavs will yet be a great power in Europe. But the Magayrs will not let their supremacy and independence go without a struggle to the death, and the Germans who virtually form the reigning house and the government of Austria will not allow themselves to be extinguished. The future of the Dual, or rather Triple Government is a problem therefore which I leave to wiser heads than mine to conjecture. It is possible to conceive a complete disruption of the Austrian Empire, —the Germans merging in Germany, the Slavs combining with the Russian and Turkish Slavs, and the Magayr Hungarians forming a little Switzerland of Hungary, guarding their independence like a tiger at bay, by a struggle to death. But these are wild conjectures. What is certain is that the heterogeneous constitution of what is called the Austrian Empire makes her weak alike for attack and for defence; and as local and race-patriotism grows more and more among the Hungarians and the Slavs, as it is doing year by year, the continued unity of the Austrian Empire will be more and more difficult.

CHAPTER X.

ITALY.

THE sky was cloudless, and the sun shone gaily and brightly on the morning of the 28th November 1886, the day I had fixed for crossing the Alps by the Brenner Pass on my way to Italy! I could scarcely believe my eyes when in the morning I saw from my hotel windows the snowy peaks dazzling in the sun on every side, like a vast wall of adamant and silver surrounding the gay town of Innsbruck. A little after ten I left the town to cross the Alps, and the scenery that I witnessed during the whole day was glorious.

The train slowly ascended along the valley of the Sill, working its way now through narrow gorges, and now through tunnels excavated through the solid rocks. The mountain river Sill foamed and clattered over a stony bed below, wooded valleys or solid walls of rock extended on both sides of us, while high overhead towered the peaks over seven thousand feet high, and covered with snow. As we ascended we came above the snow line, which is not very high in this season; valleys and rocks on all sides were covered with one vast sheet of snow, and water dripping from the fissures of rocks were frozen into icicles and glistened in the sun. At last we reached the highest point of the Brenner Pass, 4,490 ft. above the level

Brenner Pass.

of the sea, and as the train stopped here for about five minutes I came out to have a better view of this famous pass. I had travelled by the pass of St. Gothard fifteen years before—before a railway had been constructed through it,—but I had travelled then in July, and there was no snow then on the pass. The view of the Brenner Pass *in the end of November* was grander and finer. One vast white sheet of snow covered the narrow pass and the towering rocky walls that rose on both sides of it. The hardy pines on the sides of the rocks had lost their bloom and were mostly brownish. Drops of water issuing from the rocks had frozen into icicles, or had collected here and there on the ground and frozen into ice, which broke under the feet. The cold was bracing and to me delightful, and a bright sun shone from a blue, cloudless, mistless sky over this magnificent scene.

Our train now began its descent, and the descent was far easier, as the poet has sung, than the ascent. Our train went rapidly downwards, through tunnels and along precipices, and soon we saw far below us a beautiful valley and the infant river Adige flowing through it.

The Adige.

The Adige, which is a mighty river in Italy, is a tiny infant stream here which a child can cross without waiting his knees! Our train winded down the side of the hill, and within half an hour we found ourselves in the beautiful valley which we had observed erewhile from the above!

And now we went down further and further southwards, along the course of the Adige, and through one of

the loveliest valleys in the world. We had left the snow line far behind, and were going through a fertile valley, crossing and recrossing the winding Adige, and passing by small villages and their humble churches and small clusters of huts. We passed by the vineyards which are plentiful in this southern Tyrol, and which produce the cheap and harmless wine known as the Tyrol wine; and groups of Tyrolese women with their quaint attire and their ruddy healthy faces looked at the train as it passed. At last we reached Franzenfeste where the train stopped for twenty minutes and I invested a florin very profitably on soup and roast beef and Tyrol wine!

We soon left behind Brixen which is the see of an ancient Archbishopric founded in the fourth century. We then passed through a very romantic country, the valley narrowing itself into a gorge and the Adige, now stronger and deeper, rushing and sweeping along its stony bed, and washing the foot of the perpendicular rocks that rose from its bed. The valley widened again and we were soon in Botzen, the ancient capital of Tyrol.

Botzen is still the principal place of trade and business in Tyrol, and as it is almost closed by mountains on the north, and is open to southern and mild winds, it is still a favourite place for invalids who seek a healthy resort and a mild climate. After we left Botzen we still went between the rocky walls on both sides of us but the valley began to widen more and more. We passed Trent, formerly the wealthiest town in Tyrol and still a place of much importance, and by 8 P M. we reached Ala, the frontier town before reaching Italy. An ex-

amination of the luggage, followed of course, with time for a cup of coffee and some biscuits which were very much needed! At 10 P. M. I was in Verona.

"Am I in Italy?" asked poet Rogers to himself in rapture when he came to this classic land, and the same question seemed to arise in my mind as I walked through the streets of Verona on the sunny morning of the 29th November. There could be no doubt however in the matter. Everything around me told me that I had left the last traces of gloomy Gothic architecture behind and had come to a land where the very houses spoke of tropical taste and tropical imagination. As I walked through the narrow but cleanly streets with the well plastered houses and green venetian windows, I could well fancy myself in some Indian city,—in some quiet handsome streets in Calcutta! From the doorways I could see square courtyards inside the large houses, not unlike our Indian courtyards, and as portly Italian gentlemen passed lazily by me with the right wing of their loose cloaks flung over their left shoulders, so as to cover their chin and even their mouth and nose,—I thought to myself I had seen their not very distant relations of a winter morning in the streets of Calcutta! Inside the numerous churches I saw women kneeling before images of Saints or of the Virgin which would have passed as Lakshmi or Kartikeya if robed in Indian drapery.

Verona.

But the resemblance, which is not altogether fanciful, goes farther and deeper. The same genial climate and

fertile soil enabled the peoples of India and of Italy to light the lamp of civilization at a time when northern nations were buried in barbarism. But as these nations rose in their turn, that ancient civilization declined. After the tenth century Italy and India were the unfortunate battlefields of foreigners,—India of the Moslem and Italy of the Frenchman, the Spaniard, the Austrian. The sympathy and help of modern Europe has helped Italy, feeble as she is compared to northern powers, to regain her place among nations and administer her own affairs. That sympathy and help will yet spread beyond the limits of Europe.

Arena.

Verona still contains some monuments of ancient Roman civilization of which the Amphitheatre or *arena* is the principal one. It was built in the first century of the Christian era,—anterior by a thousand years to the most ancient of the cathedrals and churches which had been the object of my admiration in my recent travels through Germany. It is in the shape of an oval, and its lesser diameter is 404 feet, and that of the arena itself 146 feet. Forty-five ranges of seats rise from the arena to the top of the second story. The whole was built of solid marble, and could, when entire, have seated 22,000 people to witness the cruel sports of the old Roman days. Among other Roman remains are the Porta dei Borsari,—a solid Roman gate, still entire, and the Arco di Leoni another gateway.

The centre of Verona is the Piazza (or square) dei Signori with its fine Palace of Council. It is a handsome

building adorned with statues and figures of distinguished Veronese. In the centre of this square is a marble statue of the greatest poet of modern Italy. Dante stands in a contemplative mood, with a finger on his cheeks, and with that melancholy frown on his forehead which befits the poet of the Inferno.

Statue of Dante.

Not far is a spot which every lover of English literature must regard with the deepest interest. It is the old palace or family house of the Capulets, from the window of which Juliet is supposed to have given away her soul to Romeo! The palace is a brick building and by no means an imposing one according to our modern ideas, but in those days must have been considered fine. Modern travellers are disappointed with the mediæval "Palaces" of Verona and Bologna, and even of Florence and Venice, as those palaces could hardly be compared to a rich man's residence in modern days. But in the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries these were the most superb private residences in Europe, and the histories of these families, then the most civilized in Europe, were the theme of the poet's song and the chronicler's narrative.

Scene of Romeo and Juliet.

In the Franciscan cemetery (now a vegetable garden) near the Franciscan convent (now a magazine) they still shew a stone coffin within a railed chapel in which Juliet is said to have been buried. Hundreds of Englishmen and Americans have left their cards in this coffin, and one gentleman bearing the name of Shakespeare has left

a wreath with his card on this tomb of Juliet. But I could not ascertain what had become of the body of Juliet,—for the coffin is now empty. Is it profane to suspect that this coffin is a hoax,—even if we suppose Juliet to be a historic person? But tourists never ask questions, and like a faithful believer, I instantly paid my homage to that most gushing of all lovers buying a photograph of the place!

Cathedral.

The cathedral of Verona was built in the fourteenth century and is worth visit. A fine painting of the Assumption by Tatien hangs over one of the altars. I left Verona in the afternoon, and as I had seen Milan and Venice during my previous visit to Europe, I went southwards to see Florence and Rome. I passed by the classic town of Mantua, which was the residence of Virgil for a time, and reached Bologna a night.

Bologna.

Bologna is a city of arcades, the foot-paths in most of the important streets are arched over. The Piazza Vittorio Emanuel (Victor Emanuel Square) is the centre of Bologna, and some of the oldest historic houses are situated here. In the centre of this square is the celebrated statue of Neptune by John of Bologna, and on one side of this square is the great church of San Petronio. The immense proportions of the church, its beautiful Lombard-Gothic architecture, less rigid than pure Gothic, and its beautiful painted windows, all make the church imposing. The chapels are rich and splendid, and belong to the prin-

Church.

cipal families of Bologna. A sister of Napoleon Bonaparte is buried in one of these chapels.

University.

Close to this great church is the Archiginnaseo, the famous old University of Bologna. The lecture room of the great Italian naturalist Galvani is shewn to visitors, while in front of the building, Galvani's marble statue adorns a square. Passing by Square Cavour and Square Galileo I came to church San Dominico, containing the magnificent tomb of San Dominico and the humbler tomb of Guido Rene, the greatest of Bolognese painters. I passed by the house of the famous Bolognese painters Caracci and the new bank, Cassa di Risparinio, all built of marble, and the finest modern building of Bologna. I also saw the group of seven old churches, San Stefano, a curious agglomeration of the oldest churches in Bologna. This ancient place was at first used for pagan worship, and Christian churches were built after, when Christianity was introduced.

Leaning towers.

The leaning towers of Bologna are the most curious sight here. They are two old brick towers of the twelfth century, 272ft. and 130 ft. high respectively. The former is 3 feet 5 inches out of the perpendicular, while the latter and the smaller one is no less than 8½ feet out of the perpendicular and looks as if it was about to fall ! The obliquity of many towers in Italy has been caused by the settling of the ground.

Academy.

In the Accademia della Belle Arte I saw a good collection of the works of the three Caracci and of Guido Rene,

all of whom were born in Bologna. Guido Rene's famous Massacre of the Innocents and his crucifixion are among his best. But the lion of this collection is Raphael's St. Cicilia in ecstasy. She is listening to a heavenly choir in the clouds, and St. Paul, St. John, Augustine and Mary Magdalene are her companions, and all seem rapt in ecstasy..

Campo Santo.

The Campo Santo or burial ground of Bologna (and that of Genoa) are considered the finest cemeteries in Europe. The Campo Santo is not like the Pere la Chaise of Paris, a crowd of monuments on a vast exposed plain, but is a great structure, in which the graves and beautiful marble monuments are arranged in long arcades. The building is increased as more room is wanted, while the poor are buried in trenches in the open courtyards. Space in this building is very costly, and a room about 12 feet square costs about 12,000 francs. The monuments on many of these tombs are of the finest Carrara marble, and are executed by the most eminent sculptors of the day, and defy description. A magnificent statue of Murat, the general of Napoleon and the king of Naples has been executed and erected on the tomb of that dashing soldier, and his daughter is also buried here. Exquisite statues of mothers bewailing the loss of children, of daughters weeping over the grave of parents, of Grief or Fame or Virtue sorrowing over the dead, adorn many of these graves. One circular room is reserved for the busts of the great men of Bologna, the busts being placed on niches. This is called the Pantheon. Galvani the natu-

ralist occupies the central place of honor, and Rossini the musician occupies the niche under him. In this temple of fame—this hall of the departed great,—one niche, and not an obscure one, is occupied by a woman,—Anna Manzotine who was a distinguished professor in the university here.

I left Bologna in the afternoon and soon after we crossed the Reno which flows close to Bologna, and entered into the gorges of the wild Appenines along the valley of that river. We passed through a number of tunnels and crossed and recrossed the Reno which clattered along its stony bed below with all the wildness of a mountain stream. The mountains around us became wilder as we went further until the scenery was all obscured in the darkness of night. At about 7 P. M. we reached Pistoja, the town where pistols were first manufactured, and after 8 P. M. we reached Florence.

Florence.

In the morning as I looked out of my hotel window and saw the classic Arno rolling below, as I surveyed the beautiful houses of Florence and its streets all paved with frisole stone, and as far beyond I surveyed the high wooded hills bounding the horizon on every side,—I remembered the lines I had read in my school days :—

> "Of all the fairest cities of the earth,
> None is so fair as Florence !"

In writing thus the poet however not only thought of the beauty of the town, the river, and the hills and gardens around, but must also have involuntarily thought of the glorious past of Florence ! For when Europe was buried

in the gloom of the Middle Ages after the extinction of ancient civilization, it was Florence which first lighted the torch of civilization, it was Florence which imparted to a dead world the vivifying energy of poetry and literature, of painting and sculpture, of arts and civilization! And where is the town in Europe or in the world,—Athens alone perhaps excepted,—which can boast of having given birth to such a galaxy of great men, such a crowd of the instructors of the world, as Florence? The names of Galileo and Dante alone would suffice to make a city proud, but Florence displays to the admiring world a host of other names almost as great and glorious. Petrarch and Boccacio, the merchant prince Lorenzo di Medici, Leonardi da Vinci the father of modern painting, and the matchless Michael Angelo, were all born in Florence! The devotee who sets out on an intellectual pilgrimage cannot come to a nobler shrine than Florence!

Picture galleries.

The glory of modern Florence is her matchless picture galleries, those of Uffizi and Pitti. One may study painting and sculpture in these galleries for months and years. I cannot pretend to give here any thing like a proper account of even the most celebrated paintings and statues collected here; all I can do is to mention by name only a few of the most important. The famous Venus di Medici, the matchless statue which was found in the sixteenth century among the ruins of Hadrian's palace near Tivoli, is in the Uffizi gallery. The still more famous statues of Niobe and her children which have been copied and reproduced in so many modern mansions in the capitals

of Europe are also here. A long series of remarkable busts of Roman Emperors are also chronologically arranged in this gallery, and an excellent copy of the Laocoon group is also kept here. Among the paintings, Raphael's Madonna of the Goldfinch, his Madonna with the Scroll and his St. John in the Wilderness are in the hall called the Tribune, and the same room contains two of Titian's matchless Venuses, and Albert Durer's Adoration of the Magi. Leonardi da Vinci's Head of Medusa and Corregio's picture on the same subject are in a neighbouring room.

A covered passage connects this Uffizi gallery with the Pitti gallery on the other side of the Arno, and the whole of this passage is lined with portraits of the Medici family and also of historical characters of all countries and ages.

The Pitti palace was commenced by Pitti a merchant in 1440, but as he was unable to finish it, he sold it to the wife of Cosmo and it thenceforward became the palace of the Medici of Florence. It is a massive building of rough hewn stone, more strong and massive than elegant in its external appearance, but the great halls inside are paved and decorated with the finest stones and richest marbles that money could buy or art could arrange. The hall of flowers and other rooms are superb in their beauty. The rooms are now filled with about 500 pictures of the highest merit, Raphael's Madonna della Seggiola, his Madonna del Bladachino and his Holy Family, Michael Angelo's celebrated Fates, Titian's Bella and his Magdalene, Murillo's Virgin Mary and Christ

and Madonna with the rosary, Guido Rene's Cleopatra, Rubens's Results of War and Sacred Family, and Van Dyke's Charles I. of England and his Queen are among the most important pictures of this priceless collection, Canova's famous Venus is in this Pitti gallery.

The Uffizi gallery is located near the Piazza della Signoria which is the central square of Florence. A short way from this square leads to the Duomo or Cathedral of Florence. The Florentines commenced it in 1298 A. D. with the intention of raising a monument which would outvie all previous structures, and it was not till the fifteenth century that this splendid edifice was completed. It is a superb building of brick encrusted with white and black marble which gives it its curious outward appearance. To my eye, however, a building of such vast dimensions looks finer and purer in white marble like the Taj of Agra or the Cathedral of Milan than in marbles of different colours. The roof of tiles too takes away from the beauty of this building.

Cathedral.

Close to the cathedral is the Campanile or Belfrey also of variegated marble, and light and graceful in appearance. The work on the marble is so exquisite the Charles V. said of it that it ought to be kept in a glass case! It is 275 feet in height. In front of the cathedral is the Baptistry also of variegated marble and splendid bronze gates. The figures on these bronze gates represent scriptural events and are so exquisitely done that Michael Angelo declared

Belfrey.

Baptistry.

they were worthy to be portals of paradise! Dante too speaks of this Baptistry in his Inferno as "St. John's fair dome of me beloved." Inside, the walls are lined and the pavement inlaid with marble. It is dedicated to St. John the Baptist and all Florentines are baptised here. Before the principal gate are two columns on which was formerly suspended the immense chain with which the Pisans in 1406 attempted to close their harbour against the Florentines and the Genoese, and which was brought to Florence as a trophy of victory.

Medicean Chapel.

Scarcely, five minutes' walk from the cathedral is the church of San Lorenzo, close to which are the New Sacristy and the Medicean Chapel. This chapel is a wonderful octagon building, the inner walls of which are covered with agate and jasper and amaranth and lapiz lazuli and about eighteen different kinds of rich marble! The cost of this hall of valuable stones must have been enormous, it is said, it amounted to 22 millions of franks! The New Sacristy contains the sarcophagi of the Duke of Nemours and the Duke of Urbino. Over the tombs are the statue of Night and Day and of Dawn and Twilight, both by Michael Angelo, and considered among his master works. The statues are still unfinished as Michael Angelo left for Rome before finishing the works, and no profane hand has since touched what that great master left unfinished.

From these tombs of the "great ones of the earth" I turned with far deeper interest to the ashes of some of the really greatest men that the world has ever produced.

San Croce Church.

The church of San Croce is the Pantheon of Florence. There I saw the tomb of Galileo with a statue of that luminary of science, holding the telescope in his hand and contemplating the heavens. There too I saw the tomb of Michael Angelo with the statues of three females over it, representing painting, sculpture and architecture. The poet Alfieri also sleeps there, and there too reposes Machiaveli's dust. But "Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar." Dante was banished by his fellow-citizens and is buried in Revenna. The modern Florentines have done all that they could to wipe out the ingratitude of their fathers. The church, though it does not contain the tomb of Dante, has a magnificent monument of marble,—the finest in the church,—dedicated to the memory of the poet. And outside the church in the centre of the square there is a still finer marble statue of the great poet, 18 feet high, standing on a pedestal 22 feet high, and seeming, with his frowning meditating brow, to contemplate those scenes of the Inferno which are among the grandest and most terrible productions of the human imagination.

Rome.

One may spend months in Rome and yet not see all the sight of that wonderful place, —and I stopped there only for four days! One may write a volume without exhausting the ancient and mediæval remains of Rome, and I proposed to write a few pages only! My readers need not therefore expect in these pages anything but the barest summary of those sights which most interest tourists by

their historic associations or their beauty and grandeur as works of art.

There is a spot in Rome in which the history of two thousand years may be said to be recorded on the very stones of the pavement and on the hoary ruins which are scattered on it,—I need hardly say I mean the Forum. It is a low valley with the Capitoline Hill on one side and the Palatine Hill on another, and the traveller, the historian, and the antiquarian find themselves lost here in a perfect wilderness of ancient ruins. From the Capitoline Hill to the great Colosseum of Rome, it is scarcely more than five minutes' walk, and in this short walk the modern traveller sees the ruins of an ancient world and an ancient civilization. It was when sitting on a shapeless stone among these ruins that the historian Gibbon was first inspired with the idea of his matchless history; it was when standing amidst these ruins that Byron composed some of the sublimest passages that even he ever wrote. And the most commonplace tourist cannot survey this spot without, for a moment at least, forgetting the present, and being lost in a reverie of the past.

Forum.

Let us walk along the *Via Sacra* by which the Vestal Virgins of Rome went in procession in the olden days. Close to the Capitoline Hill is the Tabularium where the famous "Tables of the Law" were recorded, and not far from it is the massive arch of Severus still entire. Three solitary columns are all that are left of the temple of Vespasian, and eight Ionic columns close by are all that remain of the temple of Saturn. Proceeding along

the *Via Sacra*, we have on our right the remains of the Basilica Julia begun by Julius Cæsar and finished by Augustus, who dedicated it in honor of his daughter. It comprised the Law Courts and the Exchange of ancient Rome, and the pavement and the bases of the long lines of columns are all that remain of it. On our left is the famous column described by Byron as

> "The nameless column with a buried base."

It was erected in the seventh century, and was dedicated to Phocas whose statue adorned its top at one time.

Passing further onwards along the *Via Sacra* we have to our right three beautiful Corinthian pillars which are all that remain of the temple of Castor and Pollux, and to our left the remains of the Regia where Julius Cæsar lived up to the time of his death, and where his body was cremated in sight of all the gods of Rome. Near this Regia was the famous Lake of Curtius, which was probably little more than a quagmire and was afterwards turned into a fountain. Proceeding further by the winding *Via Sacra*, we have on our right the site of the ancient temple of Vesta where the sacred fire was kept, and adjoining it are the ruins of the spacious palace where the Vestal Virgins lived. The Vestal Virgins were honored in those days as the custodians of the sacred fire; they were allowed the place of honor in all public processions and sights; and if history speaks the truth, they attained a considerable influence with the emperors in later days, after they had ceased to have all claims to the respect which is due to purity.

Almost facing the temple and palace of the Vestal Virgins, are the ten beautiful columns that remain of the temple of Faustina. Further on, also, to our left are the ruins of the vast and colossal Basilica of Constantine built by Emperor Vespasian. Only one aisle, consisting of three arches, each with a span of 75 feet, remains, and this aisle gives us the idea of the magnitude of the temple when entire.

The winding *Via Sacra* now passes under the Arch of Titus—massive and still uninjured. It was erected by the people and the Senate of Rome after the taking of Jerusalem, and upon it therefore are sculptured the seven branched candlestick and other treasures of the Jewish temple. Even my guide-book waxes eloquent over this Arch;—and I will quote from it. "Standing beneath the Arch of Titus, and amid so much ancient dust, it is difficult to forbear the commonplaces of enthusiasm on which hundreds of tourists have always insisted. Over the halfworn pavement and beneath this arch, the Roman armies had trodden on their onward march to fight battles, a world's width away. Returning victorious with royal captives and inestimable spoils, a Roman triumph, that most gorgeous pageant of earthly pride, has streamed and flaunted in hundredfold succession over these same flagstones and through this yet stalwart archway."

To our left now are the ruins of the great temple of Venus in Rome, erected in 391, and which was the last pagan temple which remained in use in Rome. Passing onwards by the same paved way we proceed along a

place which was probably the market for fruit and honey in olden days. Here Horace used to take his favourite walk as he has told us himself, and Ovid, too, delighted to see the purchases made here in his time. We at last come to the remains of the fountains called Meta Sudans, where gladiators used to wash before entering the Colosseum. Seneca who lived close by complains of the noise made by a showman who blew his trumpet at his fountain! The road now turns to the right and passes under the Arch of Constantine, and is called the Triumphal Way, as Roman triumphal processions used to come to the Forum by this way.

Colosseum.

To our front and a little to the left stands in all its solidity and vastness the huge Colosseum of Rome, the vastest monument that antiquity has bequeathed to modern times! This vast structure is an elliptic, its longer axis being 584 feet and the shorter 468 feet, and the arena inside is 278 feet by 177 feet. It was commenced by Vespasian on his return from the war against the Jews, was dedicated by his eldest son Titus in 80, and was completed by his youngest son Domitian. It was calculated to hold about 1,00,000 people to witness those cruel sports which delighted the populace of Rome, 5,000 wild beasts and 10,000 captives are said to have been slain at the inauguration of the structure by Titus; and for centuries after, thousands of prisoners, Christians or gladiators or captives from the far East and West, died a cruel death and stained this ground with their hearts' blood, to make a spectacle for the rabble of Rome.

"Two aqueducts were scarcely sufficient to wash off the human blood which a few hours' sport shed in this imperial shambles. Twice in one day came the Senators and matrons of Rome to the butchery; a virgin always gave the signal for slaughter." Roman virtue and Roman heroism have passed into bye-words in history and in tale; but every nation has its vice, and no civilized people of whom there is any record in history were so brutally cruel, so savagely and passionately fond of witnessing suffering as the Romans. It is said, indeed, that the truly brave are never cruel; but to that assertion the Roman amphitheatre gives the lie.

The partial destruction of this solid pile is no doubt partly due to the effects of time and partly to the vandalims of barbarians, but it is mainly due to the vandalism of the people of Rome itself during long centuries in the Middle Ages. For centuries the Colosseum was used as a quarry, and many palaces of modern Rome, have been built with materials taken from the Colosseum. As Byron sings:—

> "A ruin, yet what a ruin! From its mass,
> "Walls, palaces, half cities have been reared!"

We have now traversed the whole length of the valley from the Capitoline Hill to the Colosseum. Along one side of the valley, as I have stated before, is the Palatine Hill,—that Hill which was all Rome in the time of the early kings. On this hill are the ancient ruined arches of a house said to be the palace of Tarquinus Priscus, one of the early kings of Rome.

Palatine Hill.

Not far from Tarquin's Palace are the foundations of the famous temple of Jupiter Stator, said to have been built by Romulus. And in another part of the hill are pointed out the ruins of an old wall said to have been built by Romulus, and at any rate belonging to the kingly period of Rome.

Close to Tarquin's Palace is also the later palace of Augustus, which is however mostly buried in earth ; and the vast ruins now visible here are those of the still later palace which Vespasian built on the top of the older palace of Augustus. The *Basilica* or the ancient law-court, the *Tablinum* where statues and pictures were kept, the *Lararium* dedicated to the worship of deified members of the family, the *Peristyle* or court-yard, the *Triclinium* or dining-room, and a *Nymphium* or fountain, are all pointed out to visitors. It is from the Peristyle of Vespasian's palace that we descend by a narrow staircase into the excavated fragment of the older palace of Augustus, in which are still remains of gilding and fresco paintings on the walls.

Aventine Hill.

Beyond the Palatine Hill is a valley which separates it from the Aventine Hill. The Romans lived on the Palatine and the Sabines on the Aventine, and it is in this valley that the rape of the Sabines is said to have taken place.

Baths of Caracalla.

From the top of the Palatine Hill are seen, like the vast ramparts of a fortified town, the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla ! Next only to the Colosseum these baths are the most gigantic ruins of ancient Rome, and the colosseum

itself scarcely strikes one more than the vastness of these *baths* which occupy an area of 1,40,000 yards! The Romans came here not for bathing only, but to see races and sports which were held here, to see the training of gladiators, to meet their friends and acquaintances, and to pass their time among crowds of people come for the same purpose. The entire population of Rome turned out here and lounged about the walks and race-courses, or the ornamented walls and fine marble statues of these buildings, and regarded it as a place of public amusement. Some of the finest specimens of ancient sculpture preserved in museums have been found in this place.

Baths of Diocletian.

In the opposite corner of the city are the Baths of Diocletian, a part of which has been formed into the church of San Maria Degli Angeli, and thus saved from the spoliation to which every other ancient building has been subjected. The superb granite pillars of the church, each consisting of a single block, 43 feet in height, still remain as they stood in the days of Diocletian. The conversion of a part of the baths into a church was the work of Michael Angelo.

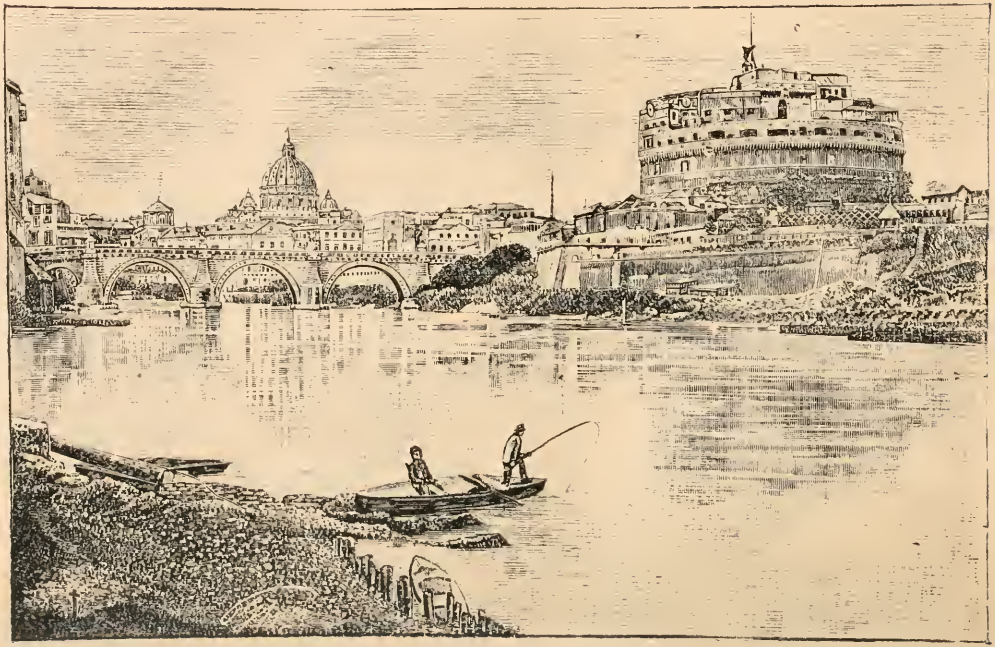
Pantheon.

The other most important ruins of Ancient Rome are the Pantheon, and the columns of Trajan and of Antonine. The Pantheon was built by Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus, and is therefore eighteen hundred years old. The portico has sixteen magnificent Corinthian columns, with bases and capitals of white marble and with shafts

of single pieces of granite 5 feet in diameter and 46 feet in height. The interior is a perfect circle, 142 feet in diameter. It was converted into a Christian church under Emperor Phocas in the seventh century, and to this fact it owes its complete preservation. Raphael, the prince of painters, is buried here. The last interment in the Pantheon of Rome was of King Victor Emanuel II.

Trajan's Column.

Trajan's column stands in the place known as Trajan's Forum, strewn with nameless pillars and shapeless ruins. The column stands however entire and uninjured, probably because it was taken under the protection of the church, and Trajan's figure on the top has been supplanted by a figure of St. Peter! The column is 141 feet high and consists of 23 blocks of Carrara marble with a series of bas reliefs spirally arranged and representing the wars of Trajan against the Dacians, and comprising about 2,500 human figures, all in the dresses and costumes then in vogue. Antonine's column is a similar one, consisting of 28 blocks of marble, and is of the same height as Trajan's. Though known as Antonine's column it is proved by an inscription found near it to have been erected by Aurelius. The statue on the top is now supplanted by that of St. Peter. Napoleon's column Vendome in Paris, constructed out of the metal of 1,200 pieces of cannon captured by him in battles, is in imitation of these ancient Roman pillars, as Napoleon's triumphal arches are imitations of the Roman arches.



Tiber ; St. Peter's church at a distance. (p. 329)

Of the other ruins of Ancient Rome the vast aqueducts supported on arches are the most remarkable, and can be seen in numbers to the south-east of Rome. The Aqua Marcia was 56 miles in length, the Aqua Claudia was 46 miles, the Anio Novus was 62 miles. Aqua Julia was built by Augustus, B. C. 34, and Aqua Virgo derives its name from the tradition that its source was pointed out to the soldiers by a young girl. Older than all these is the ancient Cloaca Maxima of Rome, a part of which I saw among the ruins in the Forum, and which was built by Tarquinus Priscus or Tarquinus Superbus to drain that low valley by connecting it with the Tiber.

Aqueducts.

Mediæval Rome boasts of one superb structure which combines with the stupendous size of the monuments of Ancient Rome, a beauty and rich elegance which has never been equalled in the world. St. Peter's church is beyond comparison the grandest work built by the hand of man for the worship of the Deity.

St. Peter's Church.

> "But thou of temples old, or altars new,
> "Standest alone with nothing like to thee.—
> "Worthiest of God, the holy and the true."

The church is approached by two semi-circular colonnades consisting of 284 lofty columns, on which 192 statues of saints stand as sentinels! But the loftiness of these columns is lost in the presence of the church itself, and the loftiness of the church too is lost in its extremely just proportions. The proportions are so just that the eye fails to grasp the stupendous height of the

great edifice, and in this respect St. Peter's church is certainly disappointing. The remark of Addison strikes every traveller who visits this church. "The proportions are so well observed, that nothing appears to an advantage, or distinguishes itself above the rest. It seems neither extremely high, nor long, nor broad, because it is all in a just equality. As, on the contrary, in our Gothic cathedral the narrowness of the arch makes it rise in height, or run out in length; the lowness often opens in breadth, or the defectiveness of some other particular makes any single part appear in great perfection."

The same deception continues after one has entered the church, but in spite of his inability to grasp the vast magnitude of the building, the traveller is lost in admiration as soon as he crosses the portal. The magnificent gilded ceiling, the spacious marble pavement, the lofty marble pillars which rise on every side of him, the exquisite statues of saints and cherubs by which he is surrounded, the splendid bronze canopy supported by bronze pillars over the high altar, and the great dome towering far above, form a scene which for richness and elegance and grandeur surpasses his wildest expectations. The glorious edifice bursts upon his view in all its richness like the picture of a dream! It is an epic in marble, —but an epic of Virgil's,—ornate, elegant, and replete with beauty, as well as massive and stupendous.

> "Rich marbles, richer painting, shrines where flame
> "The lamps of gold, and haughty dome which vies
> "In air with Earth's chief structures, though their frame
> "Sits on the firm set ground, and this the clouds must claim!"

The deception of the eye however is complete. Letters

inscribed on the dome appear scarcely more than a foot in length though they are six feet each. A pen in the hand of Moses scarcely appears 18 inches, but is seven feet long! The Baldacchino, the rich bronze canopy over the altar, looks about 25 feet high but is 120 feet in height! And even little cherubs in marble on the floor of the church appear of the size of little children, but are quite six or seven feet when you walk close to them! It is when you see the people in the church at a distance, creeping like pigmies on the spacious marble pavement that you can believe the comparative height of the figures and pillars. But even when the mind is convinced of this fact, the eye still fails to realize the vast proportions of this magnificient edifice.

I went all round the aisles and saw the exquisite marble figures on the tombs of the men buried here. One or two of these deserve mention. There is a tomb of the disinherited Stuarts of England whom the Pope of course took under his protection, and the fine monument over it is by Canova. In the Chapel della Pieta, there is a marble group by Michael Angelo, the great architect of this great church. It represents the Virgin with the dead body of Christ on her knees. The tomb of Pope Clement XIII. is by Canova and represents the Pope in the attitude of prayer with figures of Death and Religion before him. At the angles are the celebrated lions, one sleeping and the other awake, considered among the finest works of modern sculpture. The monument on the tomb of Pius VI. near the altar is also by Canova.

The extreme length of the St. Peter's church within the walls is 607 feet and its width 445 feet, and the height from the pavement to the cross is 458 feet. Outside the church is the obelisk of the Vatican, one of the most remarkable monuments of antiquity. It is said to be one of the two obelisks mentioned by Herodotus as having been erected by Phero, the son of Sesostris, on his recovery from blindness. From Egypt it was transferred by the Emperor Caligula to Rome,—a vessel having been specially built for conveying it. The length of this obelisk including the apex is 77 feet, and it is said to be the largest wrought stone in Europe.

Close to St. Peter's church is the Vatican, the palace of the Popes who had a real kingdom until 1871 when it was annexed and united with the kingdom of Italy.

Vatican Pictures.

There are some very fine pictures in this palace which visitors are allowed to see. The most celebrated is the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo, covering an entire wall of the Sistine chapel. On the ceiling are other pictures of Michael Angelo on sacred subjects. In a gallery above are some remarkable paintings, among which the Transfiguration of Raphael and St. Jerome by Domenichino are considered the best.

Sculpture.

Adjoining to the palace is the magnificent museum of Vitican containing the finest collection of ancient sculptures in the world. One might spend years in studying the immortal works of Phidias, Praxiletes and a host of other sculptors of ancient times,—men who worked in the very

infancy of European civilization, and yet whose works have never since been equalled in any age or country in the world! These fathers of the art of sculpture did not try for effect; they did not put human forms in fantastic attitudes or violent action to attract attention. They knew the natural beauty and the dignity of the human figure, and they have sculptured that figure in repose or in dignified action, in calm delight or in patient suffering, such as no modern sculptors have ever since done. The celebrated Apollo Belvedere is in this collection.

Capitol.

Speaking of statues I ought to mention that there is another fine collection of old sculptures in the museum of the Capitol, comprising the celebrated Capitoline Venus and the equally celebrated Dying Gladiator which inspired some of the finest lines that even Byron ever wrote.

Churches.

Rome has more than 300 churches, and a few of them are worth a visit, even after one has seen St. Peter's. St. Paul's church originally founded by Constantine is just outside the town. The magnificent gilded ceiling, the spacious marble pavement, the rich chapels with mosaic designs, and the 80 Corinthian columns of granite, each of a single piece of stone, make the church one of the finest in the world. The church of St John Lateran within the town was also originally founded bp Constantine. The facade is composed of four large columns and six pilasters, supporting a massive entablature and balustrade, on which are the colossal statues of Christ and ten saints. The

inside is ornamental as usual with Italian churches, and the ceiling is richly gilt.

Close to this church is the famous Scala Santa, a marble stair-case of 28 steps, which, tradition states, belonged to the house of Pontius Pilate, and by which Jesus descended from the Judgment Seat. No human foot is allowed to touch these steps,—they are covered by wood,—and even thus, people are not allowed to walk on them, but have to go on their knees from the bottom to the top. As I saw numbers of faithful believers slowly and painfully ascending these wood-cased steps on their knees, I was reminded of the still more rigid penances imposed by a still grosser superstition in my own country, where pilgrims from the north of India measure their length, and thus creep along day after day and month after month along the high road to Juggernath.

There is another magnificent church in Rome which well repays a visit—it is the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. It was built in the fourth century but has been considerably enlarged and decorated subsequently. The richly gilt ceiling, the fine mosaics of the apse, and the splendour of the chapels charm the beholder as he enters this magnificent edifice. In front of it is the obelisk which at one time decorated the Mausoleum of Augustus.

Such are some of the most remarkable monuments of Ancient and Mediæval Rome. My list, however, I need hardly say, is exceedingly meagre and defective. I could, within the short period of my stay, only visit the most celebrated among those countless monuments

of olden days which have made Rome the marvel of the world, and the wonder of historians, antiquarians and tourists. There is one other monument however which I *did* visit and which I must not forget to mention even in this meagre account. It is a spot redolent of holy associations, and in some respects more interesting than the vast Colosseum or the gigantic baths of Caracalla. While tens of thousands of proud Roman citizens were daily crowding in these vast and noisy assemblages, delighting in cruel sports and spectacles, while emperors and generals were returning from the ends of the earth in triumphant processions along the Appian Way and under the Arch of Titus, a band of lowly, silent, persecuted men were worshipping their God after the teaching of Christ in dark subterranean vaults within a few miles of Rome. Who could have foresaid in the first and second centuries after Christ, that the ebbing tide was with the proud and haughty Romans, the conquerors of the world! that the rising tide was with these persecuted lowly vagrants, crouching themselves in the very bowels of the earth to escape observation and persecution! And yet this was what happened. Rome fell, and Christianity triumphed in Europe!

Catacombs.

A little over a mile from the city gate, along the Appian Way are the catacombs of St. Callixtus. These catacombs were originally excavated by the early Christians as burial places and were subsequently used for meetings and religious worship. A monk with a candle in his hand led me through the dark winding and subterranean

vaults. The worshippers of Christ were buried in the walls on both sides of these winding passages, and their bones crumbling to dust are still shewn to curious and religious visitors after eighteen hundred years. A skull or an arm bone here and there is entire, but most of what remains now of the early Christians is crumbled, almost powdered bones. When Rome adopted Christianity at last, the remains of the more eminent among the early teachers, the "Saints," were removed from these catacombs to the newly-built churches of Rome, but the great mass of bodies buried here in the first, second and third centuries after Christ were left undisturbed. No subsequent interment took place in these catacombs, as men were buried in Christian churches after Christianity became the religion of the people.

The church of St. Sabastian was erected over catacombs where many early martyrs had been buried. What a place this for contemplation. The ruined temples of Rome mark the departing grandeur of an ancient religion; the catacombs of Rome mark the lowly origin of a modern religion.

Leaving Rome about midday on the 5th December, I travelled for hours through classic land, replete with ancient associations. The Campagna of Rome is covered with the ruins of some of those magnificent aqueducts of ancient Rome, fitly described as "Rivers on many an arch high overhead." These huge lines of arches, colossal and striking even in their ruins, show at once the untiring industry of the ancient Romans, as also their ignorance of simple law of Hydrostatics that water will always

rise to the level of its source! These high arches were perfectly unnecessary therefore, as water conveyed in pipes under ground would have risen to its proper height in the town! But such criticism on ancient and classic labours is ungracious and irreverent!

Twenty-six miles from Rome, I came to the ancient Volscian town of Velletri. The great Volscian patriot and warrior Coriolanus fortified this place against the Romans but in 338 B. C. The Romans at last dismantled the fort and transported the principal citizens of Rome. Forty miles from Rome I passed by the ancient town of Segni colonized by the Romans under Tarquinus Priscus. At last we reached the important town of Ceprano at sunset. It used to be the last frontier town in the south of the Dominions of the Pope before those Dominions were all amalgamated with the kingdom of Italy in 1871. The town is beautifully situated, and the view from it, extending to Monte Casino is one direction and through the valley of the Liris to the lofty Appenines on the other, is very fine indeed. The sunset too was magnificent, and was such as can only be seen in these southern climes. The whole range of rocks and mountains were illumined with lovely and variegated tints, blending almost imperceptibly into each other, and changing their colour until they disappeared in gloom as the sun went beneath the horizon. I could not see much of the country between Ceprano and Naples, where I reached late in the evening.

The beauty of Naples is in the lovely bay on which it

Naples.

is situated. It is like a vast amphitheatre which seems almost closed by the island of Capri in the south and those of Procida and Ischia on the north. A great part of this vast amphitheatre is studded with white buildings which look all the prettier from a distance, while the great Visuvius rises in the back ground, with its eternal film of white smoke ascending in a blue cloudless Italian sky. Such is Naples as viewed by an artist or a partial tourist. But a closer view of the town somewhat disenchants him ! In spite of some fine roads and many fine buildings, Naples is a dirty town, one of the dirtiest, I think, even of Italian towns. Beggars too, rare in countries like England, France or Germany, are a nuisance in Italy, and many of those who publicly practise begging in the streets are by no means deserving of charity.

Palace.

The palace of Naples is a historic building and has been the residence of long lines of kings who reigned in Naples when Naples was a separate kingdom. In front of the palace is the church of St. Francisco de Paolo with a graceful semi-circular portico on either side. The old castle is now appropriated by the Municipality. The Via Roma is the finest road in the town, and runs through nearly half its length. The Aquarium of Naples is probably the finest in the world, and contains sea-anemones of various kinds, and live conches, sponges and corals of all shapes and beautiful colours. An electric fish sent a shock into my arm as I touched it.

Aquarium.

Naples & Vesuvious. (p. 339)

To climb to the top of Visuvius and to look down on the boiling crater below had been my cherished desire since many a long year, and its fulfilment was luckily at hand! There is a company in Naples which spares modern tourists even the trouble of climbing, and takes them nearly to the summit of the volcano by a railway car! Early one morning then I paid my 28 francs at the office of this company and found myself along with a German traveller who spoke English, and an Italian priest who did not, journeying in a comfortable carriage drawn by two powerful horses, towards the summit of the volcano! We soon left the town behind and then began our ascent by a zigzag road up the side of the mountain. For miles and miles in every direction the sides and the base of Visuvius are covered by vast masses of lava which have rolled down during long centuries and have congealed and formed themselves into all fantastic shapes and designs! As we slowly toiled up the winding path, we saw nothing on all sides of us but this uniform unending sheet of lava, stretching in black masses in every direction, and filling up every crevice and every slope of the hill. The weather was not fine, and torrents of rain descended as we drove upwards. From time to time however it cleared up, and as we ascended we had a most beautiful view of the town and the lovely bay sleeping below. I do not think I have ever looked on a prettier picture than this. The blue and placid bay of Naples with its magnificent curve, bounded far off by Capri and Ischia, slept gentle and azure

Visuvius.

and motionless far below. On its shores the lovely town of Naples and its suburbs of Resina and Torre del Greco stretched their far white walls and white houses in pleasing contrast to the blue waters of the sea. While behind the towns stretched lovely green fields and pastures for miles and miles, looking from this height more like a beautiful and extensive picture on a canvas than a real landscape!

We descended from our carriage at last and I stepped into a hotel where a little hot luncheon with a half bottle of Italian wine were not altogether unwelcome after our long journey in this damp weather. Thus refreshed we began our ascent over the remaining portion of the hill. The slope here is so precipitous as to be impracticable for horses. A railway has accordingly been constructed, but the car is pulled up this almost perpendicular height not by steam or electricity, but by rope and pulleys, along the rails! In this way then we were gradually pulled up nearer and nearer to the summit. The temperature was rapidly growing colder and we saw patches of snow on the sides of the hill which contained living fire in its bowels! At last we reached the terminus, and from this point we walked up to the summit.

The Crater.

I stood on the very brink of the crater and looked on the volumes of white sulphurous smoke issuing from below. Visuvius is active now, and the smoke is accompanied every now and then by showers of stone issuing with great violence. The smoke issues with such great velocity

that beside the big crater in the centre it has worked many small holes all around from which also it issues with great velocity. The mouths of these small holes are encrusted with sulphur. We threw a piece of crumpled paper into one of these small holes, and instead of going down it shot upwards with the velocity of a bullet through the force of the smoke issuing. Fresh lava rolls down from the crater almost to the foot of the hill on the Pompeii side.

Pompeii.

Nothing which I had yet seen in the course of my continental tour had excited keener interest in me than the ruins of Pompeii, disinterred from the ashes and dust of eighteen centuries, and disclosing to modern nations the habits and manners and the daily life which men and women lived in ancient times! As I walked along the stone-paved streets, loitered among the ruins of ancient temples, forums or courts of justice, or examined minutely the courtyards and walls and paintings of private houses, as I surveyed the amphitheatre, the larger theatre and the smaller theatre, or walked past the public baths, the wine shops, and the fruit shops, or looked into the house of the poet Sallust or of the vestal virgins, I could vividly realize, without any great effort of imagination, the joyous and vigorous if somewhat coarse and cruel life which men and women lived in this very town, two thousand years ago. I could almost imagine their showy processions and public worship along these rough paved streets, their vociferous gatherings in the public places or near the stalls, the meetings of men in the

outer courtyards of houses and the meeting of women in the inner courtyards, and on great occasions their tumultuous gatherings in the great amphitheatre to see prisoners and gladiators die a cruel death among the riotous joy and applause of multitudes. The scenes so often and so vividly described by writers seem to be passing before one's eyes,—ancient Roman history seems to be repeating itself, as one strolls silently and thoughtfully along these streets, conjuring up the venerable shades of an ancient world.

The quarter of the Forum is the finest. The Forum was the centre of all Roman towns, and naturally therefore we see here some of the finest temple of Pompeii; the temple of Jupiter, the temple of Venus, the temples of Augustus and Mercury, the tribunals and the prisons. Not far from this place is the quarter of the Theatres, with its great triangular Forum, the temple of Neptune and the extensive Barracks in which 63 skeletons and a great number of valuable objects have been discovered. Here are situated the large theatre and the small theatre, the first of which could probably accommodate nearly 4,000 people. Here, too, is the temple of Isis in which Lord Lytton lays one of his most striking scenes in his Last Days of Pompeii; and not far from it is the great amphitheatre of the town with its 34 rows of seats which could accommodate probably 30,000 people! The skilful novelist has very justly laid the last scene of his novel on this spot.

In the quarter of the Public Baths, we see the ruins of the Public Baths, and close to them we find wine

shops and fruit shops and other establishments to which the people must have crowded daily from the baths. One of the most important quarters however of Pompeii is that near the northern gate, called the gate of Herculaneum. The street outside the gate is called the street of tombs on account of the number of monuments with which it is bordered. In this street is the villa of Diomede one of the largest habitations in Pompeii. Near this villa is another called Cecero's Villa. Inside the Herculaneum gate are the house of the vestal virgins, the house of courtesans, and that of the Poet Sallust, one of the most elegant in the city. There are bakeries, laundries, stablings, fuller's establishments and all other establishments such as are met with in the busy towns.

The most careless observer walking through these streets and houses of an ancient world cannot fail being struck with the difference between ancient and modern methods of living. The splendour and beauty and magnificence of all ancient public places, be they forums, temples or baths, contrast with the utter insignificance and, one would think, the positive discomforts of private houses. The ideas of comfort and even of sanitary laws were very crude in ancient times all over the world. The largest and finest houses in Pompeii would scarcely equal the size of a rich man's house in an ordinary modern town, while in most of the houses the rooms are so small as to be almost unhabitable. It is curious that among a highly civilized European nation like the Romans, *windows in private houses did not exist at all,*

and judging from what we see in Pompeii, there was very little ventilation. As in India there is an outer courtyard for men, and an inner courtyard for women; the men's apartments, small and without windows, surround the outer courtyard, and the women's apartments still smaller and closer, surround the inner courtyard. To come out of these dark cells and sit in the courtyard, was apparently the only way of enjoying a little of free air and heaven's light.

The streets are paved with huge blocks of stone scarcely levelled, as one sees in many ancient Indian towns. The widest street would be called a lane in a modern town, and is just wide enough for two carts, while most of the streets were barely wide enough for one. Over these narrow and rough-paved streets, which served as drains as well as streets, were witnessed, 2000 years ago, riotous processions, joyous and religious festitivities, assemblages of thousands of human beings, warriors from distant climes, matrons and vestal virgins in their gala costumes, senators and guards, thinkers and poets, and a miscellaneous and vociferous multitude, all proud to call themselves Roman citizens, the conquerors of the world! What tales could the very stones of Pompeii tell!

But the stones and the houses are not altogether silent, there are no more valuable materials of history in its true sense, than these silent ruins. They tell us how the ancients lived and died, how they assembled in their forum, worshipped in their temples, gathered in thousands in the amphitheatres. We see the houses where they

lived, the rooms which their women occupied, the shops where they purchased their food, the wine stalls where they gathered in crowds. The very sins of this ancient people are laid open to modern eyes. Close to temples or market places are brothels with four or five or six small chambers designed for so many women. The chambers are so small as to be simply loathsome to the lowest pleasure-seekers of modern days, but were in keeping with the size of houses in the olden times. The very beds are there, beds of masonry which were probably covered with mattresses, while the walls are disfigured by paintings, the most obscene that human imagination can invent. It is curious that these indelicate paintings are not confined simply to houses of ill fame, but are also found in many private houses. Domestic articles like lamps or vessels were often very indelicate in their designs, and a large collection of such things is kept in a separate room in the the Naples museum. Outside the walls of houses too one not unfrequently comes across indelicate figures. Just facing the house of the vestal virgins is a house of ill fame, denoted by a most disgusting sign sculptured over the door-way. This public exposure of indecency is shocking to modern ideas. I do not think the moderns have improved very much over the ancients in morality, but modern nations choose wisely to throw a veil over their sins which ancient peoples thought unnecessary.

Herculaneum.

Herculaneum is nearer the foot of Visuvius, and is therefore covered over, not by lava dust like Pompeii, but by hard,

soild, massive lava which flowed into it as it poured out of the crater on the eventful day of the 23rd November 79 A. D. New towns like Portici, Resina and Torre del Greco have now been built over this solid foundation covering the ancient city. To disinter Herculaneum therefore it would be necessary not only to dig out the hard lava which covers it, but to destroy the new towns which have been built over it. For both these reasons Herculaneum has not yet been disinterred and probably never will be disinterred, the more specially as such disinterment is not likely to lead to any fresh discoveries, beyond such as have been made in Pompeii. A portion of the great theatre of Herculaneum has been cleared. It consists of 19 tiers of seats and could probably accommodate 10,000 persons. The orchestra lies 26 ft. below the modern town of Resina. Other excavations have also been made disclosing several private houses, similar to the houses in Pompeii.

Museum.

The treasures and mementoes of the ancient world found in Pompeii and Herculaneum have been collected and preserved in the National Museum in Naples, which is therefore unique in its value and importance among the Museums of the world. A collection of no less than 1600 wall paintings gives the visitor a fairly correct idea of the art of painting as it was practised among the ancient Romans in the days of their highest prosperity and civilization. The very materials of paintings,—chalks and stones and earths of various colours have been found among the ruins of the burned cities and

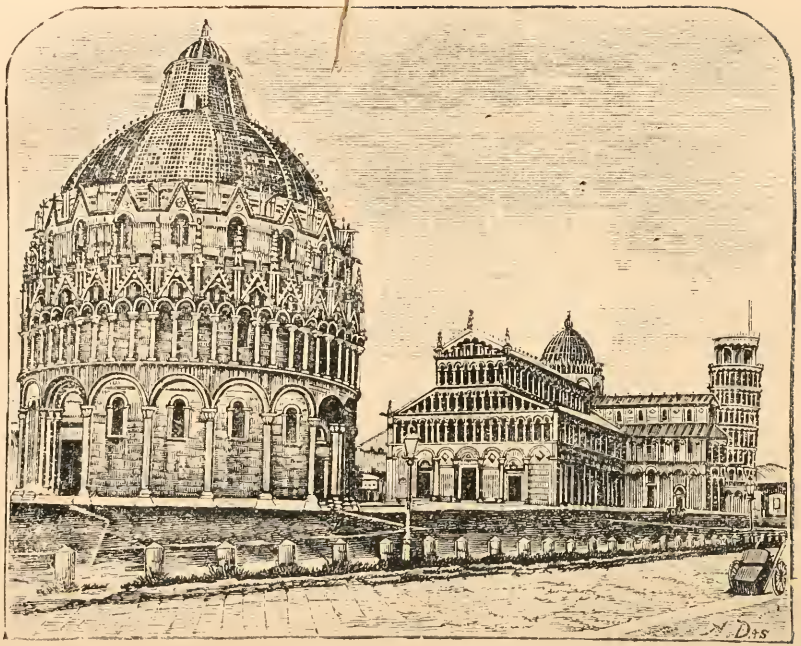
have been carefully preserved. Even more interesting than these are the beautiful bronze statues both large and small which have been found in the burned towns. Six dancing girls with eyes of enamel adorned the Theatre of Herculaneum. A colossal figure of Antonio, wife of Drasus the younger, and a fine bust of Scipio Africanus are among the historic figures. Mercury in repose is one of the most exquisite statues in the Museum, while a sleeping Fawn, a dancing Fawn and a drunken Fawn are among the gems of the collection. A group of Bacchus and Ampelus was found in the house of Pansa in Pompeii, while a statue of Apollo holding a lyre is one of the best in the room.

Still more interesting than these remarkable bronze figures of antiquity are the industrial bronze things preserved in this collection. No branch of industry seems to be unrepresented. Pots and pans and cooking utensils, lamps of various designs and patterns, scales and weights and balances, sacred vessels and sacrificial vases, carpenters' tools and agricultural instruments, armours and toilet requisites, surgical and musical instruments, all the various arts and industries of a busy and civilized past are exhibited before the eyes of the antiquarian, the historian and the general student. Passing from room to room the visitor examines with curiosity the curious colored glass which was in use in olden times, and the finer rock crystal beautifully cut and engraved for the use of the wealthier people, and the beautifully worked gold and silver trinkets and ornaments which graced the fair foreheads and rounded arms and necks

of the stately dames and damsels of old. In one room he sees the very clothes worn two thousands years ago,—the very food grains, eggs and vegetables as they were used by the ancients,—the very preserves and fruits which had been stored by careful Pompeiian housewives, ignorant of the great catastrophe which brought untimely ruin on their flourishing town and at the same time preserved these their handiworks for the curious gaze of future generations of men. The visitor as he inspects these curious relics of the almost forgotten past cannot help losing himself in contemplation, and almost seems to be surrounded by those long forgotten men and women who wore this clothing, ate this food, and stored these preserves in glass bottles for their brothers, their children or their husbands!

Leaving Naples on the 9th December I slept that night in Rome, and on the 10th I was in the maritime republic of Pisa. In the early dawn of modern civilization, Pisa took the lead of the Italian commercial republics in the tenth century of the Christian era. In the eleventh century, the fleet of Pisa was supreme in the Mediterranean, commanded the coasts of Corsica and Sardinia, Sicily and Africa, and helped the early crusaders in their memorable expeditions to the East. In the 13th century, as Genoa rose in power, the power of Pisa began slowly to decline, and in 1298 the fleet of Pisa was destroyed by its rivals. Still however the city maintained its importance until in the sixteenth century it was merged in Tuscany.

Pisa.



Leaning Tower—Pisa (*b.* 349)

Modern Pisa is known to tourists best for its Leaning Tower, *i. e.*, the Belfrey. The Cathedral, the Baptistry and the Belfrey are three separate buildings, close to each other but totally detached. The Cathedral is the most ancient and was built in the eleventh century. Tradition states that it was the oscilations of the bronze lamp in the nave of this Cathedral that first suggested to Galileo the theory of the pendulum. The Baptistry is a beautiful circular building built in the twelfth century. The Belfrey or the famous leaning tower of Pisa stands at one end of the Cathedral opposite to the Baptistry. It consists of eight stories with a total elevation of 180 feet. It leans so much in one direction, that one almost wonders it does not fall down with a tremendous crash. Nevertheless it has stood there for six centuries, and may stand for many centuries more!

Leaning Tower.

The Campo Santo of Pisa is like those of Bologna and Genoa quite worth a visit. It was here that distinguished Tuscan artists displayed their powers in the dawn of modern painting. The University of Pisa was founded on the 13th century, and was renowned in Europe in the Middle Ages and still holds its own among the universities of the modern world. The Academy of Fine Arts in Pisa was founded by Napoleon Bonaparte in 1812.

Campo Santo.

University.

Coming from Pisa to Genoa one passes through some splendid scenery where the Appenines gradually approach the sea.

Genoa.

At last the mountain chain runs quite close to the sea, and the train runs now over a narrow ledge of the mountain and now through it by numerous tunnels. Genoa itself is situated in its beautiful harbour of the shape of a horse-shoe,—with the sea to the south and the mountains forming a splendid amphitheatre on the other three sides. It is in this beautiful natural amphitheatre that the ancient Republic of Genoa,—the rival and then the conqueror of Pisa, the pioneer of modern civilization and maritime discovery, and the birth place of Columbus,—is enthroned in her glory !

As one leaves the railway station and enters the town, almost the first object that strikes him is a fine marble monument with the figures of Religion and Geography, Force and Wisdom, on the pedestal. It is needless to say that above these figures, on a circular pedestal, is the figure of Columbus ! Prows of ships adorn the circular pedestal, and America kneels before her immortal discoverer.

Monument of Columbus.

The Duomo or the Cathedral of Genoa was built like the Cathedral of Pisa in the 11th century. The ashes of St. John the Baptist are said to be deposited in this cathedral, and are paraded through the streets of the town on Corpus Christi day. Perhaps more magnificent than the cathedral is the church of the Annunciation with its magnificent nave and aisles supported by twelve columns of white marble inlaid with red.

Cathedral.

Like most Italian towns Genoa boasts of a large

number of places built by the princely Italian families of the Middle Ages,' and containing many valuable treasures of sculpture and painting. The only palace, however, which I visited was the historical palace of Andrea Dorea, the great admiral of the time of Charles V. The palace still belongs to the elder branch of the Dorea family. Inside it are paintings of Charles V. and of Andrea Dorea, and of the great Christian victory of Lepanto over the Turks. How different the fleets of those days were to those of the modern times. Vessels in those days were mostly galleys with numbers of oars pulled by galley slaves, and the picture of the battle of Lepanto is instructive and interesting. We know that the biggest vessel of the Spanish Armada sent to conquer England was about 1,200 tons, and such vessels were considered monsters, for Drake and others had circumnavigated the world in vessels of less than half the tonnage. An ordinary modern passenger steamer is often more than four times the tonnage of the proudest vessel of the Invincible Armada, and is above ten times the size of the vessels with which Drake described a girdle round the Earth !

Andrea Dorea's Palace.

The one thing in Genoa which no visitor should omit to see is the Campo Santo or the Cemetery. It is outside the town and is beautifully embosomed in an amphitheatre of hills. The building is imposing and the graves are arranged in long arcades as in Bologna, with beautiful and elaborate marble figures. There are

Campo Santo.

graves and monuments also on the second and third stories.

On the 12th December I left Genoa for Turin. We crossed the Appenines and passed through some magnificent hilly scenery and then came to the plain of Piedmont, stretching from the Appenines on the south to the Alps on the north. This plain has been the scene of some of Napoleon's most brilliant campaigns and we crossed the river Bormida within a mile of the celebrated field of Marengo. We then came to Alexandria and then to Asti, the birth place of the poet Alfieri, and it was dark before we reached Turin the capital of Piedmont.

Turin.

Turin seems to be the show town of Italy, and without boasting of natural beauty or the historical association of Florence or of Pisa, Turin is, so far as modern improvements can make it so, undoubtedly the finest town in Italy. No Italian town can boast of such magnificent and straight streets and avenues, such fine and spacious squares, such noble and imposing buildings. It has been built with all the latest improvements of modern capitals, and it takes its place therefore by the side of Paris and Brussels, of Berlin and Vienna. Nor is the natural position of the town by any means against it. Situated on the valley of the Po it is embosomed in the wide plain overlooked by the snowy Alps on the north, west and south-west. Walking along the straight and spacious roads of Turin one can look on the snowy mountains to the north, and the snowy mountains to the south!

The castle known as Palazzo Madama or Lady's palace is the centre of the town both in position and in point of interest. The castle was first built in the 13th century and then formed the residence of the Dukes of Savoy.

Palace.

All round this castle are the Royal Palace, the Theatre and other buildings of imposing architecture, underneath the first storey of which run handsome arcades with beautiful shops. From the castle northwards as far as the Po is the Via Po, lighted along its entire length by electricity. Most of the principal squares, too, as well as the Railway Station are lighted by electricity. Southwards from the Castle runs another beautiful street with handsome and uniform buildings along it, and called the Via Garibaldi. But the finest street in Turin, running north and south, and planted with rows of shady trees like the Boulevards of Paris is the Via Victor Emanuel.

On the 13th December I left Turin and soon passed by Rivoli, the scene of another of Napolean's brilliant victories. In the evening we crossed the Alps by the

Mont Cenis Tunnel.

Mont Cenis tunnel 19 feet high and 26 feet wide and 7½ miles in length. Half an hour is required for the transit through the tunnel which is one of the longest in the world. We then came to Modane, the frontier town, where our baggages were of course examined, and a little dinner was ready for us. We then crept into our carriages again and the next morning we were in Paris. And the next day, (15th December) I was back again in London.

Thus I completed my six weeks' tour. I had within these six weeks travelled through Belgium, Holland, Prussia, Germany, Austria and Italy, and I had visited, though in a tourist's fashion, a good number of the historical cities of Europe. The following is a list of the places which I visited during the six weeks from Tuesday the 2nd November to Tuesday the 14th December.

1. Ostend.
2. Bruges.
3. Ghent.
4. Brussels.
5. Waterloo.
6. Antwerp.
7. Rotterdam.
8. Hague.
9. Leyden.
10. Amsterdam.
11. Harlem and North Sea Canal.
12. Helder and North Canal.
13. Minden and Zuider Zee.
14. Hanover.
15. Berlin.
16. Dresden.
17. Prague.
18. Vienna.
19. Salzburg.
20. Bavaria and Rosenhiem.
21. Inspruck and Brener Pass.
22. Verona.
23. Bologna.
24. Florence.
25. Rome.
26. Naples and Visuvius.
27. Herculaneum and Pompeii.
28. Pisa.
29. Genoa.
30. Turin.

A few notes on practical matters may be of use to my countrymen bent on travelling. In all the respectable hotels in the continent, English, French and German are spoken, so that a tourist knowing any one of these languages has no difficulties in hotels. Of guide-books, Badeker's series are the best; they are so good that a tourist, having these guide-books, does not require a guide anywhere, and saves a great deal more than the cost of the books in this way, and also sees everything thoroughly, and to his satisfaction.

From the morning of the 2nd November when I left London to the evening of the 15th December when I returned to London it was 44 days, including both days. In these 44 days I had spent a little over £66. In other words I had spent a pound and a half a day. This is a high average, as a pound a day is considered sufficient for your expenses when you are staying in the continent. But then I travelled so fast that I could not make it cheaper. European travellers generally select a small area of a country where they spend a summer or a winter, and then choose another place for the next year and so on. According to this plan you can reduce hotel expenses, for most hotels make special arrangements when one is living for a long time, and then the railway fare comes next to nothing. But this plan was of course not suited to me, seeing that I have scarcely a chance of coming to Europe once in ten years. I had therefore to travel fast, and that means much Railway fare and high hotel charges. My Railway fares alone come to over £20, and my hotel charges, including hotel extras, over £30. I had, therefore, only £15 left for cab hires and occassional guides, for entrance to museums and picture galleries, and for such guide-books and a few photographs and mementoes as no tourist can help buying.

The coinage is different in each country and gives the tourist some trouble. In Norway and Sweden the *kronor* is the silver coin and is worth a little more than a shilling. In France the *franc* is worth 10 pence, and the coinage in Belgium is the same as in France. In Holland the *guilden* is about 2 francs, *i.e.*, 1*s.* 8*d.* In

Germany the *mark* is equal to the shilling. In Austria the *florin* is 2 francs *i.e.*, 1*s.* 8*d.* In Italy the *lira* is equal to the French franc. If the English Government, without giving up the shilling, were to coin a silver ten pence piece, and the Germans followed suit, and if the Dutch and the Austrians would coin a half guilden and a half florin respectively, something like an international silver coin could be had in the 10 pence piece, equal to a franc, equal to a half guilden, equal to the proposed German coin, and equal to the lira! However Governments are not yet of the same mind as the perplexed tourist rapidly travelling through one half of Europe in six weeks!

CHAPTER XI.

The Rhineland, 1893.

On the 21st August 1893, I revisited Cologne after 22 years. Europe has passed through a revolution within these 22 years, the new German Empire has been built up and consolidated, and the Cathedral of Cologne, commenced six centuries ago, has been completed by the first ruler of the new German Empire. It is the most magnificent Gothic edifice in the world, as the church of St. Peter is the finest edifice in the Roman style.

Cologne.

The town of Cologne traces back its history to the first century of the Christian era when Agrippina the mother of Nero founded here a colony of Roman veterans to keep the German barbarians in check. But Rome decayed in time, the German barbarians rose to be the most powerful nations in Europe, and in the eighth century the great Charlemagne raised the bishopric of Cologne into an archbishopric.

Cathedral.

Five centuries then rolled away, centuries of Feudalism and of Crusades, and archbishop Conrad laid the foundation stone of the present noble cathedral in 1248. In two hundred years the work was sufficiently advanced to

be fitted up for service, but religious enthusiasm declined by the end of the fifteenth century, and the unfinished building was left with a temporary roof.

Three centuries then rolled away, centuries of Reformation, of maritime discoveries and colonization, of European wars and the French Revolution, and in the wars of the Revolution, the French used the delapidated old edifice as a hay-magazine in 1796! But after Waterloo, the kings of Prussia began restoring and completing the hoary but unfinished edifice, and it was nine years after Sedan and the founding of the new German Empire, that the last stone of the huge southern tower was placed in position, and the completion of the Cathedral was celebrated in the presence of Emperor William I. in 1880.

I love to recall historical facts when I visit old edifices and structures and even hoary ruins. Nothing so interests me as the story of human progress,—the march of nations through ages of struggle to freedom and enlightenment. And the noblest edifices of Europe owe much of their interest to the grand historic past which seems to be sculptured on their walls.

For the rest, the Cologne Cathedral is in itself a most imposing structure. The towers are the loftiest church towers in Europe, being over five hundred feet high; and standing within the cathedral one is lost in admiration as he looks up to the lofty ceiling borne on 56 lofty pillars, and displaying a wealth of art which beggars description.

From Cologne I came to Wiesbaden, one of the

Wiesbaden.

oldest watering places in Germany, and now the capital of the Prussian District of Wiesbaden. The place is resorted to every year by thousands of Germans and hundreds of foreigners who seek to renovate their health by the use of its waters. I was one of them; for after years of hard work in heavy or unhealthy Bengal Districts, like Mymensing and Burdwan, Dinajpur and Midnapur, I had felt the need for a change, and had come to Europe in 1893. I had brought my ailments with me, and I suffered from malarial fever for six weeks in England before I had done with it. And I was also susceptible to rheumatism, and Wiesbaden, they say, is the best place for cure of that disease. One has need to be more careful of his health at forty-five than at the age of twenty-five, and I accordingly gave up all idea of visiting the Chicago Exhibition, and decided to spend the summer of 1893 in this quiet watering place, Wiesbaden.

Healing Spring.

The treatment which is prescribed here is much the same as elsewhere. Bath in the tepid spring water every morning, the patient lying in the water for half an hour, and two or three courses of that water for drink during the day. This treatment, continued for a month, is very weakening; one is much weaker and thinner after the period; but in nine cases out of ten he gets rid of his ailments, and is a sounder and healthier man for years after. This certainly was the case with me.

The weather was sunny and mild, and my days pass-

ed pleasantly enough. I read a little German every day with a young Russian student who had been educated in Germany and was stopping in the same boarding house with me, and I spent my spare moments in the pleasant task of translating *Kiratarjuniyam* into English verse. We formed parties and made frequent excursions into neighbouring places through woods which surround Wiesbaden on every side, and occasionally we made a trip down the Rhine. In the evenings, I sometimes went to theatres where I could follow the acting when I knew the story. The lady of the establishment was a person of education and much natural benevolence, and tried to make things pleasant for us. Another elderly lady from Brussels, an English woman by birth who had married a Belgian, took me under her sheltering wings, shewed me all that was to be seen round about Wiesbaden, and was very kind to me when I saw her again a few months after at Brussels. Another elderly lady, very theosophical and pious in her profession's, and very whimsical and selfish in her actions, was quite a character for study! There was a German visitor from Dantzig with his very amiable and devoted wife, who floundered over her English as hopelessly as I floundered over my German whenever we attempted to talk! An English Colonel and his wife and a few others completed the inmates of the house at the time.

The gardens of Wiesbaden where games and music and entertainments were constantly going on are very fine, but the beauty and the glory of the town is its

German forests.

situation in the midst of natural forests stretching for miles in different directions. One leaves the town and strolls for hours amidst these primeval forests, which are kept in good order, with roads and paths leading in different directions. It is a pleasure and a luxury to sit under one of the trees, book in hand, and spend a summer afternoon in the quiet solitude. Many continental towns have such natural forests preserved close to them. Paris has *Bois de Boulogne*, and Brussels, Vienna, Berlin have all their garden-like forests, but it is German towns which have the most extensive forests close to them, because Germany is full of forests. The State derives a revenue from these forests, and our forest officers in India study the system in Germany for a season or two before they go out to India.

Many were the excursions which we made by the pleasant forest paths, up and down hills, to neighbouring places, and wherever we went, a substantial cup of chocolate or of a kind of sour-milk, not unlike the Indian *Dahi*, refreshed us after our labours. Sonnenberg and Neroberg and Eisenhand are all places within easy range of Wiesbaden which we visited, and from Biebrich on the Rhine we went down by steamer to see the national monument of Germania, erected after the Franco-German War near Rudesheim famous for its wines.

A national monument on the Rhine.

The monument is a colossal figure of Germania, 33 feet high, with oak-leaves on her head, the imperial crown in her right hand, and a drawn sword in her left. She

stands on a pedestal, 78 feet high, and erected on a hill 740 feet above the level of the Rhine, and seems to guard the Fatherland by keeping an eternal watch over that historic river.

> Dear Fatherland! no fear be thine!
> Brave hearts and true shall watch the Rhine!

The Watch on the Rhine. (Blackie's Translation.)

I made longer excursions also to other German towns situated on or near the Rhine; and among them Frankfort on Main is certainly historically the most interesting.

Frankfort.

A Roman military station, like Cologne, in the first century, Frankfort was a seat of royal residence under Charlemagne, and was in succeeding ages looked upon as the capital of the East Franconian Empire. And from the time of Frederick Barbarossa, Frankfort was the place of the election of the German Emperors for seven centuries, until the old empire was dissolved in 1806 by Napoleon Bonaparte. From 1815 to 1866 it was one of the free cities of Germany, and in 1866 it was taken by the Prussians. Frankfort, like Wiesbaden, is therefore now a portion of Prussia.

Venerable on account of its long and eventful history, Frankfort is now doubly interesting to the modern tourist as the birthplace of Goethe. In a century which has produced Byron and Scott, Schiller and Victor Hugo, Goethe stands foremost, as the greatest literary genius of the age! I visited the house in which he was

Birthplace of Goethe.

born and his fine statue by Schwanthaler, as well as the statue of the poet Schiller not far off.

Old Town Hall.

More interesting to the student of mediæval history is the old market place of Römerberg, and the famous old Town Hall of Römer built nearly six centuries ago, and containing the very room where the electors met to elect German Emperors for centuries. Close to it is Saalhof, occupying the site where Charlemagne built an imperial palace of that name. And not far is the famous Cathedral of Frankfort rebuilt in the thirteenth century. The Cathedrals of Europe always strike me as silent memorials of a past age of which everything else is gone, witnesses of wars and triumphs and celebrations through centuries, witnesses of the progress of nations from feudal barbarism and to modern culture and freedom!

Cathedral.

Jews' quarters.

The Jews were a proscribed race in Europe in the middle ages, and the Jews' quarter in Frankfort with its tortuous lanes and dingy houses tells a tale of the history of this scheming, long-suffering, keen-witted people among the Nazarenes through centuries of oppression. Many of these dingy houses have been removed, but the house where Rothschild, the architect of one of the richest houses in Europe, was born, is preserved and shewn to the tourist.

Statue of Areadne.

In the northern and more open parts of the town, the tourist never fails to visit the famous statue of Areadne on the

Panther in Bethmann's Museum. He then walks through fine open streets and gardens, past the new Opera House, to the railway station. The Frankfort railway station is the best arranged station I have seen anywhere.

Mayence.

Frankfort is situated on the Main, a tributary of the Rhine, and the ancient city of Maintz or Mayence is situated where this tributary joins the Rhine. Like other great German towns it has its old Cathedral, rebuilt after destruction in the twelfth century, and it boasts of a statue of Guttenberg the inventor of printing who was born in this town in the 14th century. The earliest book printed with movable type is said to have been the 42-line bible printed in 1450 to 1455.

Cathedral.

Guttenberg and the invention of printing.

Worms. Statue of Luther.

Going up the course of the Rhine from Mayence, one comes to the historic town of Worms, redolent of the fame of a greater man than Guttenberg,—of Martin Luther. Worms was a free town of the German Empire, and when Charles V. succeeded to the empire, he convened his first diet of the Sovereigns and States at Worms in 1521. An order was issued for the destruction of Luther's heretical books published in the previous year, and Luther himself was summoned to appear before the diet. He attended, and all Germany was moved by his heroism. He declined to retract, and used those words which are inscribed on his

Luther's Statue, Worms. (*p.* 364)

monument now erected at Worms :—"Here I take my stand. I can do no otherwise. So help me God. Amen." The statue is of bronze, 11 feet high, and is surrounded by statues of other bold spirits who also fought the battle of freedom and reformation. At the corners of the chief pedestal are his four predecessors, Waldus (died 1197), Wycliffe (died 1387), Huss (died 1415), and Savonarola (died 1498.)

Cathedral.

Worms, like Mayence, has an old and famous Cathedral dating from the twelfth century. Worms is also the centre of many ancient and romantic legends, preserved in the German national epic, Nibelungen Lied.

Heidelberg.

Leaving Worms, and going further up the Rhine, one comes to Manhiem where the tributary Neckar falls into the Rhine. Manhiem is not a place of much interest, but the university town of Heidelberg on the Neckar is replete with interest. The town is situated just where the Neckar leaves the wild and mountainous country to the west and flows out into the open valley of the Rhine. It was the capital of the Palatinate for five hundred years, and its castle was built by Count Palatine Rudolph I. at the close of the thirteenth century. And the University of Heidelberg is the oldest in Germany being founded by Elector Rupert I. in the 14th century.

Castle.

The castle has an eventful history, and is now in ruins. In the disastrous Thirty Years' War, Heidelberg and the whole of the Palatinate, like other parts of Germany,

went through untold sufferings, and were partially depopulated, but the castle survived. Then followed the cruel wars of Louis XIV., and the French General caused the foundations of the castle to be blown up and the palace to be burned down! Portions were rebuilt afterwards, but was again destroyed by lightning, and noble ruins are all that the tourist sees and admires at the present day. The ivy covered towers and the vast walls form the most magnificent ruin in all Germany.

University.

The University too survived with difficulty the Thirty Years' War and the French wars of Louis XIV. It has 1,000 to 1,200 students in winter, and duelling is still in vogue among the German university students.

Spires.

Going further up the Rhine from Manhiem we come to the historic town of Speyer or Spires, one of the free cities of the Empire like Frankfort and Worms. Here too numerous imperial diets were held, and it was after the diet of 1829, held here by Charles V., that the Princes and States who had espoused the cause of the Reformation received the name of *Protestants* from their protest against the resolution of the hostile majority.

Cathedral.

The Cathedral of Spires, the burial place of old German Emperors, dates from the eleventh century. It is an imposing edifice, and is the principal attraction of the place.

Strassburg.

Leaving Spires, and travelling up the course of the Rhine, one comes to Strassburg the famous capital of Alsace. It

was a free city of the German Empire, and had a university, founded in 1621. In the same century the town and the whole of Alsace were annexed to France by Louis XIV., and Alsace formed a part of France for two centuries, until in 1871 it was wrested from France and reannexed to Germany. The old and imposing Cathedral of Strassburg, dating from the twelfth century, still stands in this venerable old town,—surviving the Thirty Years' War and the French annexation, the French Revolution and the German annexation, like some venerable old *Yogi* rapt in contemplation, and far above all sublunar feuds, passions and dissensions. It was a Sunday when I was in Strassburg; I attended the Cathedral and witnessed the most solemn service and heard the most solemn music that I have seen or heard anywhere.

Cathedral.

From Strassburg and Alsace, one naturally proceeds to Metz and Lorraine which have shared a similar fate after the war of 1871. Like Strassburg, Metz was a free town of the German Empire in the olden days, and boasts of a great Cathedral dating from the thirteenth century. The town was annexed to France in 1556, and formed a part of France for over three hundred years, and the population of Lorraine are Frenchmen to the backbone. To have wrested Alsace and Lorraine from France after the war of 1871, and changed the frontier line between France and Germany which had subsisted in spite of temporary

Metz.

Cathedral.

Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71.

interruptions for two and three centuries, was an act of insolent pride and doubtful wisdom which has perpetuated jealousies and ill feeling, and has sown the seeds of a more disastrous war in the future than we have witnessed in our generation.

What disastrous wars these frontier provinces of Alsace and Lorraine have seen! Wave after wave of European war have swept over these unfortunate regions, and scarcely a generation has passed when they have known peace. Why these interminable feuds? Wherefore should civilized men eternally wage deadly wars against each other?

Previous wars.

Historians and moralists attribute these wars to the ambition of kings or to the restlessness of nations, but a careful student can detect the operation of deeper causes even in the uncertain and changeable phenomena of war. Contending principles, which do not always appear on the surface, bring about wars, and the termination of a long war often determines the triumph of a principle, and the downfall of another. It is a matter for regret that these great principles cannot be decided except by disastrous wars and the shedding of human blood. But since humanity has not yet discovered a milder method for the solution of these questions, it is better that great principles should be spread amidst the throes of wars, than that such principles should remain unrecognized, and that healthy progress should be unknown.

The great Martin Luther lived to see the commence-

Luther and Religious wars. Peace of Augsburg, 1555.

ment of those religious wars which were to determine whether the sway of the Roman religion should extend to the Baltic, or if the northern nations and princes would be allowed to profess a manlier creed. The greatest ruler of the times, Charles V. was bitterly against the Protestants, but the nobler principle triumphed, and Charles V. was compelled to grant toleration to the Lutherans in the peace of Augsburg in 1555, before he abdicated his throne.

His successor Philip II. of Spain renewed the war with increased fury and cruelty, and exhausted the vast resources of his empire in the two worlds to stamp out religious freedom. Holland and England made a noble stand for liberty. The Spanish Armada was sent in vain against the gallant islanders, and the Dutch under the immortal William of Orange maintained a long and arduous and unequal struggle, and triumphed in the end. The Protestant cause was safe in England and in Holland when Philip II. died in 1598.

Spanish Armada and Spain's war against Holland. Death of Philip II, 1598.

But the bitter controversy was not yet set at rest. Twenty years after the death of Philip II., broke out what is known as the Thirty Years' War, a war which caused more slaughter, devastation and depopulation than any other European war of modern times. Germany and Austria, France and Spain, Denmark and Sweden, took share in this disastrous war, and Adolphus,

Tilly and Wallenstein, Conde and Turenne were among the great captains. Religious toleration was once more secured by the peace of Westphalia which terminated this war in 1648. The rural districts of Germany were depopulated, her commerce was destroyed and her manufacture was ruined;—such are the sacrifices by which the Germans have secured their religious freedom. It was by such sacrifices that Englishmen were striving for political freedom under Cromwell during this very period.

Thirty Years' War and Peace of Westphalia, 1648.

The wars of Louis XIV. of France which began within twenty years after the peace of Westphalia were no doubt inspired by his ambition and lust of conquest, but a great principle was at stake in these wars too. The rise of absolute royal power in France threatened to engulf the new born liberties of modern nations, and Englishmen under William III. and under Queen Anne fought for the same cause in Europe for which they had striven at home under Cromwell. The noble cause triumphed once more, and Marlborough broke the French power. The last of these wars,—the war of the Spanish Succession,—was concluded by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, and Louis XIV. died two years after.

Wars of Louis XIV. His death, 1715.

A period of peace, scarcely of one generation was vouchsafed to men, when another great question became ripe for decision. Was the Catholic power of Austria or the new born Protestant power of Prussia to be

supreme in Germany? The question had been decided in England and in Holland in favour of the newer creed, and in France and in Spain in favour of the older one. In Germany, the home of the dispute, the question was yet undecided. Historians have waxed eloquent over the War of the Austrian Succession and the Seven Years' War, (1740 to 1763,) in which all the great European powers were engaged, and in which red men in America and dark men in Asia took a share. Historians are never tired of painting the dignity, beauty and heroism of Maria Theresa, descendant of a long line of Austrian emperors, and the vigour, the determination, the indomitable energy of Frederick the Great, who was resolved to give to his native Prussia a place in the map of Europe. All this is very fine writing, but we are liable in the midst of this word-painting to miss the truth. The great question which was ultimately decided by these wars was whether Protestant influence and power, or Catholic influence and power, should rule supreme in North Germany, from Holland to the frontier of Russia. The noble cause triumphed once more, and Prussia, representing the Protestant influence, became a power in Europe as against the declining power of Austria. Europe was then divided by a line which might be drawn across the map of the Continent; the free and rational Protestant religion remained supreme in the northern half; the more emotional Roman Catholic religion survived in the south. There were deeper reasons for this division than the mere vicissitudes of war.

Seven Years' War ending in 1763.

The northern nations of Europe, the *Dolicho-Cephalic* or long-headed Scandanavian races who are little susceptible to emotions, adopted the freer faith which afforded a greater scope for individual freedom and judgment; while the southern nations, the *Bracho-Cephalic* or broad-headed Gaelic or Celtic races who are naturally more emotional, clung to the ancient faith which afforded a higher scope for the development of our loftiest emotions and faith.

French Revolution and Waterloo, 1815.

Young soldiers who fought the Seven Years' War were scarcely yet in their old age when another great question ripened for decision, and was decided in another sanguinary war or series of wars. The question was, whether the people should rule themselves, or be ruled by absolute kings and feudal lords. This question had been decided by Englishmen, for themselves, in the seventeenth century, between 1640 and 1688, but it came up for decision over a vaster area in Continental Europe a hundred years later. The French Revolution was the struggle of popular power against Toryism and absolute power in Europe. If France alone had been concerned in the matter, the question might have been decided without prolonged wars, as the events of the first years of the Revolution seemed to indicate. But Royal power all over Europe was interested in the issue, and Sovereigns in Vienna and Berlin trembled on their thrones, and made common cause with the French Sovereign and the fugitive French lords to crush the rising power of the people. And England, which had

secured political freedom for herself, nevertheless allied herself with Austria and Prussia and Russia to uphold the cause of absolute Royal power in Europe! It is customary with historians to attribute the Napoleonic wars to the ambition of Napoleon, for the nations which fought against him are loth to admit their own blood-guiltiness. But Napoleon was the soldier of the Revolution and fought for the principles of the Revolution; his opponents were the champions of absolute Royal power, and strove to maintain it in Europe. As we have said before it is not given to humanity to solve such questions without wars. But be it remembered that in the dreadful wars of over twenty years ending at Waterloo, Napoleon was fighting for the right principle, the allied powers for the wrong.*

If Europe was not completely enslaved again after Waterloo, it was not the fault of the allied powers. It is both painful and amusing to read what they tried to do. They placed the worthless Bourbons again in France. They forced back Italy under the thraldom of Austria. They cut up Germany into its numerous petty estates, and seated on each throne its petty despot.

* "The hostility of the European aristocracy caused the enthusiasm of Republican France to take a military direction, and forced that powerful nation into a course of policy which, however outrageous it might appear, was in reality one of necessity. Up to the treaty of Tilsit, the wars of France were essentially defensive; for the bloody contest that wasted the continent so many years was not a struggle for pre-eminence between ambitious powers, nor a dispute for some accession of territory, nor for the political ascendancy of one or other nation, but a deadly conflict to determine whether aristocracy or democracy should predominate; whether equality or privilege should henceforth be the principle of European governments." *Napier's History of the Peninsular War.*

They crushed Holland and Belgium into one kingdom. They forcibly annexed Norway to Sweden. And they handed over fifteen millions of the people of Poland back to Russia, Austria and Prussia!

The careful student will find in the history of Napoleon, whom the English minister Pitt rightly calls "the child and the champion of democracy," a repetition on a larger scale of the history of Cromwell. The one did for all Europe what the other did for England. Both began as earnest workers for the popular cause. Both were compelled to take all power into their own hands, because popular institutions do not grow in a day. Both failed in their immediate purpose; the Stuarts came back to England, and the Bourbons to France. But the cause which they strove for ultimately succeeded, in England 1688, in Europe between 1830 and 1860. Both Cromwell and Napoleon had their faults, but both were, in spite of their faults, great men and good men, who brought order out of chaos, and nobly advanced a good cause. But the Jacobites of England considered it a part of their loyalty to vilify the motives and character of Cromwell for well nigh two hundred years; and the historians of the nations which fought against Napoleon think it to this day a national duty to blacken his character and vilify his motives. And thus even the Commander-in-Chief of England, Lord Wolsley, who admits Napoleon to be "the greatest of all the great men," must nevertheless call him a "bad man."

The popular cause which the victors of Waterloo had tried to crush, triumphed in the end. France drove

away her Bourbons who would learn nothing and had forgotten nothing. England secured an extension of popular power by the Reform Act of 1832, in spite of the Duke of Wellington, who after the most strenuous opposition to the measure, sullenly walked out of the House of Lords with a hundred other peers, when further opposition was unavailing! Belgium freed herself from the yoke of Holland and became a separare kingdom. Italy became united and independent after endless troubles through the endeavours of Mazzini, Cavour and Garibaldi. Norway secured for herself a free constitution after some struggle. The Hungarians too have secured freedom of internal administration after many disappointments and disasters. All Europe, except Poland, have reaped the benefits of the French Revolution.

Italy at last became free in 1860, and in February 1861, the first Italian Parliament assembled, and Victor Emanuel was proclaimed king of united Italy. A great question was thus solved, and the evil done by the victors of Waterloo was undone after nearly half a century. Five years after, the old question of the leadership of the Germanic nations ripened again for solution. The decision of the previous century required amendment. Frequent jealousies between Austria and Prussia pointed to the conclusion that there could be only one leader of the German nation, not two.

Austro-Prussian War and Sadowa, 1866.

The war of 1866, ending in the battle of Sadowa, decided that the Northern and Protestant power was to be supreme not only in North Germany, but

all over Germany. Prussia, under the genius of Bismark, made the most of this victory; all the Southern States which had taken arms against Prussia, like Bavaria and Würtemburg, had to pay heavily; while the States north of the Main which had taken arms against Prussia, like Hanover, Frankfort, and Nassau were summarily incorporated with Prussia! It was thus that the kingdom of Prussia increased in area and population in 1866, and the king of Prussia was thus befitted for a higher dignity, a few years later.

Franco-Prussian War and Sedan, 1870.

The principle of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 was the same as that of the Austro-Prussian War of 1866. France tried to prevent Prussia from assuming the leadership of the Germanic nations as Austria had done, and France failed as Austria had failed. The old question seems to be at last solved, and Bismark and Moltke have helped in the task of uniting Germany under the leadership of Prussia.

Twenty-two years have elapsed, and there has been no general European war since 1871. A new generation has sprung up in France and in Germany, and it is hoped that they have become accustomed to the new arrangement, and the causes which might lead to a fresh war are disappearing. But nevertheless one who travels in these frontier lands, and studies the question on the spot, is likely to entertain his doubts and suspicions. The German States like Frankfort and Nassau (Wiesbaden), which have been incorporated with Prussia, feel the iron heel of the Prussian

United Germany.

soldier, and bitterly hate him and fear him. The States south of the Main, like Bavaria and Würtemburg, which have not been incorporated with Prussia, but have simply submitted to her leadership, hate her with a still more genuine hatred. And the French provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, which have been forcibly annexed to Prussia, and more ardently and patriotically French now than they were in 1870, despite all loyal demonstrations which are skilfully got up to the contrary. But human foresight fails to penetrate the veil of the future, and can only darkly contemplate a new question which is ripening for solution, perhaps in more sanguinary wars than those of 1870 and 1871. May such wars be averted by the wisdom and moderation of nations.

FINIS.

ENGLISH WORKS

BY

R. C. Dutt, Esq. I.C.S., C.I.E.

---

1. **Civilization in Ancient India**, Revised Edition, 2 vols., (Trübner's Oriental Series), Kegan Paul & Co., London 21*s*.
2. **Lays of Ancient India,** Selections from Indian Poetry rendered into English Verse. (Trübner's Oriental Series) Kegan Paul & Co., London 7*s*.6*d*.
3. **A Brief History of Ancient & Modern India,** Entrance Course for 1894, 1895, 1896, cloth Rs. 1-10, paper Rs. 1-8.
4. **A Brief History of Ancient & Modern Bengal,** cloth Ans. 12, half cloth Ans. 10.
5. **The Literature of Bengal**, Rs. 3.
6. **Rambles in India**, Rs. 2.
7. **Three Years in Europe,** 1868 to 1871 with accounts of visits to Europe in 1886 and 1893, Rs. 3.
8. **The Peasantry of Bengal**, Revised edition, *In preparation*.

শ্রীরমেশচন্দ্র দত্ত কর্ত্তৃক প্রণীত বা প্রকাশিত

বাঙ্গালা ও সংস্কৃত গ্রন্থসমূহ।

১। ঋগ্বেদ-সংহিতা, মূল সংস্কৃতে প্রকাশিত ... ৩৲

ঐ ঐ বঙ্গ অনুবাদ ... ... ৭৲

২। হিন্দুশাস্ত্র, শাস্ত্রজ্ঞ পণ্ডিতগণ দ্বারা সঙ্কলিত ও অনূদিত।

প্রথম খণ্ড,—অর্থাৎ বেদ; উপনিষদ্; শ্রৌত্য, গৃহ্য ও ধর্ম্ম-সূত্র; মনুআদি ধর্ম্মশাস্ত্র; ও দর্শন। উত্তম কাপড়ে বাঁধাই ৫৲

দ্বিতীয় খণ্ড,—অর্থাৎ রামায়ণ, মহাভারতাদি মুদ্রিত হইতেছে।

উপন্যাস; নূতন সংস্করণ। পরিবর্ত্তিত ও সংশোধিত।

১। বঙ্গবিজেতা,	কাপড়ে বাঁধাই	১॥০	কাগজে বাঁধাই	১।০
২। রাজপুত-জীবনসন্ধ্যা,	ঐ	১॥০	ঐ	১।০
৩। মাধবীকঙ্কণ,	ঐ	১॥০	ঐ	১।০
৪। মহারাষ্ট্র-জীবনপ্রভাত,	ঐ	১॥০	ঐ	১।০
৫। সংসার,	ঐ	১॥০	ঐ	১।০
৬। সমাজ,	ঐ	১॥০	ঐ	১।০